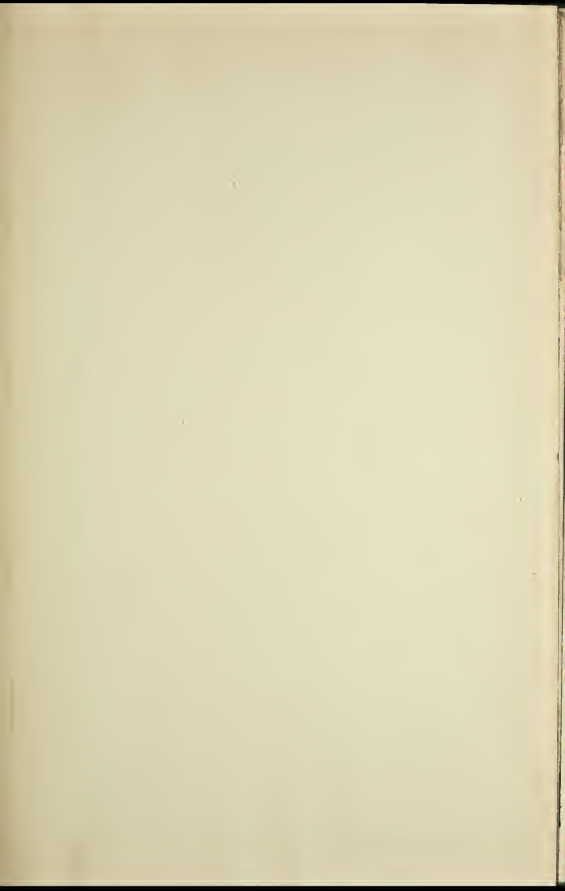


GUACANAGARI	PONTIAC	BLACK HAWK
MONTZUMA	CAPTAIN PIPE	KEOKUK
GLIATIMOTZIN	LOGAN	SACAGAWEA
POWHATAN	CORNPLANTER	BENITO JUAREZ
POCAHONTAS	JOSEPH BRANT	MANGUS
SAMOSEY	RED JACKET	COLORADAS
MASSASOIT	LITTLE TURTLE	LITTLE CROW
KING PHILIP	TECUMSEH	SITTING BULL
UNCAS	OSCEOLA	CHIEF JOSEPH
TEDYUSKUNG	SEQUOYA	GERONIMO
	SHABONEE	



TO PERPETUATE THE HISTORY  
AND DEVELOPMENT OF THE  
PEOPLE REPRESENTED BY THE  
ABOVE CHIEFS AND WISE MEN  
THIS COLLECTION HAS BEEN  
GATHERED BY THEIR FRIEND  
EDWARD EVERETT AYER

AND PRESENTED BY HIM  
TO  
THE NEWBERRY LIBRARY  
1911







WESTERN  
SKETCHES

THE  
LIFE OF  
THE  
WEST



STRAY'S  
in HEMPHIL



Uncle Dudley's Odd Hours

**Western Sketches**  
**Indian Trail Echoes**  
**Straws of Humor**

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**By M. C. Russell**  
(**"Uncle Dudley"**)

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**Lake City, Minn.:**  
**"The Home Printery."**  
**1904.**



Alone, from his ærial crag,  
He 'spies his luckless prey,  
And "figures out" its habitat,  
Then plans his downward way.

A WORD PRELIMINARY.

THIS book makes no pretension, whatever, to being "A book among books," in the literary world; this places it outside the pale of criticism. It is a simple record of little events, experienced or observed by the writer, during the early times in the interesting history of one of the best states in the Union. The incidents related are either *exactly* or *substantially* true—aside from many of the Straws of (alleged) Humor. A narrator of things must, of necessity, *seem* to stand in the position of the hero of the incidents related—for the most part, at least. The author denies, however, the remotest intention, or desire to pose as a hero in anything, little or big. He has endeavored to simply relate things in as impersonal a manner as the circumstances seemed to permit. He fully realizes the fact that his life has been nothing to be particularly proud of—in the presence of those saddest of all words, "It might have been." Scores of his "early day" companions in the work of laying the foundation upon which a new and proud state was soon to stand (noble fellows as they all were), fell by the wayside, never to rise again. Others became, at last, not only prominent in affairs, but closed their lives as influential Christian men. The only "distinction" the writer claims, is that of being the first boy in the Territory, without parent or guardian, who remained till he grew to be a full-fledged citizen of his beloved young state—Minnesota. He has in mind, scores of additional "incidents," to those here given, which may be produced in another book, provided he is ever so circumstanced as to have them published in a more correct form than these appear. [See page 256.]

With kindest regards,

THE AUTHOR.





"Hoo! hoo! hoo!" is all he says,  
Night-murder is all he knows ;  
His wise-like stare 'mongst men is found.  
But ignorance only shows.

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The strongest pillar, as well as the most beautiful, in our  
National structure, is American Womanhood.[ Uncle Dudley.

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Sincerely Yours,  
M. C. Russell.

# Sketches of the West.

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## JOHNNY CUTTING.



IN the year 1857, long before a railroad between St. Paul and the head of Lake Superior had even been dreamed of; when the vast region lying between the two points named was a peculiarly hideous wilderness, the writer was one of a party of four who penetrated that country nearly up to the St. Louis River. Our object was recreation and adventure. At Cross Lake, where the early Catholic missionaries for a long time conducted an Indian mission, we halted for a month, with our headquarters not far from the old mission buildings. The Indians in the neighborhood were friendly, and it was not long before our party was on such good terms with them that we could leave our camp for days together without finding anything disturbed on our return. From this point we made extended trips into the wilderness, in various directions, taking with us a light camping outfit, of course including guns, compasses, etc., and carrying enough provisions to answer for the trip in view. Sometimes, however, we were thrown wholly upon the resources of the country; though we were never sorely in want of provisions, as game was quite plentiful, and we killed many deer and three bears, beside considerable smaller game, during our month's explorations.

One of our longest trips was to the northwestward of Cross Lake, in making which we came one day, about the middle of the afternoon, to an immense windfall. A particularly fierce tornado had passed through the dense forest, uprooting the trees and piling them confusedly in a ridge that extended for miles. This windfall was the greatest and most difficult to cross of any the writer has ever seen, though I have observed many in the thick pine woods of the far northwestern country.

We had designed going some distance further in the direction we were traveling; and though the huge windfall we encountered was a barrier not easily surmounted by men with tired limbs and heavy packs, we resolved to cross it on account of the novelty of the experience, as well as for other reasons. The point at which we struck the windfall was in a dense pine growth where the trees had stood to a great size and height. Their trunks, as they lay piled upon each other, were as white as bones, and formed a very high ridge about twenty rods in width.

After a rest of half an hour, a little luncheon and a smoke, our party commenced the ascent. In our clamber we met with not a few mishaps, and indulged in hearty laughter as one, then another, of the party would go tumbling, pack and all, away down among the great logs. At length we gained the summit, the writer having the good fortune to reach the topmost log of the ridge a trifle in advance of the others, and to his utter surprise he met, at the highest point, face to face with a human being, who was known at a glance to be certainly not an Indian. Both were equally astonished at the sight of each other; for, as we came up simultaneously to the same log, the stranger gave a sort of guttural exclamation of surprise, and started backward, with a critical look and a decided air of distrust. He was not over five feet, five inches in height, and was of slight figure, though he evidently possessed great wiriness and agility, with a capacity for extreme endurance. He had a small beard, yet his face was strikingly effeminate, with a finely cut mouth and nose, that were wonderfully expressive—a pretty dark-blue eye, wearing a look of saddest cast. His hands and feet were extremely small for a man, and his entire appearance though weather-beaten and sad-like, betokened refinement of person and character. His hair—the most striking feature about this singular being—though evidently little cared for, hung in long, brown ringlets about his head and shoulders. He was dressed entirely in buckskin, excepting his cap, which was of mink fur trimmed with beads and porcupine quills.

Our party, on reaching the place of meeting, took seats on the log, while the mysterious stranger seated himself on the heavy pack he had been carrying, a rod distant. For a moment we looked him over without speaking and he gave each of us a

searching look from head to foot. The writer first broke the silence by an inquiry as to who he was. He said he wasn't anybody, and returned the question. We briefly informed him who we were, and what we were there for—our mission in that region being nothing in particular. He asked us where we were going; and we told him it was our wish to go in the direction we were traveling as far as the upper Kettle River. In response to our questions regarding that region, and the exact direction to it, he informed us in a few words that we would be quite the opposite from welcome in the Kettle River country, as the Indians would consider us intruders upon their hunting-grounds, and might conclude to make it extremely warm for us.

This man did not seem disposed to do much talking, and his mode of speech was decidedly strange. There was a peculiar cut-off to every sentence, and to almost every word. We judged this to be owing to his long association with the Indians, as in his speech there was the guttural tone common to most Indian languages. In reply to our question as to the location of his headquarters, he told us that they were almost anywhere, but just then his camp was three miles distant, where, as it was nearly night, we would be made welcome, if we chose to accompany him. After a brief consultation we determined to accept his invitation, because, aside from a desire to find a camp already made for the night, we had a strong desire to learn more of the peculiar being we had met in so singular a manner in so outlandish a part of the country.

We all shouldered our packs, and were soon in Indian file, following our guide through the mossy cranberry marshes and over pine ridges. He carried a pack consisting of furs, deer skins, dried meat, and a few blackened and battered utensils, the whole weighing nearly one hundred pounds. He packed in true Indian style. The bundle was secured by rawhide thongs, and around it a wide belt of the same, which he passed over his head, allowing the band to rest on his forehead. When he arose to his feet the pack rested at the small of the back just above the hips. It was a perfect wonder to our party to see a person of so slight a build carry such a load, and that, too, with such apparent ease. He traveled fast, and halted but once in the three miles, and then for a moment only, whilst the strongest man in our party,

with but half the load, was well-nigh fagged out in keeping pace with our guide.

We found his camp in a romantic spot, on the shore of a small lake, the waters of which were clearer, if possible, than plate glass, whence flowed a beautiful little stream, winding down through a deep, mossy dell, with evergreens along either bank, and brilliant-colored vines reflecting their varied beauty in the crystal-like water below. Both lake and brook were inhabited by thousands of luscious trout. His camp consisted of a roomy, birch-bark wigwam, in which there were evidences of scrupulous neatness and good order. At one end was a low, wide bunk, and the bed was wholly made of skins and furs. First was a lot of dried grass, gathered from the neighboring meadows; on top of this were spread sheets made of deer-skins, which had been tanned after the peculiar mode of the Indians, and were as soft as velvet. At the head was a large pillow filled with moss. Over all were two fur spreads or robes, which had also been tanned so as to leave them pliable as a woolen blanket. At the side of the wigwam was a rude table made of rawhide stretched over stakes which were driven into the ground. Above this were two or three ingeniously constructed shelves, containing various articles. Of the latter, some bore evidence of being the productions of civilization, and others were ingenious and pretty specimens of the handiwork of native women. In one corner were arranged, in an orderly way, quite a number of steel traps of various sizes; and close by was a receptacle for a hunting-knife, ammunition, gun, tomahawk and other implements of the chase. The floor, which was the ground, was covered over with coarse matting, braided from the marsh-flag. Two or three rude stools, in addition, composed the inside furnishing of this strange abode. In a hasty glance at the articles on the shelves, I discovered a small, cracked mirror, in a frame of bark, a dingy copy of Scott's Poems, and three or four other very smoky-looking volumes, and a well worn picture case, but I did not venture to peer inside the dingy case to see what picture might be there, though I hazarded a silent guess, which several years afterward I found to have been a correct surmise. His fireplace was outside, and directly in front of the aperture which served as a door. It consisted of two forked sticks driven into

the ground, with a pole across, from which latter an extremely ancient-looking iron kettle was suspended by a small iron chain. This kettle, with a broken skillet, a dented copper vessel and a birchen bucket, composed the culinary outfit.

Seeing we were tired, our entertainer asked us to enter his wigwam and rest, whilst he prepared some supper. We complied; but the writer, however, after resting inside for a few minutes, volunteered to assist in preparing the meal. After starting a fire by means of a flint and steel and some dry spunkwood, the host produced from behind the wigwam what he called his "trout-persuader," and started for the lake beach. This contrivance was simply a net, about three feet square, finely and evenly woven from the fibre of a water plant, and stretched on two parallel sticks, held in position by two cross sticks, lashed at each end by thongs of rawhide, the tension being such as to admit of the net bagging down slightly in the middle. It was with no little curiosity that I followed him closely to the shore of the lake, to see how he could capture the wary trout with such a contrivance; and indeed, as soon as I saw, no ordinary mortal could have succeeded with it. He motioned me to remain a little back, while he, taking the net by the two handles, glided softly along a small bay, driving a school of the speckled treasures quietly before him, until he came near a sharp nook, which, through a narrow passage, led to a miniature bay within, a few feet across. When the school was about opposite the entrance to this, he made a quick upward and outward motion of the net, and simultaneously with this he leaped, with the quickness of a flash, and set his net nearly perpendicular in the mouth of this natural trap. Of course, the fish, recovering from their first fright, would dart instantly for deep water again, but not until his net was snugly placed in their way. He had made it to fit the entrance to the grotto exactly, and when the trout darted for their freedom they ran into the bag of the net, and the next instant found themselves—a dozen or more—landed high and dry upon the beach by another motion of their captor, equal in quickness to the one that had imprisoned them.

What with dried meat, chipped up and stewed in the iron pot, trout fried in deer's marrow, wild rice, the bread our party carried, seasoned by the keenest of appetites, our supper and

breakfast with this lone man of the wilderness were among the most enjoyable of all the meals we ever ate.

After supper, as we all reclined about the camp-fire, enjoying our pipes—all save our host, who said he never used tobacco in any form—I essayed to draw out the mysterious stranger, and ascertain if possible, something of his history. This, however, I knew to be a delicate task, as his manner, though extremely courteous and hospitable, seemed distant and reticent, save on topics of the present. Nevertheless I resolved to try, though every inquiry was put in the most casual way lest I should arouse in him a feeling of resentment, or a suspicion that I intended to be impertinent. In response to various questions, I was informed that it had been several years since he had seen a white man; that he never went out to the trading-posts, but did his trading through the Indians; that he was thirty years of age, and had entered that region alone when a very young man, and never intended to abandon the wild life he had led so long—a life of constant adventure and hardship, with no companion but his gun, and holding no intercourse with the human family save the Indians of that remote region, nor often with them; that the Indians were friendly at all times when he met them; that his name among the whites was John Cutting, but that the Indians had named him “The Silent Walker.”

It was with some hesitation that he told us his parents and relatives were among the first families of central Illinois, and wealthy. His reason for abandoning a life of ease and luxury, at an age when he was just entering upon the joys and pleasures of the world, he declined to state.

After breakfast in the morning we made preparations for returning to our camp at Cross Lake, and Cutting said he would accompany us for a few miles, as soon as he could put his camp in order and get a few things packed for the tramp; that he was going to the lower Grindstone River on a trapping expedition, to be gone several days.

Accordingly, an hour after the morning meal, we all started, with him as our guide again. Just before noonday we reached a trail, by following which, Cutting said we could save a considerable distance, and pointing in the direction we must go, and without saying a word, he grasped each one of us warmly by the hand,



turned sharply to the left of our course, and in an instant more "The Silent Walker" had disappeared in the forest.

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Nearly five years after our exploring party had returned from the remote region of the St. Louis River, the tocsin of civil war was sounded, and thousands of the young men of the country quickly responded, the writer of these pages among the rest. I went fifty miles, alone and on foot, to old Fort Snelling, found the commandant and mustering officer promptly, and told them I desired to enter the first regiment from my young, adopted state, as a private soldier. I was informed that my chance was hardly good to even get into the last company of the second regiment, so rapidly had volunteers poured in at all hours, day and night. Although reluctant to join any but the regiment of my choice, yet, enthusiastic in the idea of serving my country, I was mustered, and directed to report for duty to Captain Noah, whose quarters in a certain section of the Fort were pointed out to me. Going thither, I was admitted to a large room containing nearly a hundred new recruits. All was bustle and confusion. The captain gave me a suit of "regimentals," knapsack and blanket, and the orderly sergeant assigned me to a bunk with another recruit in the quarters, whom I found engaged in making up the rough bed of a soldier. As I stepped forward he turned about, looking me squarely in the face, as if to see what sort of a comrade had been given him. The recognition was instant and mutual—my bunk-mate, the man who was to share with me the trials of the march, the hardships of the bivouac, and the dangers of many a bloody battle-field, was none other than Johnny Cutting, "The Silent Walker." To say that each was astonished beyond measure, at this second strange meeting, but feebly expresses it; and that night we talked long and freely concerning matters that mutually interested us.

Cutting seemed to consider himself very fortunate to have met some one whose face he had seen before; and during the time that followed, although he was ever courteous and obliging to all his companions in arms, he was never known to converse with those about him much more than the rules of war demanded, excepting with the writer, whom he always sought to be near, and to whose mess he was always sure to belong.

No man in the Union army was a better soldier than Johnny Cutting. He always kept his clothing clean and orderly, his gun and equipments bright and ready for duty at a moment's notice. He was orderly to an extreme; and his example in the company was more potent in enforcing good order and discipline than the scowls of an exacting officer. When the long-roll was sounded, calling the regiment to arms, night or day, he was sure to be the first to report on the company's parade ground, in perfect readiness for battle. I never saw a man who was as quick, and yet undemonstrative, in his motions as he, nor a soldier who persistently sought to be at the front in every danger and hardship that presented, of which there was no lack. His favorite place was on the picket line, and his commander was not long in learning his value in the most responsible position of a soldier—that of a picket in front of the enemy.

Little by little, and in a disconnected way, I learned the story of Johnny Cutting's life; and it was, in the beginning, the old, old story, of love and disappointment.

He was the son of a wealthy Illinois farmer. From childhood he had grown up in company with Mary Allen, the sweet, blue-eyed daughter of a near neighbor. They had attended school together, from the days of their a, b, c's until they had graduated with honor from the best institution of learning in that part of the state. They had spent their vacations mostly in each other's company, and their hearts' tendrils had become so completely entwined, that to part them would have been worse than death itself—at least to the warm and devoted nature of Johnny Cutting. The story of his love may be a short one, though no number of strong words could do more than justice to a man with such a heart and nature as his—true to every instinct of nobility and honor, with an unwavering fidelity to all convictions of right, and whose affection, once bestowed, was placed forever and irretrievably.

When Mary Allen weakened in her love for Johnny Cutting, and in the daze of an hour gave way to the blandishments of a fashionably-dressed and jewel-bespangled sprig from the city, who spent a summer vacation in the neighborhood, she blasted the life of one she knew to be her equal, and whose love for her had so increased in the course of their many years of companionship

as to attain a strength and tenderness which the trials of a lifetime could not even tarnish.

Alone, in her father's grounds, beneath the twinkling stars, they met for the last time; the very rose-leaves let fall their dewy tears as she told him of her perfidious rejection of his hand for that of another. Without a word of reproach, he passed down the avenue into the road, his frame quivering like an aspen in a storm. As he closed the gate he turned about and halted but for an instant, to catch one more glimpse of her who had been the idol of his life. With uncovered head he waved her a parting kiss, saying in a husky voice, "God bless you, Mary my darling!—farewell forever!" and he was lost to Mary Allen's sight for all time.

He hastily bade adieu to his parents, telling them he contemplated a trip to the northwestern part of the country. Packing together a few things, and placing his savings in his purse, he embarked on a Mississippi river steamer, buying a ticket for the young city of St. Paul, at which place he turned his back forever, as he intended, upon his own race.

Almost at the very outbreak of the war he chanced to hear the story of the attack on Fort Sumter, and became aware of the certainty of a gigantic civil war. He sat musing by his camp-fire the entire night upon the stirring news he had heard, by the merest chance, though a trader who was making a trip through that region, and whom he had met at a gathering of Indians assembled for traffic. By morning his decision was reached. He gave all his effects to an old Indian family, they having nearly always, through their attachment for him, camped in his vicinity, moving their camp whenever he moved his, from one section of that wilderness region to another. He started the day following that on which he had received the news, and in three days' travel he reached Fort Snelling, and was mustered into the army but an hour or two in advance of the writer. He had determined, during his night-revery far away in the wilderness, to do the only thing left him to do, of any value to himself or others in the world, by placing himself at the disposal of his country in her hour of need, and if needs be, lay his life upon her altar.

His regiment passed through many battles, and suffered its

full share of the hardships and casualties of the field, and Johnny Cutting stood in the front rank of his command without the loss of an hour from duty. He had been in the thickest of many a bloody battle, and come out with scarcely a scratch. He sought the hottest of the fight, steadily and coolly loading and firing, while in the use of the bayonet his quickness of movement and unwavering courage made him a terrible adversary.

At the desperate battle of Mission Ridge, the Union army had to charge up the bold range of hills in an endeavor to get a footing on the uplands, where the Confederate army was massed in great force. The Federals were repulsed again and again in their terrible and heroic efforts to capture the Confederate batteries posted along the brink of the ridge which were dealing death in all directions among the bluecoats in the plain below.

The day wore on in its terrible work, and the hillsides and valley were thickly strewn with the dead and the dying; but the heights were taken, and about the Confederate batteries the final struggle ensued. The after-spectacle told plainly the tale of the carnage and the stubbornness with which the enemy had defended their guns. The depleted ranks of the Federals needed no explanation of what the victory had cost them, as the storming regiments bivouacked on the field of blood.

Among the dead gathered for interment the next day, the hero of this sketch was found, with many other bodies, on the verge of a ledge which he and his companions had scaled. He lay calmly as if in a pleasant trance, his blue eyes gazing upward in death, and his lips parted as with a smile. He was laid tenderly in a soldier's red-stained grave, where he rests in a hero's last slumber. He had given his love to a heartless one, and his affections were blighted. He gave his life to his country, and now wears a patriot's crown.

## THE HUNTED HUNTER.



JOHN YOUNG flourished in Minnesota from 1848 to 1857. I knew him and was with him in 1856, when civilization in this corner of the continent was only in its swaddling clothes. John was what might be called an "odd genius" in his way, and in a crowd would not attract any special attention—I mean in a crowd of frontiersmen. Quiet, to an extreme, unassuming, retiring and reticent, excepting only with the very few he chose to consider his particular friends.

Young was a famous—a professional—hunter and trapper, and he did little else but pursue the chase or take fur, during the proper season. In the summer months he might be found about the settlements, or traveling up and down on the primitive river craft of those early times, simply putting in the portion of the year that was of but little account to him in his profession. He was always a welcome guest at the humble homes of the few settlers in the Minnesota River valley; for, in addition to his quiet, genial manner, he loved children, and was never so happy as when he was holding the little ones on his knee, telling them childish stories, or, with his hunting-knife, whittling out rude little toys for their enjoyment. He would make his home for weeks at a time with the family of some favorite friend—amusing the children, providing firewood for the housewife, and securing more or less small game for the pioneer's household; and when at last the time arrived for his departure to the far-off wilds for the fall, winter and early spring months, not only the children, but even the older members of the family were simply grief-stricken at the loss, from their humble but happy fireside, of honest, true, and noble-hearted John Young.

Young was a man who never boasted of his feats or adventures, and though he was known far and wide as the most daring woodsman in the Territory, yet it was seldom that he would permit himself to be drawn into a relation of his vast volume of experiences, during the number of years he had stood single-handed

among the animals of the forest, and defied the prestige of the Sioux and Chippewa Indians. His intrepid and silent character had gained for himself not only the respect but even the superstitious awe of the two tribes, throughout and beyond whose wild domain he roamed at will. Most of his hunting and trapping, however, was done in the country away toward the head of Lake Superior, extending clear north toward the headwaters of the St. Louis River, and west as far as the source of the Mississippi—this great area of country lying wholly in what was at that early time designated as the "Chippewa country." He would usually be lost to all human knowledge and sight from about the first of October until May—save only to the Indians who would occasionally meet him, and sometimes entertain him for a day, perhaps, in one of their villages, on his way from one portion of the wilderness to another. When he came out in the spring, however, the rich fur and peltry he would bring, would attest not only his industry, but his valor in the daring life he led. He always sold his furs to one particular trader in the then embryo city of St. Paul.

It was during the summer of 1856 that he told me something of his previous season's operations, including an adventure which he said was a little out of the usual line of his experiences in the almost boundless solitudes of those northern wilds.

He had left the settlements at the usual time, and penetrated the country toward Lake Superior until near Rock River, where he found an encampment of Indians, with whom he remained over night. The village was a large one, and with his experience among the sons of the forest, he quickly discovered that something unusual exercised the minds of the community. There were many branches of the tribe present that he had never seen before, and many who had never seen a white man—men, women and children, with their rude accoutrements, were assembled there, and apparently without previous arrangement, as everything in the village seemed topsy-turvy.

When he entered the village, near nightfall, he created a commotion that pretty nearly bordered upon consternation. The wolfish dogs, the squaws, the children and many of the men, seemed to think that some evil spirit had fallen among them, and their excitement was becoming intense, when an aged chief came

suddenly upon the scene of the excitement, and seeing the white hunter, instantly recognized him, and gave him a hearty greeting, bidding him welcome to the village with almost wild gesticulations of joy. He turned to the affrighted villagers, and addressed them in a loud, commanding voice. He told them that the pale-faced brother who had come among them was a mighty hunter, and a friend of all who were friendly to him, and that instead of being frightened they ought to dance with joy that he had been sent to them by the Great Spirit at a time when they needed the strong words of a brave man so greatly.

Then the whole village pressed around, and viewed his strange gun, accoutrements and dress, with amazement; the squaws seemed most impressed with the sight of his long, brown, silken hair, and they begged the old chief to permit them to stroke it with their hands. Young, seeing the wonder they evinced, took his mighty knife from its beaded scabbard and quickly cut off a liberal lock and passed it to them, and while they warily handed it from one to another, assembling in groups to examine and admire it, the old chief motioned him away and conducted him to his lodge in the center of the village.

Here he bade the white hunter to be seated on the carpet of soft skins, and after ordering his women to prepare some wild rice and venison for his guest, he lighted the friendly pipe and, seated together, they took alternate draws of the fragrant kinnikinnic from a long-stemmed stone pipe.

Young, from the moment he entered the village, felt that some unusual anxiety oppressed the Indians, and when the old chief was seated he promptly asked if anything was amiss with them. His first thought was that the Indians must either be contemplating a war against their always bitter enemy, the Sioux, or else that they had heard of a terrible defeat of their tribe by the Sioux, or something of that sort, and asked the chief if such was the case. The venerable Indian replied negatively to this inquiry, however, and told the hunter he was right in his surmise that his people were troubled, but their anxiety was of quite a different nature. He told him that the "bad spirit beast," away from the far north, had again invaded their hunting grounds, and that his people were sorely troubled, and had come together for counsel.

Young at once divined the character of their fears, for he re-

membered that he had heard of the superstitious awe in which the Indians held a certain ferocious wild beast, that at long intervals came down into their country from the far northern British Possessions—an animal which *he*, from the descriptions he had heard of it, and from his knowledge of natural history, called the the British Jaguar.

These dangerous animals, as he learned from the old chief, only visited the region as far south as the section in which he and his band lived and hunted, once in three, four, or five years; and aside from their ferocious character, the Indians held their appearance in their country as an omen of terrible import, foreboding dreadful troubles from smallpox, war, and a scarcity of food of all kinds, unless the beast was destroyed—which was not probable, by any Indian, at least. The chief said that whenever these bad animals came, the Indians rapidly assembled into villages, and during the stay of the beast very little hunting was done, and even that little was done in companies; no Indian would venture anywhere alone, until this dreaded creature was known to have returned to its far northern habitat—which could be determined by the various bands detecting its tracks going in that general direction toward the approach of spring.

Young inquired of the chief how long this animal had been in the woods thereabout, in what locality it had been last heard, etc. He was told that its presence had only been discovered a few days before, and it seemed to have its headquarters not far north of Kettle River—the very region to which the hunter was then on his way. He told the chief this, but the old Indian said he supposed, now that he had heard of the bad animal being there, he would go no further in that direction. Young assured him, however, that he did not fear the brute, and would try and rid the country of its presence if possible, and bring peace and happiness again to the chief's band. The old man clasped the white hunter by both hands, and assured him in his own tongue—which Young could speak and understand thoroughly—that such a thing as his capturing the animal would be impossible; and that he would surely be devoured by the brute if he went within his range; but if the Great Spirit could permit him to rid his hunting grounds of this animal "with the evil eye," his band would never be able to do enough for him. Young laughed at the old chief's fears



and excitement, and told him that the white man's gun was different from the Indian's gun, and that his heart was as stout as his gun; that he would now eat his rice and meat and then lie down to sleep; that in the morning he would be off early; that he had a camp, which he had occupied the previous season, right in the range of the bad animal, as reported; and he thought he would be able to re-establish his camp, secure his usual amount of fur and get out alive—at least he should try the experiment.

During the night the chief informed his band of the determination of the white hunter, and when Young took his departure for the north the next morning, the whole village assembled to bid him good-speed, in their simple yet emphatic way, upon what they conceived to be a most desperate undertaking. They beat their rude drums, rattled their sacred gourds, danced up and down, fired off their abominable old Indian-traders' guns, singing their wildest songs, until the hunter was lost both to sight and hearing.

In a couple of days more, Young arrived at his old camping place, for that section, and spent the first day in putting things to rights for the approaching winter's campaign. Of course in his approach thereto, he had kept his eyes and ears open for signs or sounds of the strange animal within those haunts which, according to Indian authority, he then was—and he knew his information on the subject could be well relied upon. The old chief was one of the most reliable men in the tribe, as the hunter had learned when he met him two years before at a general council which took place many miles to the southward of where his band made their home.

His first night in camp was spent, until a late hour, in putting his hunting implements and his steel traps in good condition, and at last he turned into his bunk and was soon wrapped in slumber—though he always slept lightly, the least unusual noise serving to arouse him at any time.

He did not know how long he had been asleep, but it must have been well toward morning, when he was startled from his slumber by what seemed the most unearthly sound he had ever heard. He sprang to his feet and grasped his trusty rifle and knife; the sound echoed and re-echoed through the woods, making the lonely wilderness doubly hideous by the terrible shriek,

ending in a sort of deep and plaintive moan, that was certainly the most chilling sound, taken as a whole, that the imagination could create. He listened breathlessly for probably ten minutes or longer, when the shrieking moan began again, occupying nearly a minute from first to last, and seemed a combination of howl, shriek, roar, and a crying, moan-like sound, not wholly unlike the agonized utterance of the human voice. "This is the Indians' 'bad animal,'" thought Young, "and, verily, if its size and ferocious appearance is even half in proportion to its awful voice, it must indeed be a formidable enemy—one that would test even genuine bravery to meet face to face."

One peculiarity in the sound he very quickly observed; that was, the difficulty in locating it, exactly. The weird sound seemed to be on all sides of him, as it were; or, one part of its scream seemed to be at one point, while another section of it had the effect of changing its locality a considerable distance, until, after listening to the whole series it was difficult to tell just in what direction it was located. He noticed, however, that the very last part of the sound seemed to most surely point to the place from which it proceeded. He felt relieved, after an hour had passed in studying the singular sound, to know that it was coming no nearer to his camp, and that it remained at a very respectful distance. Thus he spent the remainder of the night paying strict attention to an entertainment that was as terrible in its character as it was new to even his ear, which was so well-versed in the multitude of night-sounds in the unexplored wilderness. He was struck by the tremendous power of the beast's voice, which, in the otherwise silent night, seemed to almost jar the forest with its weight. Just in the gray of dawn he heard it for the last time, and apparently at a greater distance.

After he had eaten his morning meal of dried meat and rice, he prepared his camp to resist the invasion of wild beasts during his day's absence, and after carefully loading his rifle, and getting his ammunition, knife, and hand-axe in perfect shape for either offensive or defensive operations, he made a pack of his steel traps and started to spend the day in looking up good trapping sites and putting out his traps along the little streams and around small lakes and ponds in the neighborhood.

As may well be inferred he kept his eyes and ears about him

—no less the latter than the former. He was satisfied that his guess of its character was generally correct, although he had never seen one; and still, judging from what he had heard during the night just gone, he was convinced that he had underestimated the size and power of the animal. He felt sure of its cat-like character, and knew that to be prepared for its reception meant simply, never to be unprepared, for a single moment, either night or day. He was convinced that it was aware of his presence, and in all probability would hover on his trail, wherever he went. He had confidence in his ability to cope with the animal, providing it did not come upon him when he was not ready for action—a thing he determined not to permit. John Young was simply a dead shot with his rifle, cool and determined in all emergencies, and fearing nothing.

During the day he found good trapping grounds, with 'signs' indicating that fur was at least as abundant as upon the occasion of his other expedition to this particular part of the country. In early evening he again reached the main camp, without having seen or heard anything of the animal that had so terrified the Indians, both by its formidable character and the ill-omens they had attached to it.

He spent the succeeding night in complete readiness for any probable emergency, but the morning came and nothing had been heard of it. To most men this silence would have proven a relief, and been an indication that the animal had withdrawn from the neighborhood; but Young was not the man to believe in any such theory, nor to relax his watchfulness for an instant. He rather felt more oppressed by the silence, than otherwise. For that day he had laid out a somewhat extended trip, which would necessitate his camping in the wood, wherever night might overtake him. Accordingly, he again put his main camp into condition to leave in safety, and, preparing himself for a two days' jaunt—including a visit to his traps on his return the next day—he set off at an early hour, and passed the day without molestation, or the slightest intimation of the presence of the dangerous animal.

As night came on, Young prepared his camp in a clump of pines, in the midst of considerable fallen timber. He provided himself with plenty of firewood and kept up a bright little camp-

fire, as indeed was quite necessary, for the weather was very frosty, although no snow had yet fallen. After his "hunter's supper," he filled his capacious pipe and stretched himself upon the ground for a long reverie and an equally long smoke. Thus he lay, sending up curls of the blue smoke into the frosty air, and dreamily gazed into the burning embers, forming pictures in the fire of many a familiar face and many an enchanting landscape, in miniature. At last when quite late, he roused up, replenished the fire with wood, and spread his blanket upon the ground preparatory to taking a trapper's snooze. But, he had not even laid down, ere he was made emphatically aware that he had other matters to attend to than that of spending the remainder of the night in sleep—the Jaguar was with him, and had, no doubt, been near him in all his travels of the day, stealthily, from convenient cover, watching his every movement.

The first knowledge he had of its presence, was one of those unearthly yelling and screaming moans, that made the wilderness fairly quake with its force, and the hunter's hair stand on end. Young snatched his rifle quickly, examined its condition, and with his knife and hand-axe in place, he seated himself near the fire, in the angle of two logs he had previously rolled together, and with his back to the fire, he crouched in a comfortable position to await developments. Occasionally, with one hand, he would reach to his store of wood, and replenish his camp-fire. At intervals of about fifteen minutes the beast would give vent to its awful chorus, and Young was convinced that it was stealthily traveling in a circle around his camp, and at no great distance from him. Gradually, as the hours wore on, the animal evidently contracted its circle, drawing nearer and nearer. Its screams, too, grew less frequent, until at last they ceased altogether. Then it was that the hunter's eyes and ears were primed to their utmost tension, in order that he might not be taken unawares; his wood was growing scarce, and this gave him no little uneasiness, for he knew that the fire would play no little part in warding off an attack, for there is no wild beast but that is afraid of fire. For a long time he heard nothing, but at last he heard a dry stick break under the foot of the beast, and as it drew nearer in its circles he could keep note of its position by the occasional breaking of a dry twig under its tread, although its crouching step was otherwise

as cat-like and silent as the grave. Finally, even these evidences ceased altogether, and the hunter was completely nonplused. His fire was growing fainter and fainter, and he could scarce have dared to cease his vigilant watch to put on more wood even if there had been more.

The hunter was now wrought up to a much higher strain of anxiety (as under the circumstances he had ample reason to be), than he had ever been before in all his scores of hunting adventures. There he was, almost within the grasp of a vastly more ferocious beast than he had ever seen, and of whose mighty power he was fully aware. It had him, too, at a frightful disadvantage; the brute could see him, through its cat-like orbs, whilst he could not even guess at its exact location—it had its restless and greedy gaze upon him, watching his every motion, while he strained his eyes out into the darkness, all about the circle continually, in a vain hope of even getting a glimpse of its body.

After what seemed to be an age, Young saw what looked like two glowing balls of fire, as the dim light of the fagots reflected upon them, just above a big log that lay some four or five rods away; he knew these to be the eyes of the monster, and monster he now judged it to really be, as the eyes seemed to be many inches apart. His last chance for his life had now come, and, without taking his eyes from those of the terrible animal, he silently, and so gradually as to scarcely move at all, placed his rifle, at a rest, across the log, put his body into an easy position to take as accurate an aim as possible in the darkness. He knew if he missed, it would be "the hunter's last shot," sure enough. The beast remained immovable, its great green-glowing eyes fixed upon him, and its body, no doubt, with muscles tense enough to hurl itself across the space that intervened, at the least positive movement on the part of its coveted prey.

Young finally obtained a position that enabled him to get a look along his gun-barrel, while the cold sweat stood out all over him, and his whole frame seemed chilled to the marrow; at last being convinced that he had the best aim possible, he touched the trigger, his old "trusty" bawled out its certain sound, and sent thundering echoes to play among the hills. At the crash of the gun—which was heavily loaded—the beast gave a spring apparently twenty feet into the air, with the yell of a stricken demon,

and fell heavily back to the ground in a death agony—the terrible creature had met and succumbed to its master, and that immediate region had been cleared of its terror to the simple people who made it their home.

Young did not inspect the "fruit of his victory" until morning, when he found that he had struck the animal squarely in the forehead; it was a sort of yellowish gray in color, with tremendous legs, claws and teeth, and a monstrous head, being undoubtedly one of the very largest of its rare species. He could not guess accurately of its weight, but it measured over nine feet from tip to tip, and although furs and peltry were extremely low in the market, he afterward received sixty-eight dollars in gold for its skin, paws and head.

In the course of a fortnight after he had killed the monster, Young bethought him that it would doubtless be welcome news to the Indian band, who had been driven away from their hunting grounds by the "bad-spirit beast," to know of its death, and to know that probable prosperity would again be their portion. So, he resolved to visit the village, and carry with him the skin, head and paws of the animal, by way of proof to them that the cause of their melancholy had surely been removed. The skin he had already dried and tanned, as well as "prepared" the head and paws, so that their weight was not greater than he could pack. Accordingly, after fixing his camp in good shape to leave three or four days, and putting his traps into proper condition he set out one clear, frosty morning for the village. By taking a direct course he arrived early the next day, and when he apprised the venerable chief and his band of the destruction of their enemy, and spread before them its monster skin, head, and ugly paws, the whole village became well-nigh frantic with rejoicing. John Young was almost worn out by the pulling and hauling they gave him, in their grateful enthusiasm. The trophies were hung up on a high cross-stick laid in upright forks, and during the remainder of that day and all the following night the Indians held high carnival in honor of the mighty white hunter, and of the victory he had achieved over the evil beast that had caused them such discontent. They danced, beat their drums, yelled and gesticulated, and wound up the festival by a grand dog-feast, Young being assigned to the post of honor at the mighty banquet of fat

dog. The old chief tendered the white hunter his beautiful young daughter in marriage, which, in a delicate way, Young declined. He was, however, made the recipient of a host of presents, from the Indians, such as prettily ornamented moccasins, beaded belts, pipes and pouches, while the chief presented him with a magnificent robe made of otter-skins. The band immediately made preparations to scatter to their hunting grounds again, and two of the young Indians volunteered to accompany the white hunter back to his camp to assist him in packing his trophy and the long list of presents that had been forced upon him.

It is probably unnecessary to add that John Young never lacked for true friends and admirers among old Black Otter's band of Chippewas. And, it may be interesting to the readers of these pages to know that a few years later the white hunter did marry the lovable daughter of Black Otter, which result was the consequence of a pretty love-romance. He became a successful trader in the far northwest, living happily with his now educated and accomplished Indian wife, who was once known in her tribe by the name of "Singing Water."



## AN EARLY-DAY TRIP---Number One.



EARLY in my fifteenth year I had succeeded in persuading my paternal parent to permit his prematurely ambitious son to "go west." After obtaining consent, I could not "wait a minute," but must be off at once, though it was in the dead of winter. Accordingly, after packing into a capacious carpet-bag a very plain wardrobe, as well as several "very useful books"—including the Holy Bible and Pilgrim's Progress—I gripped my weighty sack, bade adieu to my parents and numerous brothers and sisters, clambered aboard the old mail-coach, and waved a farewell to the old farm, the snow-draped hills, the much-loved brook and the romantic valleys of western Pennsylvania, and started on what to me was a literal "leap in the dark." That was in the mid-winter of 1854-55. Railroads had only "begun," in those days, and both the roads and the trains were crude affairs compared with latter-day equipments. If one traveled all day, at a speed of twenty miles an hour, it was only an ordinary event to be compelled to "wait over" for a day in order to connect with the next road or division that led in the direction one wished to go. A journey from Pittsburgh to St. Louis meant a weary and expensive journey of many days. A railroad journey to the then far-off country on the little-known upper Mississippi River, was an undertaking worthy of the spirit of the hardiest adventurers. Men of the rural districts of the East, in particular, never undertook such a trip save in groups, and even then were regarded as heroes by their old neighbors and friends.

I started away fully resolved to reach "Minnesota Territory," though its exact location was far from being clear to my mind. But, with my twenty-six dollars—more dollars than I had ever before seen congregated together—I felt sure I could reach Minnesota, and have money enough left to buy considerable of the Territory, beside; but, I afterward learned that this impression was erroneous.



I had never before been outside the rural township in which I was born, had never seen a railroad, knew no more of the ways of the world than I did of the moon, and did not know the difference between a city and a watermelon patch, or between a hotel and a haystack, practically speaking.

In due time, I arrived at the town, thirty miles away, where the railroad was reached, and having arrived a couple of hours in advance of the time when the train was supposed to be due, provided it met with good luck, I carried my weighty sack about the streets of the small village, or sat upon it near the wonderful railroad, and contemplated its wonderful character. I speculated greatly as to how the cars could "stick onto" such a thing, how a train of cars looked, and—wondered how much further it might be to Minnesota Territory, as I munched my last doughnut, from home. At last I heard the roar of the approaching train, and as it grew louder and louder, and came nearer—but was hidden from view by a sharp curve near the depot—my knees began to knock together with fear and excitement, and the bag seemed so heavy that I could scarcely lift it. In a moment the locomotive came roaring and plunging around the curve into plain sight, and very near, and I felt exceedingly like an orphan without friends, as I contemplated for the first time a train of cars; and when the engine came up and blew a terrible blast on the first steam-whistle I ever heard, I felt pretty sure the whole thing, including the train, the depot, the railroad, the people, myself, and in all probability the whole world had been exploded, and were going to the eternal slam-bang. After running clear around the little depot, clinging to my only treasure, however, I saw that the people didn't seem to think there was anything very particularly wrong, and so I calmed down a little—though I really wished myself at home, where things were conducted with less clash and thunder.

After figuring out where the proper entrance to the car was, I made a bold push and was soon ensconced in a corner-seat, with my grip-sack carefully guarded between my feet; my greatest fear was that some of my books might be stolen, and particularly that my Bible or Pilgrim's Progress might, in some mysterious way, go astray; hence, I was either hanging to my "grip" or else sitting on it, all the time.

Soon the cars started, and were shooting along at (to me) a fearful rate of speed, and I felt sure we must all be dashed to pieces—it was probably about an eighteen-mile clip. The fences, trees, and all other objects seemed, to my excited vision, to fly past as if shot out of a gun, and all I could do at times was to shut my eyes, hold tightly to my treasure, and mentally repeat, "Good Lord, have mercy on us!"

A man soon came along and demanded my money, and asked me where I was going. I stammered out, "Minnesota Territory." He gave a little grunt, and asked if my Pa was along. I told him there "wasn't nobody along; I was just all alone," and I felt it, and must have looked it. After looking me over a moment—his gaze including my bulging grip-sack, which made me shudder for its safety—he told me my fare would be five dollars to Mansfield, and that was as far as he could ticket me; he said the train arrived at Mansfield about midnight, and that I could be ticketed from there to Toledo, but would have to stay over at Mansfield until the next evening, when I could go forward.

Upon our arrival, the hackmen got hold of me (in those days the city hackmen were pirates, without even a pirate's good manners), and it was a fight for life, among them, to keep from going crazy, and hold possession of my carpet-bag; after myself and bag had been pulled and hauled around among about twenty shouting hotel villains, one burly fellow picked both myself and my treasure up bodily and chucked me into his hack, locked the door, and drove off. I was now terribly frightened, and fully believed I had been kidnapped and was being driven off to some cave where I would be robbed of my books and clothing, as well as my cash, and then murdered. I rehearsed with great rapidity, over and over again, all the prayers I knew, and would gladly have contributed liberally to foreign missions if there had been anybody to pass the hat; I did everything that seemed good, as I was jostled about in the dark hack in which I was imprisoned.

After what seemed an age of despair, to my great relief, the conveyance drew up in front of a well-lighted "tavern," the big driver opened the door of my prison-house, and after ordering me to give him twenty-five cents, told me that was his tavern and to go in and stay all night. I went in and hesitatingly took a seat in a shaded corner on my carpet-bag, after feeling it over to find

out if any of my books had been stolen in the scrimmage, or my treasure had been otherwise damaged. I took a general survey of the place, and felt sure I must have been ushered into a king's palace, so grand did everything appear. Pretty soon a young man, with a beautiful mustache, and gold shirt-buttons came to me and asked who and what I might be. I frankly and tremblingly told him my history, when he laughed heartily, as he remarked: "I guess you have never traveled much, young man." I told him I thought I had traveled a good deal within the past twenty-four hours; that if I traveled many more days like the last, there wouldn't be anything left of either myself or my carpet-bag. He said it would cost me two dollars to stop at that hotel till the Toledo train went out the next evening, and that he would show me my room where I could go to bed. I thought it a tremendous sum of money for the privilege offered, but not knowing what else to do, I followed him to a room, and went to bed. I did not retire, however, until I had taken an account of stock in the precious grip-sack, and counted over my money, which I found had shrunk at a fearful rate; but, having no adequate conception of the great distance to be traveled, nor of the thousand and one additional demands that would be made upon me, I did not fear but that I had even yet sufficient wealth to get me through to St. Paul.

Daylight found me out of bed, and after taking a careful inventory of my property again, went down stairs, and the landlord— noticing that I was a clear case of "buckwheat"—kindly proposed that he should take care of my baggage until the evening train departed, and relieve me from its constant care; he promised to put it under lock and key, and so I took the chances, and after breakfast started out, timidly, into the streets of what was to me a big city.

After wandering about for an hour or so, reading the wonderful signs, and beholding, with mouth agape, all the wonderful things in the store and shop windows, I came to a place where a man had an immense "whirligig," from the long arms of which were suspended wooden horses, and carriage-seats, upon which one could ride (as I learned by listening to what the man said) a certain number of times around, for ten cents, and could either ride astride one of the wooden horses or in one of the seats, as he

chose. A large crowd of idle men and cheering street boys were present and whenever the owner got his horses and seats full, he would start his machine and away they would go, the whole gang of cheering, yelling riders, until a hundred rounds had been covered, when the thing would pull up and a fresh load be taken on, or the same riders would go again, by repeating the ten-cent part of the program.

Of course, this just beat anything I had ever heard of, and it did not take long to convince me that ten cents would be well invested in a hundred trips around this sweeping swing, and one of the beautiful wooden horses was my choice, by a large majority.

I climbed upon a beautiful dapple-gray horse with pink ears, paid my dime to the man, and soon all the seats were full and all the horses had their mounts, and the revolving swing started; I had forgotten, completely—in my admiration of such a grand amusement establishment—that even to ride in a common swing made me deathly sick, much less, one of these flying contrivances going in a circle, and before I remembered this, or discovered that I was on a machine that was ten-fold more “sickening” than a common forward-and-back swing, it was going so fast that to jump off would have been death or broken limbs, and I soon discovered to my horror that I was in for what would probably prove “a ride to ruin,” so far as I was concerned. I tried to yell to the proprietor to stop and let me off, but the din and clatter drowned my voice; I waved my hat at him, and motioned with my legs, in the most desperate manner, but all to no purpose, and so I resigned myself to my fate, and devoted my rapidly “failing health” to the task of hanging on to my dapple-gray horse with pink ears. Very soon, the horses, and the whole world was whirling like a buzz-wheel, and I could scarcely hold to my wooden horse. Pretty soon I leaned forward and hung on with both hands locked about my horse’s neck, whilst groans of agony went up, as my contribution to the general jubilee, and the whole crowd set up a howl of delight at the sight of my grief. I have read of the agonies of sea-sickness, and how land-lubbers fairly threw up their boots over the bulwarks—and how at one moment they feared they were going to die, and the next moment feared they wouldn’t die—but I beg leave to assert that the worst case of sea-sickness recorded, either in history or out of it, was a sea-

son of profound bliss compared with my ride on that whirligig; such retching and bodily contortions; such awful sensations, as I went round and round, to the music of an asthmatic hurdy-gurdy and the yells and derisive laughter of the crowd, wanting to die and end it all, and yet clinging to my horse for fear I should fall off and be dashed to pieces. But everything has an ending, and that ten-cent ride was no exception, ending after what seemed an age of agony, and I rolled off and lay limp as a rag on the ground—my hat gone, my jeans pants ripped, my long hair all over my face, which had grown alternately ashen and blue. I became unconscious, and after an hour I awoke and found myself in a near-by grocery, with a doctor administering mild stimulants with a tin teaspoon. After a time, the groceryman's boy showed me the way back to the hotel, where I was glad to find that my grip-sack was safe, and for three or four hours I lay on the bed, at the end of which time the world had become steadied down once more, my nerves became settled, though I was very weak. A cup of tea and a piece of toast kindly sent me by the landlord put my internal fixtures into a pacified and somewhat improved condition, so that at the hour of departure I was able to take command of my carpet-bag once more. The landlord, with true generosity, said he guessed I had had a rough enough experience in Mansfield, and did not charge me anything for my stay. From that day to this, I cannot think of one of those machines without feeling sick at the stomach, and to see one in motion is unbearable.

After stammering out my thanks to the kind host, I found the depot after a deal of inquiry along the streets, found the place to buy a ticket to Toledo, and got aboard the right car, after boarding two or three wrong ones, and coming near being run over by a switch-engine. After getting myself and my baggage safely stowed away in a corner, I looked over my money and found I had fourteen dollars and sixty cents of a balance on hand; but, thinking Toledo couldn't be so *very* far from St. Paul, I consoled myself, and during the night that followed I curled down on top of my "grip," and wore away the weary night in cat-naps and dreaming of riding on that whirligig, and morning found me shrunken in body, troubled in spirit and haggard in appearance.

I arrived in Toledo in a cold, drizzling rain, and luckily escape the hackmen, with my property, after having been nearly

pulled in two, and started up through the dreary, muddy town, looking cautiously along for some one with a benevolent face of whom I could inquire when and from where I could start for Chicago. My load seemed very heavy, and it was with difficulty I could carry it at all, feeling weak and weary as I did. Finally, an old peanut man showed me the big steam ferry upon which I should have to cross the harbor to the Chicago depot. By watching the big folk, after crossing over, and by a good deal of inquiry I finally found myself aboard the Chicago-bound train, with but five dollars and thirty-five cents left. So great had been my concern, that it was not until noon that I remembered not having had anything to eat, excepting the toast and tea, since the morning of the previous day; and at Michigan City I went into a coffee-house near the depot and ate twenty cents' worth of bread and coffee, and bought five cents' worth of peanuts.

Near midnight I landed in Chicago, amid a howling mob of hotel-runners, rain, mud and snow, with no more idea of where I was—aside from the name—than if dropped into another world. I had inquired on the cars, and had learned that I would have to go from Chicago to Galena; that the latter place was the highest point on the Mississippi River that could be reached by railroad; that there I would have to wait until the river opened in the spring before I could proceed on the long river journey to the new town of St. Paul; I also learned that the fare from Chicago to Galena was exactly five dollars. All this was a precious lot of information to think over, surely—for a boy of fourteen, very small and slight for his age, with, of course, absolutely no knowledge of the world, and who, if he ate nothing more, would land in the wild, lead-mining camp called Galena, with but ten cents in the treasury, with many weeks to wait and hundreds of miles, up into an almost unknown country, still to go.

After asking many questions, and receiving many a heartless rebuff and derisive reply, I finally, by almost superhuman exertion in packing my load, found a hotel nearly a mile from the depot, which I timidly entered, and seated myself on my carpet-bag in the shadow of one of the great pillars in the palatial office of the large, brilliant hotel—one of the best and largest in the city. I was exceedingly weary, and by this time I fully realized the desperate situation that confronted me, and my spirits, un-

aided by the support of sufficient food, began to flag ; I was not only ashamed to beg, but was afraid to let my destitute condition be known—imagining that my plight was the first and only similar misfortune that had ever befallen any one before ; I shrank from the thought of making it known, and resolved to go on until the last penny was expended, and then trust to Providence for the balance—that Providence in a belief of whose never-failing love I had been strictly reared.

It was not long after I had entered the hotel, before the last guest had retired, and I was soon discovered by the man on duty in the place, who approached me, and in a gruff voice and with a lowering brow, demanded :

“ Here, you young rooster, what are you doing here?—you’d better carry yourself out o’ here in less ’n a flyin’ minute ! ”

I seized my satchel and, with a terrible sense of guilt, or something of a similar feeling, I made for the doorway as fast as possible ; but, turning and giving the man a frightened look, he seemed to relent, and in a milder tone called out :

“ I say, boy, hold on a minute.” I stopped on the threshold, when he continued : “ Come back, and tell me what you are doing around here, anyway.”

I hesitatingly sank into a chair near where he was standing, and in answer to his questions, told him who I was, and whither I was bound. Apparently being convinced of my honesty, he said I could occupy a chair until morning, now near at hand, and told me when the Galena train started out—at eight o’clock—and gave me a general idea of the direction to the depot, though he said it was nearly two miles distant. Thanking him for his kindness, I “ snuggled down ” into the big chair, with my sack on my knees, and enjoyed an uneasy kind of sleep until daylight, when I shouldered my more weighty than valuable property and sallied forth to find the depot.

By dint of great labor, I found it barely in time, and my appearance must have been much the same as when I finished the whirligig ride at Mansfield. In my rambles in search of the depot I had passed through the hands of a couple of burly newsboys, who seemed to feel it their religious duty to give me a very thorough “ walloping ; ” my concern was not so acute for myself as for my glazed-carpet-bag, which I had saved only by putting up

a heroic fight, born by desperation; the poor grip-sack was worse used up than I was when I at last reached the depot, having one side kicked in, my precious books badly jammed, and one of the handles of the sack torn off. At the depot I paid all my money for a ticket to Galena, excepting ten cents, and left Chicago with many a heart-ache (not to mention stomach-cramp), wondering what was to happen next, for my special edification, with a dozen sore spots contributed by the newsboys, and a very poor opinion of Chicago hospitality in general. During the day, as the train dragged slowly along over the bumpy road to the westward, I got out my needle and thread and, as far as possible, made *a-mends* in my wardrobe, and partially reconstructed the poor, dilapidated old grip-sack.

I had all day to reflect upon how I was "getting on in the world," and finally convinced myself that during the three days I had been a "traveler in strange lands," I had learned more than in all my born-days before—in fact, I *felt* that I had. I also learned by hearing others talk, that Galena was a miserable town in which to remain until navigation opened; that Dubuque was a much finer young town in which to sojourn (but how was I to "sojourn" in Galena, Dubuque, or elsewhere?) that the only way, at that season, to get from Galena to Dubuque, was to traverse a wild and desolate region of country a distance of twenty miles, to Dunleith, and there cross the river to Dubuque, on the Iowa side, on the steam ferry (which was able to keep a track open through the ice) and which would cost ten cents. I had just that amount of money left, but how was I ever to reach the hamlet of Dunleith? Already nearly three days with scarcely anything to eat, and another day and night lying between, with my sacred property, weighing some thirty pounds, and with which I would no sooner think of parting than of having a double-tooth pulled that didn't ache—particularly, with my "good books." And, right here, I am about to relate one of the most noteworthy cases of physical endurance that has ever occurred in the West.

I can scarcely, even to this day, explain to my own satisfaction what it was that prevented me from asking for something to eat; but, I had, with "greenhorn" innocence, become impressed with the idea that all this rushing, selfish-appearing body of humanity had turned into enemies. Retiring and sensitive, at that



age, to the verge of preposterousness, and withal possessed with a self-pride that formed an insurmountable barrier between myself and anything that savored of "begging," even had I not considered it positively dangerous to ask for anything without paying all that was required; and of course my early training had been of the kind that taught me that it was far better to die than to take even the most trifling thing without the knowledge of its owner. Thus, amid a most terrible condition of the wild roads and the worst possible winter weather, I arrived at Galena some time after dark, of a black and terribly stormy night; and, by following in the wake of the crowd for more than a mile, from the end of the unfinished railroad into the town, through mud and snow knee-deep, I at last found myself in the office of the principal hotel in the sorry-looking, swamp-like town, completely wet, bedaubed with mud, and weary and faint to the very last degree.

Here I met with some decidedly new *features* in my eventful journey. The hotel was literally jammed full of travelers, adventurers, frontiersmen, and among the rest, twenty Winnebago Indian chiefs, who had reached there the day before on their return from Washington, whither they had been to make a treaty with their Great Father, the President. I had never seen an Indian before, and when I suddenly found myself in the midst of a great crowd of these stalwart, painted, feather-bedecked and blanketed warriors, with knives, tomahawks, and war-clubs lashed to them, I certainly felt that life with me was to be only a brief season of human and scalped misery. But, although in continual fear of them all of that, to me, dreadful night (for I was thoroughly read up on Indian massacres and other atrocities), I finally concluded that by keeping in a shady corner, and conducting myself with the greatest possible decorum, I might be spared; for I noticed that the white guests were quite familiar with them, and the Indians seemed to be in a friendly mood.

Supper was soon announced, and the guests were summoned by a fellow beating, with a sort of rolling-stroke, on a terrible gong; I had never heard one of these tumultuous carnage-dispensers before, and at first, it nearly frightened what little life I had left, out of me—though the Indians seemed delighted with it; doubtless they were thinking what a lovely tom-tom it would

make for their war-dances, or to beat when they were torturing their white victims at the stake, as I imagined; at any rate, they grinned as though they thought it the "music of the spheres." Of course, I was only too glad to be permitted to remain inside, without scarcely daring to even look into the adjoining room where the steaming viands sent out their luscious odors, only to aggravate my starving sensations.

It was late when all the guests had retired, and the savages spread their blankets around on the office floor, all around me, and alternately slept, talked in their singular tongue, or smoked their pipes, until the room was blue with smoke. There I sat, at last, all alone with these armed red-skins, afraid to even move, and watching their every motion, through all that painful and never to be forgotten night.

Morning came at last, after a seeming age, and such a morning! It had snowed nearly a foot, on top of the almost bottomless mud, and was dark and murky overhead. Breakfast was announced, the guests all responded gaily to the call of the noisy gong, after having their morning dram at the bar, and I almost at one time, made up my mind to ask the clerk for something to eat; but my heart failed me and I did not do it. I could see that the town was a repulsive looking place, and as I had heard half a dozen of the men agree to undertake the trip through to Dubuque on foot, despite the horrible condition of the road, or trail rather, I resolved to follow in their wake, though I had also heard them describe the route as lying through a barren, wolf-beset and desolate country, and full of old mining-holes.

After breakfast they fixed themselves completely for the trip; high boots, and unincumbered by carpet-sacks, they filled their flasks with stimulants, their cases with cigars, and finally all started in high spirits through the mud and snow, with the writer hereof at a respectful distance in the rear, with my carpet-sack on a short stick across my shoulder.

I had no more than entered the barrens in rear of the town when I began to realize that my undertaking was a desperate one, with such a load, and in my condition, but still, something seemed to impel me forward through the mud and snow, nearly knee-deep. I seemed to feel that if I could only

reach Dubuque, it would be vastly better, because it would be just so much farther on my journey, and could not but prove a more desirable place than Galena in which to seek employment.

For a distance of three or four miles I kept close to the well-fed travelers, though none of them deigned to notice me, save to occasionally turn about and, with a laugh, yell out, "Hurry up, Bub, or the wolves will make a dinner of you, sure as shootin'!" and other "jolly" remarks of a similar character. After a time, I began to fall to the rear, and finally, in spite of my efforts to keep up, they passed out of my sight entirely. I shall not attempt to fully portray my experiences during that day, because such experiences are hidden pictures from the best brush or pen. With nothing to eat for three days, no rest or sleep, I found myself in the midst of a wilderness, alone, starving, weighed down by a load too heavy for even a man to carry, over such roads. After traveling till nearly noon, as I imagined, I fell exhausted in the snow, and lay almost unconscious for a time, when I aroused again, and started on, with only a desperate resolution as my support. I knew, every time I fell—which grew more frequent as the day wore on—that if I lay until my joints became stiffened and set—and they seemed to be growing solidly together—that I should perish through sheer helplessness, or speedily be devoured by wolves, which were then abundant in that wild region. So, with all the horrors of my situation pictured before my eyes, I would scarcely more than fall to the ground ere I would begin the struggle to get up again. My feelings can neither be conceived nor described; and my ghastly and crazed appearance must have corresponded well with my awful physical sensations.

I must have been a picture of insane distress when, just before dark, I reached the wharf at Dunleith, and staggered aboard the steam ferry, that was just pulling out for her last trip for the day, through the ice, across the great river. In a moment after starting, and as I stood holding to the railing, the collector came around, and I gave him my last dime; then crippling along to the low cabin, I dropped my sack to the floor, fell prone upon a long bench, and then—"the light went out."

Up to this time, my journey had certainly been an eventful

one, and one in which human endurance had been tested to the quick. I have always considered that trip a thorough test of what a human being can endure, and yet survive.

When I first realized where I was—or rather, that I was still alive—after passing into unconsciousness on the ferry, I found I had been carried to the City Hotel, in Dubuque, by direction of some kind-hearted gentleman, who saw me fall, and was lying on a sofa in a beautifully furnished apartment, with a waiter and a physician seated near me, apparently watching with deep interest the result of the trial, the particulars of which they as yet knew nothing. The doctor afterward told me he had “never before reached quite so deep into a grave to recover a patient.” My first conscious inquiry was concerning the whereabouts of my carpet-sack, and the waiter assured me that it was safe in the office of the hotel—oh, that precious property! It was near morning, and the doctor, after seeing me safely revived, left medicine, and said he would call again during the day. I could not move even a muscle, much less a limb, and it was a week ere I could walk about, meantime having suffered greatly, in every way.

The landlord, whose name I have forgotten, had meantime inquired into my history, and assured me that I should be taken care of until the upper river opened, and then he would see that some way was provided for my reaching St. Paul; and that when I was able, he had some light duties about the hotel which I could do for him. It is scarcely needful to say that as soon as possible, and even sooner than he would permit, I reported to my kind benefactor for duty.

[ITEM—While I was here, a “gentleman gambler” who was a guest at this hotel (in those days the river-steamers were floating gambling palaces, and every river town had its swell gaming houses), had been nearly killed in a quarrel at the gaming-table, and, much to my surprise, he asked that I be assigned as his attendant under the doctor. I waited on him during the day and occupied a cot in his room at night. When at last he had sufficiently recovered to dispense with my services, he called me to his side, and said: “My boy, you are a good, innocent boy, and I want you to always remain so; I have been a gambler for years, and will always remain one—it is my profession. But, I want you to promise me that you will never become a gambler. You

have been so patient and kind with me since I have laid here, bruised and wounded, that I shall never forget you; you have done so much more for me than I did for you." At this remark I looked up at him through my tears of sympathy, inquiringly. He smiled faintly but most kindly and continued: "I see you would ask a question, but I anticipate it: Some weeks ago I had been over at the village of Dunleith, spending the day in gaming, and was coming back by the last evening boat, when I saw a boy about your size fall in a faint; I could do no less than gather up the little fellow and his heavy satchel and have him taken in a cab to my hotel, send for a doctor, procure one of the waiters to watch by him, and arrange with the landlord for his keeping until the boy recovered, when he promised to look after him; I left town, on a little professional tour, and had only returned the evening before I was hurt; and now I thank you again, my dear boy, for your brotherly kindness to me since I was hurt; I see you need a more becoming and new spring suit; take this note to the clothing dealer in the next block above, but across the street, and do just as he says. Good-bye, now, as I am going away for a time, and may not see you again—there, there, now, no more tears, and as for thanks, I am your debtor still." Before I realized the full situation he had gone down stairs to the street door, leaning slightly on the porter's shoulder, entered a carriage and had driven away. The impression made upon my still uncouth mind by this man and his singular gratitude and generosity, both before and after his unfortunate accident, left its indelible stamp upon my young, impressionable mind. That afternoon I presented the very brief note at the clothing store, which resulted in my becoming possessed of my first *modish* suit of clothes, through the generosity of a *man*, though a gambler, whom I never heard of afterward, though affectionately remembered, always.]

After some weeks I again took sick, and for a time the balance between life and death quivered dubiously; my wiry constitution, finally triumphed, and I again became convalescent. This was the spring when the cholera broke out all along the river with such terrible fatality, and every steamer that came from below was laden with death in its most horrible form.

The landlord finally told me one morning that if I was bent upon going through to St. Paul, the steamer "Hamburg" would

arrive some time during the day, and her master, Captain Estes, being a warm personal friend of his, he would introduce me to him, and request that he set me down in St. Paul as safe and sound as circumstances would permit, which he felt sure the Captain would do.

Accordingly, when the "Hamburg" arrived, my noble friend consigned me and my historic satchel to the care of the good Captain, and, with real feeling, asked him to look after my welfare, which the bluff, but kind-hearted, old skipper promised to do—it was the chance of my dying with cholera which my two friends feared. The grand old steamer "Hamburg" now "sleeps" at the bottom of Lake Pepin, near the Minnesota shore, where she was wrecked some years later. The point there, is now called Hamburg Point. Where the bones of dear old Captain Estes now rest, I know not; but I pray that he "sleeps well," wherever be his grave.

Though other steamers which had come from below were freighted with death, the Hamburg could certainly claim the palm in that matter, and the slow trip up the river was a veritable journey of death. At every landing, a greater or less number of dead were put ashore from among the four or five hundred passengers, and at every woodpile, where the steamer took on wood, corpses were hastily interred in shallow and unmarked graves by the deckhands. At what was then called LaCrosse Landing, I painfully remember, there were seven brothers and sisters laid side by side, with their dead mother, among other dead, on the wharf, and as the boat pulled away, I beheld—the last object I saw, beneath the weird and wavering light of the boat's primitive pitch-pine torches—the frantic husband and father kneeling and wailing over his dead ones, gone from him in a day, through the horrors of cholera, to another Land from the one they had started for with such bright hopes for the future.

Captain Estes was indeed very, very kind; his solicitude for my safety and care was all that the fondest father could have bestowed, and although I speedily drifted into the first stages of the dreadful disease that was constantly claiming new victims by the score, he, with his great experience, doctored me and watched my condition so closely, that he battled away the disease, so that when I reached St. Paul, though but a respectable skeleton, I had

safely passed the point of danger, and in time regained my wonted health and vigor, through the influence of the salubrious climate of what, though then but a Territory of undreamed-of resources, at last became my beloved and life-adopted State; the land of blue skies, of clear, sweet waters, of ten thousand romantically embosomed lakes, of matchless soil and unrivaled natural scenery—Minnesota.



### AN EARLY-DAY TRIP—Number Two.



**A**FTER spending a year and a half among the Indians and early-day flatboatmen of the Minnesota River valley—also called in those days, St. Peter River—my conscience began to prick, because I had left the fire-side of my parents at so young an age, and felt that I had only remained at home until I had barely ceased to be a charge, and ought to have remained a few years longer, and honestly endeavored to work out a “bill for my early keeping,” that in the light of reason, as began to view it, stood recorded against me. I felt, in fact, as if I had not acted fairly by my kind parents, who had devoted the best years of their lives to the care and training of their numerous children, and I resolved to lose no time in returning to the humble homestead of my father and tender him my services. I probably would never have thought of this sin of omission of which I stood self-charged, but for the fact that I had grown extremely homesick, and longed for the familiar scenes of my childhood. This fact, I have no doubt, had a big influence in bringing me to a sense of duty, and quickening within me the spark of filial affection.

During the year and a half spent in the wilds of early Minnesota, I had learned but little of the ways of the world, save what might be gleaned in the cook-house of a Minnesota River flatboat, while serving up salt-pork, beans, tea and blue-tinted biscuits for a crew of Frenchmen, who talked all the time, night and day, but who never spoke English excepting when they desired me to understand that it was time for the cook to draw a bucketful of whisky from a barrel of the government supplies—

in those days most of the freight boated up the river consisted of government goods for the frontier military posts and Indian agencies—and turn in a bucketful of river-water, to make whole the contents of the barrel. Still, being of a somewhat observing turn of mind, I learned some things, while others were forced upon my mind, regardless of any natural disposition on my part to gather points. I learned all about how flatboating was done on a difficult river in a wild and unsettled country, and particularly the mysteries of furnishing the most wretched victuals from the most wretched kinds of raw materials—the position of cook and *chef* being the only degree in the art of flatboating that my years or muscle would at that time permit me to become a recognized master in. It was a most charming spectacle to see the dainty soups I dished up for the French crew, by boiling a ten-pound chunk of rank salt pork all forenoon in a sheet-iron kettle, and then served hot in tin pans. There would be about two inches of clear grease in each pan to be eaten off before they reached the salt-brine below. But these Frenchmen, most of whom had spent years as *voyageurs* in the service of the Hudson Bay Company, always praised my mess-pork soup, or *bouillon*, as being extremely fine; aside from the grease, it would be so salty that a single mouthful of it would have turned the stomach of Lot's wife. But I cannot go into the details of a flatboatman's life on frontier waters, because it would require the latitude of a small volume to do justice to the life and experiences of a jolly flatboatman in those early days, on the murky waters of the mosquito-bound and Indian-hampered Minnesota River.

Late in the autumn of 1856, found me a passenger on a down-river steamer, with a wardrobe which was a sort of compromise between that worn by a "river-rat" and an average Indian boy, with a hollow-sided grip-sack—my precious books had long since succumbed to wind and weather, and other too strenuous influences to be withstood by anything less durable than iron or steel—with a little less than a hundred dollars in my pocket, as the proceeds of eighteen months' experience on the ragged edge of civilization.

As the Christmas snow was falling in great soft flakes, only to melt on the wet and muddy earth as fast as they fell, a lone juvenile might have been seen, in the uncertain light of late even-



ing, approaching his childhood's humble home, guided by familiar objects, toward the cheerful light that glowed from the south windows out upon the beautiful, snowy night-scene. This home was the paternal headquarters so yearningly longed for by the semi-prodigal wanderer in strange lands. My unheralded *entre* to the family circle created a convulsion of the domestic elements which in extent and severity was all that could have been desired.

The following morning I "explained my position," and endeavored to make my father and my good step-mother understand how much I had suffered in mind at having so selfishly forsaken them at so premature an age, without even offering my services on the farm for six years longer, or during my minority. They did not seem to realize, however, that they had sustained any very serious loss; or, if they had, the loss, either past or prospective, had not broken in upon their minds with any perceptible jolt. The old gentleman suggested that I attend school during the winter at the log schoolhouse in the hollow, and in the spring I should be at liberty to continue my far western observations so far as he was concerned. But, indeed, by the time spring had arrived I needed no admonitory advice to again "go west." If my longing to return home was severe, my anguish to head once more to'ard the land of the Dakotahs was infinitely worse, and all I learned at the log schoolhouse in the hollow, was to forget a good deal of what I knew before—as I stared vacantly, my eyes on the enchanting pages of a Cobb's spelling-book, and my mind away in the great, free Northwest, amid the fascinating scenes, and wild life with which I had been surrounded during my absence.

Springtime came at last, and, accompanied by a great stalwart production of that foot-hill region, much older than myself, named John W——, I again, and for the last time, turned my back upon the rocky glens and mossy hillsides of my native habitat. John had sought this opportunity to go out into the world with one who, by reason of experience, could take care of "his mamma's precious boy," and I rather unwisely, as it afterward proved, accepted the precious charge from the hands of a fond and doting mother.

Of course I claimed, and John cheerfully conceded to me the honor of being "master of ceremonies" in the travels that lay

before us, and I resolved, this time, to travel wholly by river (a journey running up toward two thousand miles), taking passage at Pittsburgh. By this time I flattered myself that I knew a thing or two about travel and the ways of the earth, although it was't many moons later that I discovered there was also a "thing or two" I had not before discovered.

John was verdant in all ways possible, and was just at that age when he was neither attractive nor "convincing" in his appearance, and even when addressed, he could scarcely drawl out the simplest answer before the questioner had well-nigh forgotten what it was he asked him. In short, and with no intention on my part to do poor, simple-minded John an injustice, he was nevertheless the most abominable case of "turnip-sheller" that ever escaped from the laurel brush of his native state.

Arriving at Pittsburgh, in due time, we found a big side-wheel steamboat about to start for St. Louis, and thereon took passage, and were assigned to the stateroom immediately forward of the starboard wheel—a room always "reserved" for any passengers who have the appearance of persons who are the least likely to make trouble about it, or to demand reduced fare if they consent to stay in such a cave of gloom, and original pandemonium. She was a large boat, and had in tow two immense barges loaded with railroad-iron (rails). She left port, too, crowded with passengers, below and above, most of them bound for the then just opening commonwealth of Kansas. There was such a crowd of people on board as to make it very uncomfortable in any part of the great steamer, and with her tow of the two heavy barges made the passage down the Ohio and up the Mississippi to St. Louis a very slow and almost painfully tedious one.

After buying our tickets, John and myself had fifty dollars between us, with which to pay our fare from St. Louis to St. Paul. We had scarcely gotten out of sight of Pittsburgh when one of the passengers fell overboard—literally crowded off the lower deck and was drowned before he could be reached by the small boats; during the whole trip to St. Louis there were seven of the passengers lost, at different points along the way, in the same manner. All this, with the prevalence of a good deal of sickness, resulting in several deaths, below-decks, made the trip of about ten days to St. Louis, one to be remembered aside from

the many other accidents that transpired, which were calculated to harrow up the souls, and try the bravery of two such precious greenhorns as John and myself—particularly John.

Immediately after leaving Pittsburgh my traveling companion began to show signs of distress, and took to his bed largely. It only required a day or two to prove the cause of his indisposition. He had been taken down with the mumps! and he had, too, the "most complete set" of mumps I ever beheld. His face was naturally short and round, covered over by a stumpy beard, and in a couple of days his face was something less than two feet horizontally, with a perpendicular elevation of about eight inches. When John's jaws began to spread, he felt better, somewhat, and spent some time out of his room—which was a terrible place, even for a well person. It was smotheringly close, and the awful carnage of the great wheel made one's hair stand; and it seemed as though we were liable to be crushed by it at any moment; it was, no doubt, a room that had been respectfully dedicated to the use of "greenhorns" ever since the old hulk was launched; because, no other class would, for a moment, consent to pay as much as those people who occupied the finest quarters, and then try to live in such a cavernous bedlam as that narrow niche, directly against the wet and roaring wheel.

John's mumps quickly grew to such immense proportions, that he could scarcely pass through the narrow door of our room, without turning his *complaint* edgewise; and, when he made his *debut* among the passengers in the cabin, there was a commotion probably never equaled since the "confusion of tongues" at the building of the Tower of Babel. I cannot describe the utter grotesqueness of John's appearance; the swelling, aside from making his face, from right to left, an expansion of jowl terrible to look upon, had extended all over his face, nearly closing his eyes, and almost turning his stubby nose the "other end up," beside drawing his mouth until it seemed to extend almost from ear to ear. Imagine, then, a very short neck, and you may be able to grasp a faint idea of poor John's general appearance, when he wore mumps "on both sides."

The boyish pride of the writer was being constantly wounded, because John could not think of being separated from me for scarcely a moment; and when John and I would enter the cabin,

we became the center of a universal attraction—though it was only the eyes of all that were attracted; the general anatomy of the average passenger would fly from our approach as though we carried a smallpox hospital in every pocket. Unfeeling persons would laugh immoderately at John's appearance, and pass all sorts of remarks, even going so far as to suggest that it would be a mercy to drown him; and they would also inquire of the writer, in apparent sincerity, if I was engaged in collecting curiosities for Barnum—baboons, and the like. As often as weather and circumstances would permit, I would bundle poor John up, and get him on the upper deck, where, with the hot smokestack on one side of him, and the blazing sun on the other, endeavor to thaw out his mumps and reduce the swelling. I am not positive as to whether my original remedy proved efficacious or not; but certain it was that he improved under my simple treatment rapidly, and by the time Cincinnati was reached I had gotten John's face pretty well shrunk up again—though, the old skin peeling off in great patches, his good-looks were only slightly improved, if at all. I, in my own person, had never enjoyed(?) a run of mumps, and although I expected to become a victim, I did not, nor have I ever had them, before or since. But, ere we left the boat at St. Louis, we had the supreme satisfaction of noticing that the jaws of forty or fifty of our tormentors had begun to swell beautifully. The sight of the pickles on the tables made them fairly groan, and they heaped imprecations loud and deep upon the head of the "original baboon" who was responsible for the pains they were just beginning to enjoy.

The boat remained at Cincinnati all day, and John and I concluded to look the town over a little, and so started out. After walking up and down several of the principal streets—the writer, meantime, keeping in sight some general landmarks, that we might not lose our bearings—we took a notion to treat ourselves to a card of gingerbread, some peanuts and an orange—the latter, neither one of us had ever tasted. But the smallest money we had, being a ten-dollar note, we determined to drop into the first bank we came to and have it exchanged for small bills. In a few minutes we came to a bank, and whilst John stood, leaning up against the door-case, curiously gazing about the elegant apartment—John had never seen a bank before, save a sand-bank or a

coal-bank—the writer endeavored to put on an extreme business air, approached the cashier's counter, threw down my ten-dollar note, and asked that I be given small bills for it. The cashier took up the note, glanced his eye over it, held it up to the light, and then laid it down on the counter. He gave me a look that nearly froze my blood; then he looked at John, and that seemed to settle it—whatever it was. He took down a little whistle from behind his desk, sprang over the counter to the door, and blew it vigorously, as he remarked, "I guess this will prove a clew to some of the trouble;" and in less than a minute, in rushed two men dressed in blue uniforms, with clubs in their belts, and had both of us by the coat-collars in a jiffy.

"Now, officers," said the banker, "take these two young rascals to the lock-up, and as the court is now open, and I have the proof of their character here in my hand, I will be up in half an hour and have them examined before dinner."

So saying, the officers tightened their strong grip and literally "snatched" us out to the sidewalk, and started up the street with two as sorry-looking representatives from Bungtown as were ever seen in any city. The whole proceeding was so short and positive, and burst upon us so suddenly, that our tongues were tied by the apparent horror of our situation, and for a time both of us were utterly speechless. At last John, who was ahead, exploded; and, amid a flood of tears, he made out to screw his head around far enough to catch a glimpse of my own staring eyes and gaping mouth and remark: "Boo-hoo-oo!—aw-aw! Oh, baw-haw-oo-oo! Oh, what's the—baw-hoo-wah!—matter with us now?—wah-baw-hoo!"

About that time the officer gave him a twitch that not only cut short any further communication, but lifted his heels up almost as high as his mumps were recently located. Taking John's rear elevation, as he was marched along up the street, as a starting point from which to judge character, and he really did look like a very "hard ticket." The officer had a whole big handful of his thin and somewhat slouchy checked coat gathered up into a handhold, together with his shirt and "galluses," and when he yanked John around to stop his blubbing, it seemed to draw his coat-tail and shirt up toward his collar, and the strain upon his yarn suspenders drew his pant-legs clear above his boots.

As for myself, I was no less frightened than my agonized companion; but had I been on my way to the gallows I could not have suppressed an inward laugh, at the utterly forlorn sight John presented as he passed along on his way to the police station.

Reaching the jail, the officers placed us in a small room, that seemed to be the wood-cellar of the establishment, and after searching us for "tools" or weapons, they went out, locking the door after them. I never can forget the hour we spent in that dark, musty room, consulting upon the situation. The writer believed the cause of our trouble was that the bill I gave to the banker was a counterfeit, and that we had been arrested as counterfeiters, or something of the kind—a likely-looking "duet" to be taken for professional counterfeiters, surely! But John was sure that this could not be the cause of such a terrible state of affairs; and, as the tears coursed down over his still somewhat puffy cheeks, and he, anon, wiped off the surplus brine with his sleeve, he "felt dead certain" that we were going to be hung or banished, or sent to the state prison for life, and be starved to death on bread and water. While I was also in a delightful state of perplexity as to the fate that awaited us, yet I tried to cheer John up as much as I could. To add to our misery, we feared that we would not be given an opportunity to establish our innocence until the boat would go off and leave us, which would prove a ruin next to being executed or sent to the penitentiary.

At the end of an hour, or less, one of the officers came in and told us to follow him. Our limbs grew so weak with excitement and fear, that it was with difficulty we could ascend the stairs that led to the department of justice. John's knees fairly smote each other as we came in before the justice, where were assembled a motley group, only differing in the various kinds of "tough-nuts" that seemed to fill the place. The banker was inside the bar, and a group of legal men were engaged in writing out documents. John and I were given seats inside the railing, and the judge asked the banker what charges he had to present against the two prisoners. At the word "prisoners," John looked up at his illustrious partner in crime—the boss traveler—and such a look! It was a mump grimace of despair which no brush could have transferred to canvas, or mortal words express. As for my-

self, I felt that no drop of blood coursed its way in my veins, although as the crisis came, I felt the calm of desperation coming over me, for I knew that if ever we were to get out of that trouble, I should certainly have to accomplish it, as I could plainly see that John was in a complete state of collapse.

The banker arose, holding the fatal bank-note in his hand, and informed the judge of the circumstances by which it came into his possession. He said it was an "altered," or "raised" bill, which meant that it had been, originally, a *one-dollar* bill. That there was a gang of men, somewhere, who were flooding the country with this altered or raised money, and that the bankers and business men of Cincinnati had been severely swindled by this money, some of which was most cleverly executed. He added that the bankers had determined to ferret out this band of swindlers, if possible, and bring them to justice; that he felt convinced that these two young sprigs might be made to divulge something that would further the ends of justice in this matter; at any rate he considered the manner and circumstances of the tender of this money at his bank sufficiently suspicious to warrant him in causing their arrest—pointing to John and myself—for they were just such verdant-appearing, uncouth chaps as those who would be used as "feelers" for the main gang.

After he concluded his remarks, the judge, turning to the writer, said: "Well, young man, what have you to offer in defense of your act in presenting such money as this at the bank?"

I staggered to my feet, holding to the railing, lest my knee-joints should fail entirely—for a court of justice was certainly new to me in its surroundings and affairs, and had it not been a most desperate case I should never have been able to offer any defense at all. But, being conscious of my own innocence, when I arose to speak, a feeling of indignation came to my assistance, and I began at the first of our trip and related a straightforward history of who we were, where we were going, where we received the money, and all about it—even to the misfortune of my friend John in being taken down with the mumps, which fact I offered in extenuation of his present not overly honest or sophisticated looking countenance, there being still an undue proportion of face in his aggregate make-up. The money, we had received from a

country schoolmaster, before leaving home. After hearing our story, the judge turned to an officer and said :

"Take this bank-note, officer, and accompany these two lads to the boat, at the levee, upon which they claim to be passengers, and if you find their statement to be true in that particular, and there are no new suspicions forced upon your mind, return the bill to them and permit them to go on their way rejoicing."

At this, we both followed the officer, our hearts several tons lighter than when we entered the building, and soon arrived at the boat, where preparations were being made to continue the journey. The officer went with us to the head-clerk of the boat, who certified to our character as passengers—particularly identifying John as being a well-known, if not an especially popular, passenger on the boat—when the officer gave us our "raised" exchequer and returned on shore. The bell gave out its hoarse tap to let go, the great lines were hauled in, also the slack of the monster iron cables that held the two great barges lashed to the steamer on either side, and all was afloat once more. In a consultation on the upper deck, shortly after, John and I voted unanimously in favor of a proposition to the effect that we had learned several entirely new things that day, and that we had seen all of Cincinnati that we cared to see—at least until some time when we didn't have so much spurious currency about us as we seemed to have that day.

No troubles overtook us, worthy of mention, before reaching St. Louis, after the slice of education we had enjoyed at Cincinnati. An incident, however, occurred not far from Cairo, which, while it lasted, was decidedly soul-harrowing. It was somewhere near the middle of the night, and about all of the several hundred passengers on board were soundly sleeping. The rooms were all full, of course, and in addition, the cabin floor, from one end to the other, was covered with cots, or "shake-downs," to accommodate the passengers who were not fortunate enough to secure staterooms. During the night, if one found it necessary to pass through the cabin, great caution had to be used in making way among the floor slumberers.

Suddenly, as if the boat and her great barges had crashed into a perpendicular ledge of rocks, came a grinding and smashing; a snapping of timbers; a rolling and pitching; and in less



time than it takes to relate it, the terrified passengers came screaming and tumbling out of their rooms, *in dishabille*—men, women, and children. Many from the upper bunks came, like leaping frogs, through the transoms, landing among the utter mob in the cabin, heels-over-head; while more than one muscular two-hundred-pounder never stopped to unlock his door, but came crashing through the thin bulkheads, door and all, carrying all before them, and adding kindling-wood to the awful tumult; the great boat rolled, and groaned from stem to stern; the shrieks of the women and children, the roar of hoarse curses by the men, and the crashing of the crockery which was dashed from the shelves and holdings in the pantries, made a scene the like of which is beyond the power of tongue or pen to describe. The writer had the good fortune to become so stupefied by terror, that I simply gained the transom and had crawled about half way through, when I could only hang over the cross-piece above the door and look down upon the awful panorama of "reason gone mad." One-third of the mass of human beings seemed to be under foot, and one excessively fat old Hebrew citizen a little astern of where I was hung up, attracted my attention particularly, despite the general reign of terror. Of course, the whole ludicrous proposition was imprinted upon my mind and understanding in a twinkling. The poor old fat man could not have risen from his floor-couch under two or three minutes, ordinarily; as it was, he would no more than get rolled over on his ponderous stomach, or at most get to his hands and knees in the process of rising, when fifty of the crowd that constantly surged back and forth would walk all over him—fore-an'-aft and crosswise—crushing the long-nosed old German-Hebrew back to the floor again, and cause him to squall like a fog-horn, in half a dozen different languages every time they would bowl him over, first one way and then the other, and walk on his stomach for good measure. At last the captain and clerk gained an elevated position at the forward end of the cabin, and the former being a very large man, with a voice like seven-thunders, after a time succeeded in attracting the attention of the mob, and with more power than elegance of language, said the danger had passed and that the boat was all safe; that if they didn't stop their infernal noise and settle down, he would begin shooting in among the fool leaders of the bedlam of confusion.

After a few minutes thus spent, in well-directed assurances and threats, the people were finally sufficiently pacified to permit the captain to explain the cause of the disaster and its extent. He said the larboard barge had struck a rock, and had been torn into a thousand pieces—by reason of the hundred tons of railroad rails with which she was loaded—and that the barge and its cargo had gone to the bottom; that although the barge was, of necessity, attached to the steamer by immense hawsers and cable-chains, yet the boat had withstood the shock with but little damage he thought, as the hawsers and chains had either parted under the strain or been torn from their fastenings, and had not injured the hull of the steamer materially; that the steamer had been saved from capsizing or being thrown athwart the ledge of rocks by the iron-laden barge on her starboard side, which had held her steady and comparatively straight with the current. He added that the carpenter and a crew of helpers were already in the hold, fully equipped to repair any leaks or damages until a suitable landing could be reached; that he demanded of them to settle down and to cease making a pack of idiots of themselves; enough people had already been hurt, and enough damage been done, as they could see by looking up and down the wrecked cabin where many badly injured people were to be seen.

After this explanation, the mob cooled down, and began to see themselves as others saw them—and they commenced a grand scramble for their clothing, while many of the more humane and considerate turned their attention to those who had been injured in the terrible scene just enacted.

As good fortune willed, there were none killed, though several had limbs fractured and many were severely cut and bruised; one little boy had a large part of his ear torn off by being thrown against a broken door-knob, as was supposed, while the fat old Hebrew's stomach had been almost fatally disturbed. Poor John, it seemed, had gained the cabin and joined in with the general melee, and when I next discovered him he was sitting on the floor in one of the pantries, half buried in a mass of broken crockery, his head and face more or less cut up, and although he had not received any serious injury, he was about paralyzed by the fright of it all, and when he, sort of dazedly recognized me, he wanted to know "where he was at," and mumbled something about his

mammy and pap, and seemed to be trying to express a desire to go back home at the first possible opportunity. I got him to his room and bathed his cuts and bruises, told him the danger was all over, and he at last became normally conditioned once more.

The boat was found, upon examination, to have been considerably damaged; although, aside from several leaks being sprung, which were quickly repaired temporarily, the worst injuries were above the water-line, along on her lower deck and guards, where the great cable-chains and hawsers had been torn from their fastenings, carrying everything with them that lay in their path. The loss of such a valuable cargo of iron, and the total destruction of so large and fine a barge, must have been a grievous one to the Pittsburgh owners, as little was known in those days about marine insurance.

We finally, and without further mishap, reached St. Louis, where the great load of passengers, who had become pretty well acquainted with one another, separated. The greater portion of them sought Missouri river steamers, while others—John and myself among the rest—took passage upon boats for the upper Mississippi. The farthest point up the river to which tickets could be purchased at St. Louis, was to Muscatine, on the Iowa side of the river; and to that point we bought and paid for our tickets, leaving some twenty-five dollars of a cash capital remaining in the several pockets of John and myself, combined, beside our old "raised" bill.

The boat was to still remain ten or twelve hours after we had engaged passage, and so, not being wholly intimidated by our experience in Cincinnati, we determined to look about the great city—just a little. It was not long before we came to where there was a little "show," which the man outside declared in a very loud voice, was "the greatest panorama of the nineteenth century—or any other century, *whatsomever!*" Neither John nor myself was very clear as to what a "panorama" might be, but we determined, after a little counsel together, that if the greatest thing of the nineteenth century could be witnessed for fifteen cents apiece, the very best thing we could do was to make the investment. We entered a small room, and were directed to shut one eye, and put the eye that wasn't shut, up to a little row of peep-holes, one after another, as the "audience," composed largely of "slum-

scum," closely packed in a single line, pushed along from one peep-hole to the next, and so on, until the round had been made. When the beholder had reached the end, he was supposed to take himself out into the open air again, and divide his time, as long as he chose, alternately, reflecting upon the grandeur of the recent panorama, and the loss of his fifteen cents. When John and I "peeped," we found that the little glass through which we gazed with our best eye, slightly magnified the five-cent colored pictures that hung behind the screen. They consisted of Mexican war battle-scenes, pictures-on-horseback of Generals Scott, Taylor Worth, Ringold, Captain May (fresh heroes of that time), Daniel Boone, and others who are now back-numbers, but just such pictures as those could have then been seen in almost any backwoods home. Still, John 'lowed that "they looked a heap purtier through them little glasses," and seemed satisfied with his investment. There was a badly mixed crowd (and they crowded) about the place, and after we had been permitted to obtain about half a glimpse of most of the pictures composing the the "greatest panorama of the nineteenth, or any other, century, we leisurely pursued our way toward the steamboat landing again.

Just before we reached the wharf, however, John stopped suddenly, and grabbed his vest-pocket with both his hands, and gave vent to a gasp and groan that almost made my hair raise. He staggered up to the fence and leaned heavily against an unlatched gate—the yard inside being two feet lower than the sidewalk—and fell head-over-heels down into the yard. "John!" I fairly gasped, in my terror at his unaccountable conduct, "what in heaven's name, is the matter with you *this* time? I say, John, what *has* come over you so quick, anyway? Speak, John, are you *very* sick?" But he only groaned, and became more than ordinarily speechless, and I thought he was either dying, or that his mumps had "relapsed" on him, and I looked hurriedly both ways along the street to see if I could see a doctor's sign. John finally sat up, and gazed at me with a wild, vacant stare. I felt almost sure he was going to propound the same question he did when I found him among the smashed crockery on the steamboat and ask me "Where he was at?"—for he surely got an awful bump when he fell all of a heap down into the yard. A hundred thoughts flew athwart my mind, a chief one being, "How could

I have been such a dolt as to accept in trust such an uncouth and unfortunate specimen of the *genus homo*, even from the loving hands of a doting mamma?" At last, with a great sob, he cried out, "My watch!—oh, my pappy's nice watch has gone!" That explained the seat of poor John's disease. His pocket had been picked in "The greatest panorama of the nineteenth century—or any other century—and at that moment some heartless thief had poor John's fifteen-cent "bull's-eye," that had constituted the munificent gift from John's father to his adventurous son. To be sure, the old rattle-box was worn thin by time, the case was dented up like a teething-spoon, and when it went at all, it would knock off an hour every fifteen minutes, on an average. I told him that, to my certain knowledge, his "pap's nice watch" was not worth seventeen cents in "raised" currency, and that any three of the copious tears he was shedding, were infinitely more valuable.

After awhile I succeeded in comforting John sufficiently to get him to his feet again, and shut the man's gate; I assured him that, as our mothers had taught us, it must be all for the best—that if some one had not stolen his watch, he might have caught the smallpox; or, we might have gotten our legs into a hole in the sidewalk and had them broken; or—or, there might have been a great fire, or we might have been bitten by a mad dog; or the world might have come to an end, or some other awful thing might have happened; and, all in all, it was no doubt "all for the best," that the watch had been stolen, though he must not expect me to prove it, just on the moment.

John's grief was at last partially assuaged, through his tears and sobs, and after I had stood around him, on all sides, for over a quarter of an hour in respectful silence, offering nothing more that might mar the even flow of his comforting sorrow, I rallied him, and submitted three or four chunks of indisputable philosophy for his consideration; i. e., that what was—was; that what wasn't—wasn't; and what isn't—isn't; and that was what ailed his pap's watch—it wasn't, so far as we knew, at that time. I further asserted that we owed it to ourselves, and to our posterity, to get back to the boat, for fear we might get left; and so, John said, "All right; but I'd like to kill the confounded thief that has my watch, that my pap gimme, an' if I ever go into another

panner-rammer for fifteen cents, he hoped to be dod-rotted!" He did not forget his grief for many days, and several times when I would awake in the night I would find him quietly weeping, I presume because of the loss of his pap's watch, and also because of the rich mine of sinfulness he had struck, so early in his career as a traveler. But poor John had additional griefs to encounter in the near future, and additional lessons to learn from the hard book of experience. Nor was I to wholly escape. The main differences between John and myself were, that I had a better presence than he (which wasn't saying much in my favor, even then), I was much younger, not so nearly tongue-tied, and had seen and observed more, and also suffered more. Yet, many an object-lesson in life's travels was still new to me. I also possessed more philosophy and hope in my make-up than he.

Our trip to the rapids, near Keokuk, was quite uneventful, and while the writer enjoyed the beautiful scenery along the great river, my companion either remained in his room, or else he sat on the shady side of the boat, his hat drawn down over his eyes, staring into space and, to all outward appearances, thinking very deeply about nothing. But, I excused John's evident melancholy, under the circumstances, for even at best, it was only "once in a blue moon" that he undertook the perpetration of a whole sentence, and never did so unless in the highest of spirits, or in some trying emergency. I have often thought since, that it was my long journey with John that so improved my own powers of speech; for, upon that occasion, I was forced to do all the talking for two, and all the more, owing to the perpetual chain of circumstances that demanded of me an extraordinary amount of loquacity.

At the rapids, the boat transferred her passengers around the great natural barrier to navigation that existed, and at Montrose—at the head of the rapids—we again embarked on a smaller boat belonging to the same line, to continue our journey to Muscatine, to which point our passage was paid, and at which place we expected to have money enough left to buy our tickets to St. Paul.

During the half day we stopped at the miserable little town of Montrose, awaiting the transfer of baggage and freight, John and I met with another mishap that completely unbalanced us. As we were putting in our time by wandering along the beach

not far from the boat, picking up pretty little stones, and the spiral-formed river snails, and really enjoying ourselves more than at any time since beginning our journey, a very finely dressed, and delightfully pleasing young man came up to us, and he appeared also to interest himself very much in picking up the little gems occasionally found along the waterside. He casually made inquiry, asking if we were passengers on the boat soon to depart—the “Ben Campbell”—to which we replied affirmatively. He said that he, too, was going up on that boat, and asked how far up the river we were going, and we told him to St. Paul. He was delighted; he also was going to St. Paul, and was ever so much overjoyed at the thought of having such pleasant companions for the long trip. Of course we were, in turn, also very much gratified at being made so much of by so elegant and accomplished a young gentleman, and it was not long ere a thorough and mutual admiration society was formed—so far as outward appearances went, and so far as John and I were concerned, the admiration was very sincere, indeed. After chatting and laughing, for a time, as we wandered together up and down the beach, our newly-made friend suddenly, and as if the recollection had just occurred to him, turned to us and said:

“Oh, say, boys! Have you seen that big turtle they have up yonder, at that place where the big red sign is?”

We assured him we had not.

“Well, well!” said he. “If you haven’t seen that turtle, you’d just better go right up now, and see it.”

By this time John’s eyes—which were of the large, pop-eyed variety—began to stick out with interest, as he ventured to ask how big it was; and said he had “ketched” one once in the mill-dam near his pap’s farm that was ’most as big as a pie-tin.

“Big as a pie-tin!” snorted our new-made friend, “why, this one up at the red sign is a little over six feet across the back, the short way, and has a head bigger than yours—you just ought to go right up an’ see him.”

“Ge-whillaker-crout!” exclaimed John, in return, his eyes looking like a couple of Bermuda onions, “I’d like to see him!”

“Well,” said our friend, “If you’d like to go up, I’ll go along with you.”

“All right,” the writer remarked, “we’d be obliged to you,”

and off we started to see the wonderful beast-reptile, that was six feet across the back, the short way ; for the truth was, the writer was quite as much excited on the turtle question as was John.

Arriving at and entering the open door of what seemed to be a big saloon, our friend asked the bar-keeper where the turtle was ; he said its keeper had taken it out to water it, and would be back with it in a few minutes ; just to make ourselves comfortable about the place in the meantime.

At this, our friend turned to us and said : " Well, boys, this is a pleasant room, and we can just look about a little, until they bring the turtle back. By the way," he continued, in a sort of confidential undertone, " see, they are playing cards over in the other end of the room ; suppose we just carelessly work over that way ; I'd like to see regular cards played once—I never saw *regular* cards played, in my life." Accordingly, we all sauntered over that way, where a tall, gaunt-looking man, dressed in a blue-jeans suit and white, ministerial choker, stood behind a table, engaged in leisurely tossing three cards about on the table, and he offered to bet that no one could turn up a certain one of the three cards—all three he exhibited after he had given them a careless toss, one over the other. Our new-made friend seemed much interested in the simple-appearing little game, and asked him to show him a certain one, and then see if he could not turn the same one up when he laid them down. The man accommodated him a couple of times, and sure enough, he turned the winning card both times, which *seemed* to amaze the card-man not a little ; still, John and I could also easily keep our eye on the right card as he very slowly manipulated the three bits of pasteboard, and we felt sure that the card-man must lose every bet he made.

Finally, the man offered to wager our friend a twenty-dollar gold-piece that he could not turn up the right card a third time, which bet was accepted, and won. By this time John, in particular, was thoroughly excited ; he *knew* he could turn up the right one, a hundred times in succession ; and beside, our new-found young gentleman friend urged John to try his luck—it was perfectly easy, as he had seen ; just keep his eye on the right card, that was all. John began to step around like a hen on a warm griddle, fairly wheezing with suppressed excitement, his hands twitched nervously in his pockets, while his eyes protruded as he



contemplated the certainty of doubling our joint exchequer at one fell swoop. But, while our young friend had been betting and winning so easily, and urging John to avail himself of the wonderful opportunity to make a fine haul of cash, the writer was slyly scanning the faces about the place, and had decided upon several things as being very probable: that we had gotten ourselves into a very bad place, where neither our money nor our lives were safe; that the young man was a traitor; that there was no turtle there, and never was; that while that game was very easy for our pseudo friend, they might, in some way, fix it different if John were to try it; in short, I not only became suspicious, but considerably frightened. I nudged John, and whispered to him: "Let us run out of here, quick; they're fooling us about the turtle, and I believe they are going to rob us," and I started for the door. John followed me out, but declared he could turn the right card, he knew; he was quite in a rage at me for my cowardice; our young friend(?), who had followed us out, insisted that it was all right—a dead sure thing—and that if we were in need of any more money, now was our time to get it, and seemed so truly interested in our welfare, that finally, in response to John's almost tearful pleading, I gave him all the money I had, and told him if his heart was set on it, all right—I could stand it if he could. He fairly snorted in disgust at my babyish doubts of a thing that any fool could see, with one eye, was a certainty, and no guess-work about it. By putting both of our piles together, we mustered twenty-five dollars of good money, and our ten-dollar "raised" bill, and John shuffled back to the table and spread out his money before the tall man in blue-jeans with the clerical neckcloth, and told him there was all the money he had, but that he would wager it against thirty dollars in gold, and the man, rather hesitatingly, accepted the challenge. To make a still more certain thing in John's favor, he allowed him to take the winning card—the seven-spot of spades—and turn up one corner of it, so that he could follow it more easily with his eye, as the tall gentleman tossed them one over the other on the table. He took the three cards, gave them a slow pass or two, and there, in plain sight, lay the winning card with the corner turned, and John could not resist smiling, though intensely excited at his good luck, in advance of turning up the proof of his victory—it was

such a simple little child's game, withal, that even such a pumpkin-roller as John could not resist a smile. He reached over and turned up the card—the same(?) one the corner of which he had bent back (the seven of spades), but when he turned it over there had apparently been a magical change; it was the jack of hearts! The gambler raked our "earthly all" into his pocket, and ironically asked poor John if he had any more change he wanted to lay up against the little game.

John turned to look at our friend, who had enticed us hither, but alas! he was gone; he looked after his money, but it was also gone; the turtle was gone, and I told John it was about time we were gone; he staggered along after me out into the open air, while the cold perspiration stood out on his forehead like great beads, as we hastened toward the boat—neither of us saying a word, but poor John looking the personification of human despair. The writer also felt, indeed, as though ruin haunted our pathway, and I felt, too, as though I was much to blame for not holding out more tenaciously against John's set determination to increase our capital in such a disreputable manner. The admonition of the gambler, mentioned in my first trip west, now came to my mind, and I resolved then and there never again to forget that kindly advice. I felt that our punishment was just, no matter how severe it might prove; and, verily, the prospect now was that the punishment would prove adequate. I could not find it in my heart to heap any coals upon the head of my companion, as he was already suffering all the remorse he could bear, and still be able to walk, at all. We finally reached the boat, gained the hurricane deck and sat down on the shady side of the little "texas" in silence, and gazed blankly up-town, with our eyes glued to that fatal red sign that had allured us to the lair of that turtle which was "six feet across the back, the short way;" and I resolved, for myself, that I would not get off that boat again before reaching Muscatine, unless kicked off by the toe of a higher authority.

John was silent as the tomb during the remainder of the day and evening, and I was sufficiently amused by occasionally taking a look at his woe-begone countenance—grief seemed hopelessly engraven upon every feature—he suffered, and he deserved to suffer. He sat, humped over, with both hands deep down in his now

thoroughly empty pockets, and I feared at times that he would seek relief in the pretty-flowing river, partly to drown his remorse and partly to make sure his escape from the snares of a traveler's life that might still be in store for him. But John finally weathered it through, and the next morning I could not resist the temptation of asking him if he thought he had made a good purchase in the way of experience at Montrose. He finally, after several spasmodic efforts, made out to say, in effect, that he had got experience enough about cards and turtles, to last him for a very great while, but he didn't know what was to become of us after reaching Muscatine. This broke the ice, and so we sat down in a retired corner, and began to discuss seriously, the prospects—organizing ourselves into a committee on "ways and means." It seemed to the "committee" that there were *ways* in abundance, but what did the ways amount to, with no means to put any of them into execution?

At last we arrived at the end of the paid portion of our river journey, with no plan of action fully decided upon. We went ashore promptly, however, and with our gripsacks wandered up into the town, rather hoping, and yet half-fearing, that something might turn up. But nothing turned up for our benefit during the two hours of our sitting and standing around the corners; at last we concluded that, as we were a pair of thoroughbred country-jakes, anyway, and did not know the first principles necessary to striking a job in the town, we had better strike for the country and see if we could not get something to do, whereby, in time, our shattered fortunes might be mended to a sufficient extent to enable us to pursue our journey.

Accordingly, just as evening was beginning to throw somber shadows athwart the valleys, and the sun was bestowing his good-night kiss upon the verdure-wreathed brows of the towering bluffs over on the Illinois side of the great river, John and I leisurely ascended the western hills in rear of the town, with heavy hearts, heavy gripsacks and light stomachs—the two original "tramps," the first two knights of the haystack, to press the virgin soil of the then young state of Iowa.

As we plodded along, more engaged in thought than in conversation, we gradually emerged into an open country, where nothing broke the monotony of the scene, the great undulating

prairie seeming to fade away into the leaden-colored horizon. Toward dark the new-country homes of the pioneer farmers grew further and further apart, until we found ourselves far out on a plain with no habitations in sight. Hoping we should not have to travel many miles before this treeless waste would be crossed and a settlement reached, we trudged onward until the night became so dark that we could follow the dim road no longer, and still no "light in the window" threw its friendly rays toward us from any direction. At last we were compelled to abandon the idea of reaching a settlement that night, and lest we should miss the road and become hopelessly lost, I suggested to John that we "go into camp" until morning, disagreeable though it might be.

It must have been nine o'clock—though we could only guess at the time, since John lost "his pap's watch," but it is likely we were able to arrive at a more correct guess without it than with it—when we gave up the tramp for the night. The weather was not cold, though it began to cloud up and threaten rain. We had just come up to higher ground from a low, marshy tract of the landscape, and I told John that here was our spot to camp. From my former experiences in a still wilder country, hundreds of miles farther to the far northwest, I pretty well knew of what some of the exercises of the night would consist, and so, after depositing our grip-sacks together close to the track, I ordered that we both now feel our way back to where the tall cane-grass, of the last year's growth, stood thickly on the ground. Here, with our pocket-knives, we cut a large armful each, and also a small bunch of tough wire-grass, and with our loads returned to the higher ground where our carpet-bags had been left. John ventured to inquire a couple of times what I intended doing with the cane-grass, but I only answered that he might possibly find out before morning.

After reaching our "camp," I had John divide the dry cane into small bundles, or wisps, while I took a few straws of the wire-grass for bands and bound about them at intervals, making about twenty of the cane fagots. Then taking a match, of which we fortunately had plenty, I lighted one to test its burning qualities, and found it to be dry as tinder, burning brightly, and throwing its brilliant light far about through the increasing blackness of the cloudy night.

I now told John that all there was left for us to do was to curl down on the grass, using our "grips" for a pillow, and make ourselves as comfortable as circumstances—present and prospective—would admit. That on the morrow we should doubtless span this treeless waste, and reach civilization again and probably find employment and something to eat.

As for myself, the prospect before us was not particularly discouraging, because, on my first trip to the West—as will be remembered by the reader—I had suffered hardships, alone, the equal of which did not, probably, lay in store for John and I in the present emergency. But John, to whom all such trials were entirely new, seemed very much cast down; probably the more so, as he felt that he had been the means of bringing us to our present condition of penury, and general state of grief. But, as John's thermometer of courage fell toward zero, my own went up proportionately, which was fortunate enough; and when he ventured to blame himself for being the instrument of all the misfortunes that he was sure lay in store for us, I would rally him, and fairly scream a jubilee of some sort to drown his melancholy and revive his drooping spirits.

Upon telling John that we had better retire to rest upon the velvety green of that vast domain, he made a few remarks to the effect that he had never before been compelled to sleep on the cold ground, and he wouldn't have his mother know he was so exposed to the danger of "taking his death of cold," for a fortune; she would weep her eyes out. I assured John that "taking cold" was the least concern I felt, and as for his mother knowing about the fun we were having, she simply didn't, and that was the best of it. "Yes," replied John, "a little more such fun as we've been havin' will just kill a mule—confound the 'goin' west,' anyhow." We told him that what he had seen and experienced was only called "fun" in this border land, and that there was nothing under the blue sky that could kill, or even injure, two such perfectly accomplished potato-threshers as we were, anyway.

So we talked on, as we lay prone upon the earth resting our weary limbs, and at last John asked me something more, relative to the use I proposed putting the cane fagots to, and also said something about being "all-fired hungry," as he dozed off into a sort of semi-conscious sleep. Thus matters stood—or rather lay

—with us, when suddenly there came up from the low cane-flats a long, mournful howl, ending with a “yap-yap!” John sprang up with a sudden twitch, to a sitting posture, and, in a startled undertone exclaimed:

“Oh, good Lordy, what’s that!”—John had heard his first wolf.

I could fairly hear the poor boy’s heart thump, in the dead silence that followed, and at last I told him that it was a wolf; and a wolf that was probably about as hungry for a square meal as ourselves.

“A wolf! Oh, creemany Lordy! Did you say it was a *wolf*?—oh, isn’t it something else?”

“No, John,” I answered, “it is really a wolf; and before we hear the last of him, we’ll hear more of him, and of *them*, too.”

“Oh, jewhilaker Lordy! is there wolves in this here country?”

“Yes, John; on these solitary flats, among the rank growth of prodigious cane-grass, and also in the recesses of the rocks in the river bluffs, they flourish in large numbers—both the prairie-wolf (coyote) and the large, savage gray-wolf—and they often make night hideous with their mad howlings; they feed upon mice, frogs, jack-rabbits, their own aged kind, and an occasional lone traveler across these solitary plains, and—

“Oh, let us go somewhere! Oh, I’ll never go west again—we haven’t no gun, no trees to climb—oh, what’ll become of us! I never seed a wolf, nor never didn’t hear no wolf afore, an’ don’t want to hear one nor see one, either; what’ll become of us now—oh, if mother only know’d how it is with me now, she’d die-i-i, boo-hoo-aw-aw!”

After begging him to cork up his blubber-bottle, to try and use a little grammar, if he had any, and assuring him again that his mother knew absolutely nothing about it, I told him that all we could do, was to “put our trust in the Lord and keep our powder dry,”—or our cane-fagots, which amounted to the same thing as powder, in our case.

“Well, I al’ays did trust in the Lord, and al’ays was purty good, too, ‘ceptin’ that dod-rotted card-playin’, but what’ll we do jist now—are they much dangerous?”—and poor John’s teeth rattled; but, he may have been chilly.

I told him they were dangerous at times—when hungry, or in large packs. Soon, another howl came up from the lowlands not far distant.

"Oh dear, there's *another one!*" exclaimed John, in agony. Oh, if mother and pap know'd we was going to be eat up by the wolves—wah, wah! boo-oo-oo!"

John was now on his feet, prancing and dancing about like a chicken with the pip, as he peered out into the surrounding darkness; the howls became more frequent, and from various quarters, showing that the creatures had scented what they considered would make a fine midnight luncheon. In less than an hour from the time the first wolf was heard, there were at least a dozen in the pack, venturing quite uncomfortably close to the two original Iowa tramps. John had become almost frantic with terror, and he had not only repeated all the lamentations of woe he could think of, but had been mindful of his devotional duties, hoping against hope that he might be delivered from the snarling, snapping, howling horde that beset us. The writer would have been in full sympathy with John in his trepidation, had it not been for three reasons: I had heard wolves before; these, I felt sure, were all prairie-wolves, with more noise than bravery, and even if they dared assail us, our dry torches would drive them away. After they had grown quite bold, and presumed to approach within a few rods of us, I gave John a bundle of the dry cane, and taking another myself, I told him, the moment I lighted them to run with me directly toward them—and yell! John trembled out, "Oh, Lordy!" at the idea of running *toward* them, but in an instant the torches were aflame and, with an unearthly screech we sprang toward them with an avenging flambeau of fire. Ere they could realize the situation, we were fairly among them, brandishing our fiery weapons as if determined to ignite every one of their bushy tails. They turned and, with despairing howls, fled for their lives toward the cane-cover from which they had come. Quickly running back, we lighted others, and again with frantic yells and swaying torches, we pursued them to the very lowlands, and they scampered in all directions through the cane-grass, snarling their chagrin at the defeat of their project relating to a general midnight banquet on raw tramp. Then, ere our torches in hand were quite consumed, we returned again to our

camp, with a general shout of victory, and a "Thank the good Lordy!" from John.

The remainder of the night was spent in the general retailing of wolf stories we had read in our boyhood books, and kindred topics, and in speculating on the prospects of the coming day. At the earliest gray of dawn, we were again on the road, very weary from the effects of the excitement, and lack of sleep, of the night just past.

At about mid-day we reached a settlement, and were treated to a plain but substantial meal at the home of a pioneer, but found no likely place at which to apply for work until nearly sundown, when we came to the home of an extensive and well-to-do farmer where we called. The wife, in answer to our inquiries for employment, said her husband was out in a distant field, but would be in before long, and it was possible he might give us something to do; in the meantime, the kind woman asked us to partake of a big bowl of bread and milk, which we gladly did. We were about finishing our repast as the farmer entered, and his wife made known the object of our call, when he flew into a terrible rage, and threatened that unless we got off his place, instantler, he would blow our respective heads off with his shotgun. He offered no explanation of his conduct, and indeed we asked for no explanation; we went, and did not stand on the order of our going, either. But, as we passed out at the gate, I could not resist doffing my hat and bowing most respectfully to the terrified wife who stood looking after us from the doorway. This scare was about equal to a wolf-fright, as we both decided, after getting well out of danger. I have often wondered since, what the after-life of that kindly, refined-looking woman may have been with such a brute-fool as that man.

That night we stayed with an extremely poor family living a short distance from the main road. They bade us welcome to their very humble home, and gave us liberally of the little they had to eat—though, when we made out how stinted they were in every way, we fain would have tasted nothing, had they permitted us to fast. The man of the house—much above middle-age, tall, gaunt, quite stooped, with thin visage, long thin hair and a sharp, keen eye—had come to that country only a year before from the state of Missouri—reaching the "state of *misery*," as I



thought upon looking about. He had rented this piece of land, but as he had barely the next to no team at all, and no cows or other stock, he had made extremely poor headway at supporting his family of wife and six or eight children—all girls. After we had partaken of his corn bread and weak tea, the poor man entertained us till a late hour by relating to us the story of his life, from a young man, which was certainly the most eventful and thrilling narrative we had ever listened to, up to that date.

It consisted of epochs of misfortune and deepest poverty, one only seeming to differ from another, as time rolled on, in its additional misery and distress. Yet, after all, he seemed to enjoy its recital, and being a glib talker, and excellent descriptionist, his story was deeply interesting. He said he didn't know how he came to be as well off as he was; and indeed it was surprising that he or any member of his family were alive, at all, even allowing only half to be true, though he told a frank, straightfoward tale, and was apparently honest in all he said.

Our weary limbs rested well on a pile of hay in the loft that night, and in the morning, after eating very sparingly—for our conscience would not permit of our doing full justice to the meal—we bade adieu to our kind friends, wishing them better success for the future, and once more struck the road in quest of work. During the whole day, however, I could not banish the recollection of this poor but hospitable family from my mind, and the recollection served to soften my mental murmurings against my own hard lot—John remaining non-committal, as his fixed gaze persistently rested on the dusty road, about six feet ahead of his anatomy.

When night again overtook us—after a long and hard day's travel—we had arrived at the beautiful little capital town of Cedar county—Tipton. We had been unable to find any employment, and had not presumed to ask for anything to eat; as a result, we were excessively worn and hungry. Coming to a mill, in the edge of the town, we rested on the steps; after a little time the writer entered and asked the benevolent-looking old miller for a pint of wheat, which he cheerfully poured into my hat. I returned to John with my prize, and while we sat devouring our singular repast, the old miller came to the door and gazed curiously at us. Coming down and taking a seat near by, he asked

us who we were, where we were going, and how we came to be so hungry. I briefly related our history, adding that we were in search of employment, being anxious to earn money enough to reach our yet (in that day) distant destination. After hearing me through he said we had indeed been having a hard time of it; and, as my statement seemed honest, he would give us lodging at his own home for the night, and even for two or three days, until we could look about for a situation. I grasped his hand in true boyish gratitude, and thanked him, with tears in my eyes for his noble generosity. John had done all the weeping thus far on the trip, and now it was my turn—and ere I could close down the gates, there had been considerable of a deluge of real, sure-enough tears.

We found the miller's wife to be as hospitable as himself, and we were made cordially at home, despite the fact that we had become seedy and wayworn. After supper, however, we both repaired to the mill-pond and made all the improvements possible in our appearance and condition, and while making our toilets resolved, in order that we might not intrude unnecessarily upon our kind friends, to bestir ourselves early on the morrow in search of work.

When morning came, and breakfast was over, we started on a tour about the adjacent country; and, after many applications, we found work for John on a brick-yard, at fifty cents a day and his board. We returned in the evening, and on the following morning John wended his way to his new home, which was about two miles from the village. His work was very hard and rough, but he faithfully toiled all that summer and until late in the fall, among the soft bricks and in the clay-pits, saving his money and gaining the good opinion of his employer.

Of course, the writer was too light a weight, as yet, to perform any very heavy labor, and so I had to look about for some occupation that would come within the scope of my ability. My greatest concern, however, having been to see my companion settled, my joy was almost complete when he had obtained a home. I felt, as I must confess, a real sadness as I parted with John—he going to the brick-yard, and I on another tour about the neighboring country. After traveling nearly all day without obtaining any work that would fit my case, or any food with which to

fill the aching void, I retraced my steps to the village, with rather a sad feeling in my countenance and much weariness in my limbs. As I passed down the principal street, I accidentally looked up and read the following sign : "Tipton Advertiser—Printing Office." Why I suddenly became possessed of the idea of going up stairs into this newspaper and printing office to apply for a situation—in the last occupation I should, under ordinary circumstances, have thought of—I have never been able to understand to this day. Nevertheless, up I went, and as I cautiously and diffidently entered the strange place I seemed to become impressed with a sort of queer sensation, and even after entering the main office, I was on the very point of turning and running down stairs again, ere I might be discovered—but it was too late. The foreman of the place, as I afterward found him to be, hailed me with, "Heyo, young man, what can I do for you?" I approached nearer, and in a stammering way asked if the proprietor was in. "Yes, he's right in the next room—the editorial room—would you like to see him?" I almost choked as I made out to say I would like to see him if he was not particularly engaged. "All right, come this way, said the foreman, and he opened the door and ushered me into the presence of the editor, saying : "Judge, here is a young hopeful who says he would like to interview the editor;" and then he turned and went back into the main office. The editor seemed about thirty, or less, above the average weight, a far more than ordinarily fine-looking gentleman, well dressed, with a full, kindly face, and large, dark, fun-loving eyes. As I gazed at him for an instant, my knees fairly knocked together (I was weak from hunger, and very tired), and I felt as though, if I didn't sink through the floor, I should feel ever so thankful if some seen or unseen hand would drop me out of the window into the street again, ere *he* spoke, or *I* was compelled to speak to him. As I stood by the door-casing cogitating upon the ridiculous position I had gotten myself into, the editor swung himself around on his chair, and for a full half minute said not a word, as he eyed me from head to foot. Pretty soon, he half-smiled and then said :

"You want to *interview* the editor, do you,—you young hop-toad?"

I hemmed and hawed, and made out to say, "Yes, sir," al-

though I never *meant* "No sir," more emphatically in all of my born days.

"Well sir," he continued, do you want to 'lick an editor,' or anything of that sort?"

"N-o, s-i-r," I replied. What an idea, to be sure! I 'lick an editor?"

"Do you want to subscribe for my very excellent paper?"

"N-o, s-i-r." Another preposterous proposition, thought I.

"Well, what in the jumping John Rogers *do* you want with the editor, anyway?"

"When I came up stairs," I replied (I had, by this time, found the location of my tongue), I intended to ask if you had any work that I could do; but I don't suppose you have?"

"Work to do! what could *you* do in a printing office?"

That was a poser; and I frankly told him I did not know; but that I could *try* and do something, if he had anything that a common boy could work at.

"Come over here," he said, "and sit down till I look you over a little—there; sit right there till I gaze at you."

"What a funny man!" thought I, hesitatingly seating myself before him; I would have given all the work of six months, to have been safely down stairs again, and out in the free air.

"Now, you young citizen of this glorious Republic," he began, as he eyed me sharply, "what's your name—or have you a name, anyway?"

I told him what it was, in full.

"Where did you come from?—now, no romances!"

"From Pennsylvania, sir."

"Is this your first chase after a westering sun?"

"I—I—I don't quite understand you, sir."

"Oh, you don't saba, eh? Well, was you ever west before, and if so, about how much—does that enter your 'density?'"

"Oh! yes sir; I spent a year and a half away up in Minnesota Territory, then I went back home and spent the winter, and now I am on my way back to St. Paul again, but I ran out of money, and want to earn enough to get back to the frontier again."

"Then you've traveled some."

"Yes, sir—a little."

"How did it happen that you came into a newspaper office to find work?"

"I have been in search of work for two days among the people out in the country; I got a job for my companion, on a brick-yard, but he is a good deal bigger and older than I am; as I was coming down the street I happened to notice your sign, and concluded to come and see if you might be needing a boy."

"Do you think you would make a good 'devil' in a printing office?"

"A good w-h-a-t?"

"A good 'devil'—you know the boy in a printing office is always called the 'printer's devil,' and most of them are first class devils, too. I have one now who is a finished young imp, though he is unlike Satan in one thing—my 'devil' is lazy."

"What part of the business do you expect a good 'devil' to do?" I ventured to inquire.

"Well, young man, a *good* devil about a printing office gets up with the chickens, every morning; he goes to bed at night when there is nobody around, any longer, to order him about; he does everything with a pleasant smile; he sweeps the office, saws the day's wood, carries in a supply of water and dusts the furniture, all before breakfast; then, after a frugal meal, he does all manner of chores about the place, runs errands, attends to all the dirty and disagreeable little jobs, rolls the inking-roller on press-days, carries papers, folds papers, builds fires, and in short does anything and everything that anybody about the premises can think of, to keep him busy. The pay for the first six months, is one suit of cheap clothing, and fifty cents a week; after that, according to merit."

I intimated to him that it was even a less money-making business than I had supposed, but that I would be willing to try it, at any rate until I could do better.

"Well, my boy," he said, "I have been wanting to get a good boy for some time; the one I've got now wouldn't make good fish-bait; you seem to be frank in your story, and if you will go to work, and you turn out well, I may do a little better by you than I have intimated." It was accordingly arranged that I report the next morning for duty, and that the editor (his name was Judge Spicer) should take me into his own excellent family to board. [NOTES—While the months following were filled with stirring events in my boyish career—and I have all the

details "writ"—still, the particulars thereof do not strictly pertain to this trip, as a trip. Hence, I will only make a note or two. I did my duty, as a "printer's devil," satisfactorily to my employer, whom I found to be one of God's noblemen in every way. He was second in command of one of Iowa's finest military organizations. He soon had me a member, and presented me with a handsome uniform at his own expense. During that summer we did much arduous, and even dangerous, service in suppressing the furious mobs of citizens who had arisen like a whirlwind to rid the young commonwealth of the army of horse-thieves that had well-nigh ruined hundreds of the honest farmers, by running out of the state thousands of horses, which were the main dependence of the pioneers of that day in their work of establishing their western homes. Scores of the thieves were hung by the mobs, without the aid of civil law, our command rushing from one place to another to protect the helpless prisoners, but, save in two instances, arriving just too late. I have always remembered the names of the first two thieves I saw, hanging on the same tree. They were young men, and the name of one was Gleason, and the other, Soper. The impression made upon my young mind, as I gazed upon the ghastly faces of the two dead thieves, as their bodies (with arms bound behind them) swayed slowly to and fro in the wind, can never become effaced. This mob-war ended the horse-stealing. This campaign is embalmed, I believe, in the state's annals under the title of "The Iowa Horse-thief War." For we state troops, it was no picnic, and the campaign closed by our being ordered to proceed with all haste to Spirit Lake, to save the settlers thereaway from a general massacre. However, just as we were ready to start on the long forced march, the order was countermanded—the Indians had already done their worst.

At the end of seven or eight months—having in the meantime been promoted to the rank of a sergeant in the Guards—I obtained an honorable discharge—embellished around the edges by "favorable mentions,"—canceled all my obligations to my great-hearted employer, arranged with John—who had saved up his earnings—to continue our journey to Minnesota, arriving in St. Paul with no farther incident worthy of especial mention, after the lapse of nearly nine months from leaving home. This was my second and last trip to the Northwest, and the singular "acci-

dent" of my having, in my extremity, gone into the Tipton *Advertiser* office to get a job, seems to have decided my life-work—that of printer and journalist. Verily, we are the children of circumstance; or rather, a loving Father guides our steps into paths we wot not of.

John, after "roughing it" on the frontier for a couple of years, returned home, married, and settled down to the noble occupation of raising "garden sass," and a large family—in a low sequestered vale among the laurel-sided Alleghany Mountains, where card-sharpers never enter, and wolves ne'er sing their evening lullaby.



## "A MIGHTY CLOSE SHAVE."



NCE upon a time, when Minnesota was only a territorial sister in the Union family, and when the writer was but a nimble youth, I had my first real adventure with wolves—which, when taken in connection with a number of other "sessions" in which these creatures and myself were jointly concerned, always made me 'spise a wolf.

"Billy" was a frontier chum of mine, and though much older, was but little larger of stature than myself. He was a famous hunter (but not a trapper) for so young a man—small, wiry, with small, keen gray eyes, the reddest of hair, fearless, and thoroughly versed in woodcraft. I had often accompanied Billy in his all-day chases after deer. He would start out as soon as it was light, of a cold winter morning, with tomahawk and knife in his belt, his "sure-speak" rifle on his shoulder, and after taking a fresh chew he would say, "Now, foller me; jump inter my tracks, an' I guess yer kin keep up." At this, he would strike what he called a "dog-trot," and I, adopting his gait, would lope along after him. Billy, like all his kind whom I ever knew, was a young man of very few words, and most of them were spoken in subdued tones, savoring of the mysterious, and one had to know him well in order to catch their full meaning, especially when on one of his hunting excursions. He prided himself on his ability to literally "run down" his game and secure it with his stealthy approach and unerring marksmanship, at some hour between morning and nightfall. He would keep up a "lope" from morning till night, on the trail, unless he came upon his game before, stopping only at mid-day to rest for ten minutes and eat a frozen pocket-lunch, and get his bearings. I accompanied him on more than one occasion when we must have traveled thirty miles or more—through deep snow, the temperature "thirty below," up hill and down dale, through open-ings, barrens, dense woods and thickets. In those days there



were but few settlers in the Big Woods, and none, save here and there along the river. The whole region was a practically unsettled, unbounded and almost unexplored timbered wilderness, well inhabited, however, by deer, bear, wolves, lynx, wildcats and smaller game in abundance, with here and there a village of wild Sioux Indians.

Upon occasions when Billy failed to come up with his game—or failed to run upon deer other than the particular ones he was following—he would cease the chase just before nightfall, and after getting his reckoning, would strike out on a straight line for home; or, if he made a “kill,” he would hang his deer high up on a bent sapling, out of reach of the wolves until the next day. It was upon one of these chases—a fruitless, or rather, a gameless one—that at dark we found ourselves about seven miles, on a direct line, from our settlement. Billy proposed that, as we were pretty tired after our big day’s run, we take it pretty leisurely, as we would be able to make the distance, if we did not vary from our course, by bedtime. The moon shone brightly, lighting up the deep, frosty snow in all the open glades with millions of glittering points, the aurora in the northern sky came out with her weird and fiery dancers, and the cold was intense. We traveled along through the very deep snow as rapidly as our tired limbs would admit, neither saying anything, more than an occasional question and answer.

We had proceeded but a couple of miles or less, however, when a long, heavy howl of a gray, or “timber wolf,” was heard coming from the depths of a great thicket that bordered upon a little stream we were about to cross. Billy remarked, merely, “that was a big one.” I replied, in effect, that I thought, judging from his voice, that he was big enough to eat both of us, if he happened to be as hungry as I was, just at that writing. We trudged along, again relapsing into silence. We both knew that during a long time of deep snow, the wolves were apt to become more fierce than usual, owing to the increased difficulty in finding food; still, our confidence in our own swiftness of foot, and great endurance, made us feel tolerably at ease on the wolf question, especially as we thought the deep snow would retard their wonted great speed more than our own, should they strike our trail. [NOTE—In these latter days, though I were to state the simple,

unvarnished truth in regard to the swiftness, and the equally remarkable endurance, of many of those early-day frontiersmen, the statements would stand but small show of credence. All the same, if the reader will follow through the pages of this book, I have confidence that they *will* believe it, at least insofar as it applies to the scribbler of these pages—because, at a proper place in these “Sketches of the West,” I shall give some reasons why such endurance and swiftness of foot was possible, and how cultivated.] We had but barely gained the opposite bank of the stream, when the same howl again reached our ears, which was speedily taken up by another and another, until the narrator’s hair fairly stood up. We both stopped, involuntarily, and listened breathlessly for a moment, as the savage howls died away in the otherwise silent wood, only soon to be taken up by another of the hungry monsters. I had every confidence in my companion, both as to his bravery, trueness, and sagacity, and knew that whatever might befall us, my own fate would also be Billy’s fate.

Finally, Billy remarked in his droll and intrepid manner:—  
“Home’s a better place than this, at this time o’ night, when them’ere tarnal critters are talkin’ that way—kin ye foller me, at a purty fair sort o’ gait, my boy?”

I told him I would try, but rather intimated to him that I would like to have him stay with me if I failed.

He turned his face quickly toward me, his little gray eyes fairly flashing a spark out from the icy frost that hung thick and heavy all about his sharp features, as he said: “Look a’here, my boy, I never went inter camp yit, without my company. Now you jest jump into my track, ev’ey lope, an it’ll be easier fer ye; I know a trail that’ll bother them devils, if they foller us, and, mind ye, keep close to me, an’ when I *jump*—about two miles from here—you jump, too, an’ we’ll give ’em as neat a trot as they’ve had for many a day; I know your gait, an’ if yer haint too tired fr’m yer day’s exercise, I’ll defy either wolf or Injun, to ketch ’ary one of us. Now, let’s be a’go’in’.”

At this, we started, and keeping Billy’s instructions in mind, I dropped steadily into his tracks, as rapidly as he made and left them. The cold had rapidly increased during the latter part of the day and evening, and that night was, for years afterward, well remembered as one of the very coldest ever known even in that

high latitude. On, on we went, at a tremendous speed and with measured stride, or rather leap; after a time, I felt sure my feet were freezing, though my body was, under the tremendous exertion, swelteringly hot. Neither of us had on our feet anything but one pair of thin, short-legged socks, and a pair of boots, and the latter were frozen hard as rocks. My feet began to lose their feeling, which was a bad indication. In response to my inquiry as to how his feet felt, Billy said his didn't feel at all; and he reckoned that we'd have to take our boots off, and go in our stockings, or else lose our feet, altogether. The boots were so hard and curled into solid wrinkles, that all circulation was cut off, and it was therefore only a question of a short time before our feet, from the ankle downward would be frozen solid. If we took them off in time, the circulation would be restored, and the likelihood was that we would save our feet, though we might lose our toes.

The wolves had now fairly struck our trail, as we could tell, and there seemed to be a jolly lot of them, indeed. Of course we could not take to a tree, as we would very soon perish with the cold; we could not think of standing our ground, unless there was no other way possibly left us, because there were too many, and they were of too big and savage a kind of wolf to be met, in so big a pack with only old-fashioned, muzzle-loading rifles, and beside, our hands had become too numb to load them, or to even handle our tomahawks effectively. The only way out of that "froze pickle," as Billy called it, was to ride out on our legs.

Owing to our fatigued condition, and even though we were making at least a good three-fourths gait—which was an elegant showing under the circumstances—the wolves were evidently gaining on us pretty rapidly, and ere we had made a mile farther it seemed as if pandemonium had been let loose at our heels. As we leaped over the bank of a little frozen brook, Billy stopped suddenly and sat down on the snow, and remarked: "The miserable brutes might just as well have us fur their supper as fur to git home without no feet—we'll do better without no boots on."

At this, he snatched the boots off his senseless feet, while I followed his example, asking no questions.

"I'll leave my boots right here, an' they'll do fur the hungry dogs to quarrel over fur a minnit or two, an' they'll lose a little

ground for their foolishness; you carry yours a little further on."

Scarcely a dozen seconds were lost in the operation, and again we went bounding through the snow, all the faster from being lighter of foot—though our feet, by this time, did not *seem* to have any more feeling than if they had been made of stone.

Soon the pack, as we could plainly tell, came upon the boots, and for the space of half a minute or so, wolf-jangling of the highest order stirred the monotony of the wilderness. Billy could not resist one of his quaint remarks, and so, between jumps he made out to observe: "I reckon them hounds is janglin' to see which'll wear my boots."

"More likely they're trying to decide which shall eat 'em," I suggested.

"Well, I reckon they're purty scraggly lookin' boots by this time, anyhow," he returned.

It was very evident that, whatever disposition they had made of them, the pack scented better game ahead, and on they came, gaining steadily upon their intended prey. When within a mile or so of the settlement, the leaders got so near us, that occasionally we could hear their fierce panting, as they came flying along through the deep snow. The case began to look hopeless, indeed, and it was evident that unless some (to me) unforeseen turn of fortune came to pass in our favor, another half-mile must tell the tale of our undoing.

It now resolved itself into a race for life, and no mistake. Though our endurance began to wane, our courage, somehow, kept up to a point beyond what might have been expected. Billy, ever and anon, would turn his head and give me a word of encouragement, and he seemed, by his tone, to feel sure we would beat them yet—but how? Just as the wolves came bounding over the brink of a small ravine which we had just crossed, Billy said, "Drop your boots and gun right behind you." I did so, and in a moment more he threw his gun also. "Tomahawk in one hand—knife in t'other," and we both acted on the word.

The boots and gun had the effect of somewhat breaking the gait of the foremost wolves, and gave us a little start.

On we went, with every nerve strained to the utmost tension, though it seemed plain that they must overtake us ere we reached within half a mile of home, for now the foremost of the snarling, panting brutes were within a dozen rods of us.

"When I jump, you foller me," said Billy, "fur it's our only chance—so, don't ye stagger at it, but leap just as I do; d'ye hear?"

I gasped out, "yes," and hardly had I uttered it, ere Billy gave a leap and a yell, and I flew out into moon-lit space after him. Down, down we went, and the first intimation I had that we had *not* jumped off the top of the Rocky Mountains, was when we both went head-over-heels into a monster snowdrift some forty feet below—both landing but a few feet apart.

As luck would have it, we sprained no joints, nor broke a bone, though being somewhat stunned and bruised. Billy, true to his character, soon scrambled out through the drift and called out: "Whar are ye now, boy? Give us yer voice a trifle; fur I don't want ter know I made ye kill yerself—are ye alive an' kick-in' anywhar 'round here?"

About at the conclusion of his inquiries, I had sufficiently recovered from the shock, to come digging out at the lower side of the drift to solid footing at the bottom of what was locally known as Big Coulie.

"I thought we'd give them the slip, one way, if we couldn't another, an' now the tarnal critters can howl their dog-on heads off up yonder, if they want to, but they're too big cowards to do that sort of a jump; an' the only way they can reach us is to go up the coulie half a mile and come down into this one by a branch ravine; it's har'ly worth their while, though, 'cause we'll strike camp now, in a fifteen minutes' jog, by follerin' down the coulie on the ice."

Sure enough, we left the wolves away up on the verge of the precipice, howling and fighting each other in their rage, and soon we struck the settlement, a pair of very sorry-looking hunters. Our hair, eyebrows (we had no whiskers) and clothes were a mass of frost and ice, we were exhausted to the last degree, and we found all our toes, heels, and the sides of our feet badly frozen, which kept us confined to the good settler's cabin for many days. After drawing the frost out with snow, as well as we could, the good wife—Mrs. James Ward—did up our feet in large poultices of wild honey, a full pint to each foot, and to this original sort of remedy I believe we owed the rapid recovery, though our feet were extremely tender for months afterward.

Billy always referred to this particular one of our many little adventures in the wild forests of those early days, as "A mighty close shave."

## LOST IN A STORM.



IT was late in the fall of 1856; the country on the upper Minnesota River was beyond the borders of anything approaching real civilization, even at that time. My three elder brothers had a contract for transporting a large supply of government and Indian stores from St. Paul to Ft. Ridgely and the Indian Agency, farther up the river. All the supplies had been delivered, up the tortuous and difficult stream, save one flatboat load, which had been entrusted to my second elder brother, my own little-boy self, and a sturdy crew of French polers, to rush through with all possible haste, lest the river froze over ere we reached our destination, and effected a return down river to winter quarters again. By the inducement of extra pay, our enduring crew "poled" the heavily-laden craft, late and early—against the stubborn current, through among the thousands of bone-like snags that filled the countless bends, and over rapids—occasionally making twenty-five or even thirty miles in a day's run; which meant only half that distance by land. As we proceeded, the weather began to grow colder and colder, and our voyage soon resolved itself into a race with Jack Frost. Our willing crew patiently bent their shoulders to their poles—five polers on either side—starting out at earliest dawn and continuing to run as long as we could see at night. We had reached, one night, a point known to we earliest rivermen as "the Red Door," so designated on account of there being on the river bank at that point a shanty, belonging to a lone pioneer, who had painted the door of his miserable shack a bright, blood-red color; it being located two or three miles, by land, below the present town of New Ulm. We laid up for that night in the bend next above the Red Door, unable to proceed a rod farther by reason of the black darkness, and the utter exhaustion of our hardy and willing crew—laying the boat to the shore just after having fought our way over an ugly chain of rapids, and through the slush-ice already gathering.

This was "a pretty kettle of fish," as my brother, Captain Ed., observed as he went on deck in the morning and viewed the Arctic-looking prospect o'er. The weather, by morning, had moderated somewhat, but the whole heavens were overcast by thick, slaty-colored clouds, that looked as if they had come to stay until they should be able to unload their congested stomachs of their overload of snow—and so it shortly afterward proved.

Being now frozen in, by ice almost thick enough to carry a person, after our breakfast of strong tea, heavy biscuit and salt pork, a counsel was held. It was soon determined that my brother would proceed to a distant settlement and hire as many of the settlers as he could, with their ox-teams, and haul the freight overland to the fort. Meantime, the writer to go to an Indian village not far distant and procure a pony, and with it make the trip back to the village of St. Peter, or Traverse des Sioux, and procure the necessary money to pay the very large expense of the teaming.

I happened to be well-acquainted with the chief of the Indian village, and after considerable haggling as to the price to be paid for the use of the pony, I secured one which proved capable of the most wonderful endurance.

It was about the middle of the afternoon before I was ready for a start across the uninhabited region, stretching away some twenty or thirty miles toward St. Peter; but, nothing daunted, and believing I could follow the rather plain trail, and after getting minute instructions from my brother, as well as many a caution to watch our course and to make as much of the distance before nightfall, as possible, I gave the pony the regular Indian whoop and we were soon out of sight over the neighboring bluffs.

Before leaving the boat I noticed that the clouds in the southwest had grown particularly heavy and threatening, and had I possessed more experience in the matter of snow-storms on the prairies, I should have known it to be madness to have undertaken such a trip through such a country, in the face of the accumulating evidence of an approaching storm.

My progress was both rapid and pleasant for the remainder of the afternoon, and as my wiry little horse sped along the trail, and I gazed about on the vast, wild domain on every side, I grew enthusiastic in its enjoyment—singing and whistling in turn, and

mayhap thinking, now and then, of a little rosy-cheeked maiden away back in the far East, who had "spelled me down" once in school on this very word, "prairie." I had left out the first "i" and she didn't. There had fallen, the night before, about an inch of snow, and the great prairie rolled away in undulating billows of white, silent grandeur, as far as the eye could reach. There was nothing to break the lonely spell, save an occasional flock of prairie-chickens that would start up, or a jack-rabbit, coyote or fox that would now and then be startled from their lair by the hoofs of my little pony, and go scurrying away to some secluded locality, where there was less clatter than prevailed along the trail noisily followed by myself and pony.

As night approached, the storm also came with it, and by dusk it was snowing very hard, and the wind also blew a lively breeze; though, as good luck would have it, it was not cold. By the time darkness overtook me, I judged I had made over half the distance, and must be within fifteen miles or so of my destination. Just before dark, I took as thorough a view of the lay of the country ahead and upon either side, as the falling snow would admit of, though about all the landmarks that were distinguishable were the distant and scattering belt of timber that skirted the river away to the right, and the grove at the head of what I supposed, and rightly, to be Swan Lake—of which beautiful sheet of water I had heard. Passing this grove, it was the last object I saw during that memorable night—at least until the early morning hour.

Up to this hour the storm had given me no uneasiness; in those days, "roughing it" was but another name for thorough enjoyment; and though but a mere lad, I had been through so many clear and well-defined cases of "roughing it" on the frontier, that the storm which now enveloped myself and the sturdy little Indian pony promised, to my mind, only an occasion for a fresh sort of adventure—and I was not disappointed. The idea of my becoming totally, and well-nigh hopelessly, lost on that terrible night never, for an instant, entered my head. In the first place, I had every confidence in my ability to keep at least somewhere near a proper course, and of coming out all right in a couple of hours or so after night had set in; and beside, I felt sure the pony's instinct would prevent my wandering far away from at least some river-valley settlement.



The night was not so very dark, of itself, and had it not been for the blinding storm of snow and the savagely rising wind that now began to sweep across the prairie with great severity, I could have kept on my course with but little difficulty. The navigator will seldom decline to run his craft, save when caught in a fog; he draws the line, however, at a fog-bank; nothing is so bewildering to all human sense and judgment as a fog on the water, save its twin—a blizzard snow-storm on the prairie.

Very soon after passing Swan Lake, I found it impossible to follow the trail, and it was not long until the storm had increased to a fury; all I could do was to sit astride my little animal and bury my face as well as possible in my coat-collar and the Indian sash I had wound around my head and neck; my feet were encased in moccasins, and I wore buckskin leggings coming above the knee, and mittens of the same material. It was not until I had lost all sight of every object, far or near, and been thrown wholly upon the sagacity and endurance of my pony, that I began to realize the seriousness of the situation. The snow soon grew so deep that the pony could but struggle through it in a walk, and whither he was traveling I knew not, nor did I think the pony himself could keep his bearings in such a wild storm. The snow seemed to fall in absolute masses at last, and I felt sure we must be buried alive, and packed solidly by the force of the wind.

On, and still on, I went. The wind blew a hurricane, and I can never forget the forlorn sensations with which I was thrilled as it rushed across the wild and weird plain with that sullen and ceaseless roar only heard where no obstacles exist to give variety to its monotonous moan. The little animal that carried me would sometimes stop, and paw the ground in his trepidation, and blow at the nostrils, as if to say, "I am lost, exhausted and perishing." I would willingly have dismounted and struggled along as best I could—relieving the little animal even of my slight weight—but something seemed to tell me to remain mounted, despite my pity for the faithful little beast. The weather was rapidly growing colder. By midnight, as I judged the time, I had become so stiff and chilled, weak and wretched, that it was with great difficulty I could retain my position, and many times came near rolling off headlong into the deepening drifts—and if I had, it would have nipped a very brilliant(?) career in its early bud, as I never could

have gained my feet again, much less mounted the almost exhausted pony.

I now felt sure we were wandering at random, simply being governed by the formation of the ground, and as the wind and storm dictated. I lay forward on the pony and balanced myself by clinging about his neck with my arms, and soon fell into a sort of semi-conscious state. I had heard of persons who had been exposed to these plains blizzards, and that their greatest danger was the inability to resist going to sleep—which under such circumstances would prove their last slumber. Against this almost overpowering inclination I aroused my most stubborn energy, and battled with it as only a determined will could battle, in the face of a full knowledge of the result, should I give up to it. It did seem at times as though I *must* succumb to the vice-like power that held me, and I was sure that had I possessed a diamond mine I should willingly have given it for a sweet night's sleep. No one can believe the fascinating power of this cold-sleep—this death-sleep—who has never experienced it. It is the most ravishingly delightful and deceptive charm in the phenomena of all physical nature, as I verily believe. I fought it, and although at times—as if it were a dream—I saw my old home, with its glowing fireplace, my warm bed, and the family about the hearth, I did not lose all knowledge of my real position. It was a fight to a finish between an agonizing desire to sleep, and an unconquerable determination to remain awake.

A happy circumstance it was, that while it was growing rapidly colder, it had not yet become particularly freezing—the awful frost-king, however, who would wither every living thing exposed to his touch, was surely close at hand, now. As if to reward me for my determined battle against the death-sleep, the hours of the approaching morning gradually, and to a slight extent, illumined my senses; though every joint in my body seemed to be set solidly, and it was with the utmost difficulty that I could raise my hand to the bridle-rein. Of course, for some hours past I had permitted, as I had to do, the pony to stand or move on, at his own will, or as the awful wind and cutting snow permitted. I felt sure that if he could not find his way to a settlement, through the wonderful instinct the horse is known to possess, certainly it was not in my power to find the way out of the solitude of that

trackless and storm-ravaged waste, even had I possessed the ability to make the effort.

I had well-nigh given up all hope of ever reaching either a settlement or an Indian village, however, because I had every reason to believe that the pony had simply been wandering aimlessly—drifting before the pitiless storm—and from his spasmodic actions, I knew he could keep his feet but a short time longer at best; and as for myself, I had now reached and passed several stages of suffering, and the only other thing that now seemed left me to do was to roll off into the shifting snow—that seemed to change and crawl under the depressing weight of the mighty gale—and be quickly shrouded by a snowy sheet, with the mourning tempest to chant its solemn requiem.

But, hark!—no, it was the storm. No—listen—is it a voice? By a struggle I made out to reach the rein and halt the pony; I held the little breath left me, to catch the sound—if sound it was, other than the fiend-like shriek of the storm-king, as he reveled in his victory. Yes!—there it is, again—away here to the right; up in the face of the wind—it is surely the sound of a human voice! God be praised!—hark! Yes, it is really true, and it sounds like man's invocation to his Creator. I grasp convulsively the rein, and force, as best I can, the perishing animal's face to the biting storm; I urge him to proceed, which he does, almost by inches only; his will seemed to rise in a last heroic struggle to respond to his rider's will; he crawls along, as the jog of the rein indicates. The sound grows more distinct! It *is* a voice, and seems continuous, and as if talking loudly! Ho!—a light glimmers fitfully through the deluge of snow, that now cuts like sand hurled from a blast-furnace. A moment more and we are at the cabin-door. The voice ceases within, but I raise my own, feebly, from without. A stalwart pioneer opens the door, and stares out at the snow-mantled apparition. He comprehends at a glance; with a "God be praised for so quick an answer to my supplication!" he carried me, in his great strong arms, into the rude but neat and cozy cabin, where he and his noble wife tenderly nursed me for three days, meantime caring for and reviving the faithful little beast. I had not reached the freezing point but had been chilled, even unto death's very threshold. What I had heard, and what had saved me, was the night-prayer of this big-

hearted Christian borderman, as he loudly invoked God's succor to any unfortunate ones who might have been overtaken by the awful storm, which raged for two days. I was the fruit of that prayer,—but oh, how unworthy! Do I believe in the efficacy of prayer? In the face of this event, and a hundred others, in my own personal experience, how could I but answer, in deepest reverence, and with unspeakable gratitude,—I do—*I do*—I DO.



## AN INCIDENT OF 'SIXTY-TWO.



N August, 1862, I was a resident of Shakopee, Minn., (having recently been discharged from Company K, Second Minnesota Infantry, for disability received in the line of duty in the South.) When General Sibley with his army was called up the Minnesota River valley, by reason of the outbreak of the Sioux Indians in the bloodiest and most widespread massacre known in the history of this country, he first landed his forces at Shakopee. After diligent inquiry of the fleeing refugees—who were coming down from the upper country in every degree of despair and destitution—he determined to move with his army up the south side of the river. Still, he was anxious to ascertain the true condition of affairs in the north side country, toward Young America, Glencoe and Hutchinson. He therefore called for volunteers to scout through that region, and report to him at whatever point he could be reached, on his march up the south side, to the relief of the beleaguered garrison at Fort Ridgley. I, (with some thirty others), feeling it a duty to render what assistance was possible in the dreadful calamity that had come upon the helpless thousands along an extended frontier like a whirlwind—though not physically strong—instantly responded to the call. I immediately procured a powerful and a “furious” horse, arms, and other suitable equipments, and just before sundown of the same day, the whole troop of scouts crossed the river at Carver. Here we met several hundred men, women and children. The fleeing multitude were struggling to gain a crossing at the old rope ferry, others were forcing themselves on board the little steamer “Antelope,” until she was compelled to pull into mid-stream to prevent being sunk at the shore. The village was packed with people, excitedly swaying first in one direction and then another, while the road coming from the northward frontier through the dark, dense Big Woods, was packed with others, in every degree of fright, misery and destitution. They agreed only

in one thing: that the Indians were close at hand and in force. The terror and excitement was enough to cause the stoutest heart to quail; many seemed to have gone mad, and their frenzied assertions spread like a contagion. Many had fled from homes situated thirty or forty miles distant, with little more on them than their scanty night-clothes, leaving everything behind and uncared for—including thousands of dollars' worth of stock in barns, and other enclosures, to perish for want of food and water. As the troop sat on their horses amid the distracted multitude, listening to the babble and striving to gather from the confused statements some knowledge of the real situation for thirty miles through the woods to Glencoe, it was a scene never to be forgotten. These distressed people almost plead that we should not proceed farther, as the Indians would certainly be found in force between Young America, fifteen miles distant, and Glencoe, thirty miles away, at the farthest. This, then, seemed the most reliable information obtainable, and just as the last rays of the red August sun tinged the tree-tops, the troop slowly picked its way through the motley crowd, passed out of the village, along a muddy road and into the darkening shades of the Big Woods. The experiences of that first night-march is a memory never to be effaced from the mind, of either the scouts or refugees. The troop carefully picked their way along on either side of the dark, muddy and crooked road, giving the refugees—who were on foot, in wagons with boxes, and wagons with hay-racks, some drawn by horses, others by oxen—the middle of the road.<sup>v</sup> This "stream of woe" continued all night, but grew much thinner toward morning, until the exposed region seemed pretty well drained. These people so persistently begged us to turn back (asserting positively that the Indians were close at hand, and that if we persisted in going forward we would be killed, to a man), that at last the whole troop came to a halt for counsel. After an earnest debate, a vote was taken, and, with *one* solitary exception, it was decided to join the fleeing fugitives and return. Save for the sake of "the truth of history," I should not say who cast the lone vote against a retreat. I begged the troop to still go forward until we could get the facts of the situation from *personal* knowledge. Growing impatient at last, I spurred my powerful black horse ahead a few rods and, turning to the halted column, said: "Men, you may

*all* go back if you choose, but as for *myself*, I am going on until I actually meet the hostiles, or until I have traversed the whole country assigned us by General Sibley, and report to him, as we have been ordered to do; I shall wait just one moment to see if any one dares join me." Instantly, Sheriff Frank McGrade, who was in reality the authorized head of the expedition, and Garrett DuBois, sprang to my side, and were immediately followed by two brothers named Kearney, who all declared they would go to the end—or till they struck Indians. All the others turned back, and the hoof-beats of the fleeing horsemen gradually died away in the direction of Carver. We five proceeded on our way, and at an hour well toward morning reached Young America, where we found quite a number of the pioneers collected in the big log hotel, and who were, when we came in upon them, seriously discussing the propriety of making a stand, and were hopeful of increasing their strength by persuading many of the refugees to join them, and by fortifying themselves at that point. Here were collected already some twenty men, with treble the number of women and children. The big two-story tavern, built of hewn logs, would itself have made a good fort, if properly barricaded, and the balance of the village consisted of six or eight neat and strong log houses. Among those assembled here was a family named Finch, whom I had formerly known, and in which there were five grown daughters. Our appearance among these sturdy settlers greatly strengthened their hopes and confidence, particularly when they learned our intention of continuing our way in the direction of the danger point. They gave us feed for our horses, and served us with a good and hearty repast, the Finch girls taking our case in hand in that hospitable way so characteristic of kindly natures under trying circumstances. Beside that, they, as well as all the rest, looked upon we five as being a bit heroic, in our fixed purpose of pushing on into the enemy's country. This fact, too, settled their determination to make a stand there. We promised them that we should tell all whom we met of their intention, advise all to join them, and to go no farther from their homes. We further told them that should we come upon the hostiles we should return to them, and form a part of their garrison. As we afterward learned, this arrangement on our part proved most fortunate for them; a large number of the

refugees we subsequently met were induced to stay their flight at that point, instead of rushing on to their complete undoing in a pecuniary sense—for, thereby, they saved to themselves the little property they possessed, while hundreds rushed onward even into other states and lost everything.

After but an hour's rest at Young America, and while still dark, save for the dim glow of the stars as it sifted down through the foliage of the trees that closely hemmed in the muddy and crooked road, we were again under way. A mile had been passed. For the most part, we picked our way along in single file, especially where the road was muddiest. While thus proceeding along the left-hand side of a particularly wide pool of mud and water, I saw, in the uncertain starlight, a white object away across on the opposite margin of the pool. I reined in my horse and called the attention of the others to the object. One said it was but a newspaper. Another asserted that it was probably some old lady's nightcap that had been jolted off by a fleeing wagon. They all agreed that it was a matter of not the slightest importance—that it was Indians, and not old newspapers or nightcaps, we were in quest of. Thus we bantered each other, in an undertone, as we cautiously picked our way along. Something seemed to impress me, however, in regard to the object, and by the time we had arrived at the farther end of the pool I determined to ride back and around to that side of the miniature mud-lake and investigate the white object, at all hazards of ridicule on the part of my four compatriots, who meantime, flattered themselves that they were perpetrating several very clever remarks at the expense of my rather juvenile, or feminine curiosity, as they sat their horses and waited for me. Arriving at the spot, I dismounted, and, holding the bridle-rein in my left hand, and stepping out into the soft mud, reached out with my right and dragged to me the fabric—for fabric it proved to be. Upon getting it fairly out of the mud and to the edge of the dry ground, I squatted down and examined my "find" with much curiosity. What was my amazement, upon a very close inspection in the dim light, to distinguish the features of a pretty little baby!—that afterward proved to be a sweet little girl-baby. It had doubtless been one of a "numerous family," which had occupied a hay-rack wagon, and in the awful excitement of that awful night-rush had "leaked through"



the rack unnoticed by the panic-stricken parents. It had, evidently been sleeping very contentedly in its soft bed of mud, for, as nearly as I could see, it had just awoke as I pulled it to me. I fancied I could distinctly see a sweet smile play over its pretty little features as I cleaned the mud off its clothes, somewhat, and snuggled it to my breast as I carefully remounted my horse from the top of a big log, near by. Then, retracing my way to where the four horsemen awaited me, I remarked that the "old newspaper" had been recovered, and asked them to come and hear me read "the latest news." They crowded about me, craning their necks to see what I had gathered from the big mudhole, and in a moment more the whole truth flashed upon them. They all wanted to get hold of it, to feel doubly sure it was indeed a live baby; but just then, it gave a little kick, and "c-o-o-e-d" up at them, as if it would say, "Isn't this a picnic!"

The next unsolved problem was, what should we do with it? After a brief consultation, I decided it myself, by saying that we would ride back to the village, where I would give it in charge of the Finch sisters to care for until ownership should be proven. This plan was carried out, and our return, so soon, was at first construed by the excited settlers into the idea that we had met the Indians, and returned to join their garrison, as we promised. When they saw what we bore, however, and learned the details, the Indians were forgotten for the moment, in the interest and excitement over my little "mudhole angel"—the women, particularly, went wild over it. The Misses Finch were proud over my gift to them, and promised to give it the best of care, as we once more turned our horses' heads toward Glencoe, in the full glow of a beautiful morning. It may be stated here that I was told some weeks afterward that, on that very day, a lone horseman came into the village, as if pursued by all the furies, from the direction of Carver. Coatless, hatless, his hair streaming to the breeze, wildly inquiring of every one if they had found a baby. When, at last, he found it at Young America, not only alive, but the little "belle of the garrison," his joy knew no bounds. It was, indeed, a miracle that the little thing had not either been smothered, or drowned, in the place it was found, or run over and crushed, by the scores of vehicles of all kinds that had gone that way after it had dropped out of its family membership; and

this circumstance faithfully illustrates the madness of the fright that possessed the frontier settlers as they fled from the relentless red men—that these fond parents did not miss the little one till they had reached Carver, fifteen miles away. To conclude this item among the dreadful experiences of the settlers along the extended Minnesota frontier, in that bloody August of 1862, I add: Probably twenty-five years afterward, while traveling on an overland train to the coast, I met a gentleman from Minnesota, whose name I do not recall. Among the historical reminiscences of our state which we talked over, was the Sioux massacre. I recalled the incident just related, when he assured me that he had heard of it, and had also heard in connection with it, that the same little baby was then the happy wife of a prominent citizen of Minneapolis. I have never had this part of the historical incident verified, however.

We arrived at Glencoe, without any noteworthy event occurring—save that we liberated much stock that was perishing for want of food and water, along our way—about 2 p. m. At this place we found another band of sturdy frontiersmen, who had resolved to fortify themselves and fight it out with the red men, rather than sacrifice their all by flight. This heroic band had chosen my noble old friend, Colonel John H. Stevens, to command them. They were exceedingly rejoiced to see us, as they were greatly overstrained with anxiety to hear what the military authorities were doing, looking to the relief of the frontier from the bloody foe who were devastating the country by fire and murder. We rested and fed our horses, and were treated to a substantial and much needed repast for ourselves. After a stay of two hours we were again in the saddle, and at dark reached a little hamlet called Arlington. Here we resolved to spend the night. There was not a soul in or about the place. After stabling, feeding and watering our horses, and posting a guard, we reconnoitered the place thoroughly, and then repaired to the pretty little inn, which occupied a slight knoll. Not a door had been locked; and to show how precipitately people had fled from their homes, we found in this exquisitely neat little hotel, a meal all perfectly prepared and on the table. It had evidently been an evening meal, as the platter of cold sliced meat, the little glass dish of luscious preserves at each plate and the pot of tea at the head of the table

seemed to indicate. In fact, the presiding landlady had just begun pouring the tea, and had partly filled one cup, when the messenger, with the startling news of the massacre going on had evidently arrived. Everything had been dropped where it was and the whole community had flown on the instant. I would add here, that in all the country that we encircled after leaving Glencoe, there was not a living person, save one man; all were gone. We continued to liberate stock, however, and our little troupe of scouts had the satisfaction of knowing that they had saved thousands of dollars' worth to the settlers against their return after the direful days were past.

To return to the night spent at Arlington: We partook of the supper so hastily abandoned by the owners, and so good a repast we thought we had never tasted—the pretty dishes, the snow-white cloth, the dainty napkins and excellent food, were a revelation in that little border hamlet. The place, while a public inn, seemed also the home of a refined family—organ, music, excellent books, including a large Bible on the center-table in the pretty little parlor. We fed our horses, and then secured them to the fence near by—saddles and accoutrements all in place—and posting two on guard at a time, the other three laid upon the carpeted floor to secure what rest they might, relieving the guard at suitable intervals. All was quiet until about an hour past midnight, when the guards came quietly and quickly into the house, roused the sleepers, and in an instant all five were up and armed. The guards said they could, occasionally, distinctly hear sounds away off across the prairie in the direction of the old government road which led from Henderson to Ft. Ridgely. We posted ourselves in a group and at our horses' heads, and promptly outlined our plan of action in case the sounds proved to be the approach of Indians. At the conclusion of our deliberations, and of the scheme we formed, a considerable fog had risen, and rested quite densely and very close to the ground in the low places of the surrounding prairie. We planned that when they had come sufficiently near, we would retreat to the first low ground in the direction of Glencoe, secrete our horses, in the fog, and establish a lookout on a neighboring knoll; that if they proved to be but a small marauding band, we would ride down upon them, and in a "surprise," make them sorry that they were Indians. If a large

party, then we would ride with all speed back to Glencoe, and apprise the garrison there, agreeably to a promise we had made them, similar to that made to the settlers who had gathered at Young America—to which latter place one or two of our party would continue their ride. This was the plan fixed upon.

We now listened in silence. At times we could hear a confused noise as of something approaching in the distance, and then the sound would die down again, apparently whenever those who approached would sink into a depression in the landscape. That they were steadily drawing nearer could be heard, however, as every time they came to a rise of ground the sound could be more plainly heard. So it went on for some time, whilst we anxiously awaited the outcome of it all. At last we all felt sure we could hear the rumble of wheels, and soon we were sure of it. This fact allayed our fears considerably as to its being Indians—my own fears completely. I assured my companions that my knowledge of the Indians was too extensive for me to believe that they ever went on the war-path either in chariots or bullock-carts—not even the lordly Little Crow, the leader and brains of the uprising, whom I knew well, personally. I surmised, rather, that they were composed of those who had escaped the fiendish attack at the Redwood Agency, had laid in hiding in the great grassy river bottoms, by day, and under cover of the darkness were now seeking to reach the lower settlements, or some town below, where a garrison had been formed. I say I surmised this, and so I did, in the rough; the facts, a little later, proved to have been exactly as indicated. In a short time, the wagons, as quietly as possible, drove up to the little inn, but upon distinguishing our little party as we cautiously approached them, they were greatly alarmed, and would have fired upon us had we not promptly assured them that we were white friends, and not Indian enemies. Then, their joy was boundless, for indeed they were sadly in need of friends. Most of them were unhurt, but several had been more or less hurt while all were famished with hunger, and weak from exposure and their wounds. The one who was the worst injured had been the chief clerk and interpreter at the Agency, and he was among the first ones attacked. He was a grand type of physical manhood—one of the finest specimens of the human race we have ever seen, before or since. Notwithstanding he had received into

his body thirty heavy buckshot, he flung the Indians about him into the air, by main strength, sprang through a back window, leaped down the bluff into the river, which he swam, escaping into the cane-grass of the bottoms and sloughs on the opposite side. He had been three or four days—hiding in daytime and at night working his way cautiously toward the old government road in the hope of being picked up, and he had been, as has been seen. These fleeing teams had picked up all these wounded ones along that old highway trail.

Our little scouting party of five now turned hosts and doctors. I, having had quite a bit of experience among the wounded in the army, south, volunteered to dress the wounds of the victims, the Kearneys procured food for them, whilst the noble McGrade kept general supervision and lookout—the well ones feeding and refreshing their overworn horses. The wounds of all save the interpreter (whose name has, of late, escaped my mind), were quickly disposed of. His, however, was beyond my skill. I could only bathe and bandage, but even this made him greatly more comfortable, together with a suitable amount of nourishing food. He was "game," and declared if he recovered all right, the first hard work he would do would be to ride back to borderland again and never leave it more until a red devil for every one of the buckshot in his swollen body had tasted the soil, or he would perish in the attempt. In response to our inquiries he said he thought the massacre would be widespread, and was surprised that the country where we were then was not overrun with them. He said it surely would be within a very few days, and when he was told what our mission was in that region, he insisted that we should not become foolhardy or we were lost. That, from our report, as to how far the troops still were from the seat of the trouble, he felt sure the Indians would have time to sweep along the whole frontier before they could be checked. His judgment was good, as was proven within a very few days after we had passed through the region north of Glencoe and Arlington—the battle at Hutchinson having occurred almost at our heels, and yet we saw no signs of Indians. Probably it was a great streak of luck for us that we did not pass that way a day or two later—or we may never have reported to Sibley, or any one else, in this vale of tears.

After our fleeing night-visitors had rested and refreshed themselves for an hour or so, they proceeded on their way toward Glencoe, whilst our little squad, between that and day-dawn, prepared to go forward. One of the Kearney brothers had hopelessly ruined his pantaloons; we found the rear window of the single little store of the village but imperfectly fastened, so we entered and supplied the deficiency by a cheap pair, leaving an explanatory note on the desk. Putting things in order in and about the pretty little hotel, we wrote out an "account of ourselves," leaving the same on the table, and after seeing the neat little town all safely locked up, we departed just after full daylight. It had become very foggy, and one could see but a short distance in any direction. As the sun arose, the fog became thinner, and through it, about three miles from our start we dimly descried three horsemen standing on an eminence a quarter of a mile away, evidently watching us. The chances were that they were Indian scouts. As if by a common instinct, we all put spurs to our horses and gave chase—we were all superbly mounted and well armed—in order to ascertain their character, at least. Seeing us "start for them," they turned and disappeared over the knoll from the top of which they had stood watching us. We approached the top very guardedly from two quarters, fearing an ambuscade; but, upon meeting at the summit, nothing could be seen of them, save one glimpse, after a few minutes, as they passed over the top of a distant ridge.

We now determined to take in as wide a scope of the endangered country as possible that day, and reach Henderson in the evening. All the scattering settlers were gone, and their pioneer homes desolate—all save one man. This man had sent his family and team away two days before, but he determined to stand by his humble home and his few head of stock to the last. The remainder of this "Incident of 'Sixty-two" is soon told. We arrived at Henderson that night, both our beasts and their riders well "done up." From here, McGrade pushed on in the track of the expedition and reported to General Sibley, while the other four returned down the valley to Shakopee. Many minor incidents of this scouting tour, though of considerable interest, are omitted. The most interesting and valuable result of the whole—and I am sure my readers will agree with me—was the saving of the precious life of my sweet little "Mudhole Angel."

# Indian-trail Echoes.

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NOTE—Incidents that, in the early times on the Minnesota frontier, would occasion no especial remark, become, in some cases, "mighty interestin' readin'" after time and change have cast about them the softening shadows of a semi-romance. The incidents following, were "little affairs of my own," encountered, for the most part, during the early days of flatboating, steamboating and rafting timber on the Minnesota River, in which river enterprises my three brothers—Captains Aaron, Edward and Samuel—were (with "Uncle Jo. Brown") the real pioneers. I, being "my boy Lightfoot," was, rightfully, the errand-boy, courier and trail-runner for the business, whenever any land-commissions were to be carried into execution. At other times, (by reason of my "tender years") I was the flatboat or raft cook, the steamboat steward, or clerk, or the cub-pilot—the latter, or else galloping up and down the trails of the valley (anywhere between Shakopee and Yellow Medicine Indian Agency) being most to my taste. With this notation, my kind reader will understand the "lay of the land" in the incidents that follow.

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## A HAIR-RAISER.

ON the trail, between Henderson and Belle Plain, along down the valley—this river-valley trail had been the principal trail-highway of the Indians from time immemorial—there were two trees that had fallen across the path. They were at a point about forty rods above the present village of Blakely. The body of one tree laid about three feet above the ground, and the other and smaller tree-body directly over and a couple of feet above the larger one, the bark being worn smooth by the Indians, and others, climbing up and sliding over it. It became one of my "all alone" athletic habits, when passing up or down the trail—more particularly go-

ing down, as the logs lay better from that side—to take a big run and jump over this obstruction. On one of my trips down, just as it was growing slightly dusk, I made my run, and when just at the right spot to leap, and come down close on the other side, I gave a tremendous spring into the air, cleared the upper log by several inches, and came down on the other side right on top of monster lynx. Of all the frightened squalls ever emitted from the throat of any member of the *genus felina*, I imagine the one uttered by this particular specimen stood at the head, as I came down upon him “all of a bunch.” The only reason that the unearthly squall I gave, at about the same time he squalled, was not louder than his, was because “squalling” was more in his line than in mine. As he yelled, he gave a spring into the brush at one side, and as I yelled, I gave a spring down the trail—either one of which would have carried us over a log eight feet high. I took instant measures to place as great a distance as possible between us, before he got over his scare. I supposed that he must have been asleep—refreshing his energies preparatory to his customary nocturnal hunt for food. And I, having moccasins on my feet, and being a very light stepper, anyway, he never heard me until I sat down upon him—probably he thought I came down from the clouds; and, being a shower of so unusual a kind, he felt it no disgrace for even a lynx to become badly frightened, at least for the nonce. I am sure that my scare was more durable than his, because mine lasted me for fully five miles, which distance I covered, next following, on a royal schedule. Thereafter when passing that way, instead of jumping that particular log, I would slip stealthily up and peek over, to see if the coast was clear before even sliding over it. I did not know but what that might be one of his regular sleeping places, and that he might get used to boys and conclude to sample the next one he caught coming along that way. —

#### AN UNLUCKY PAIR.

IN those days the bitter hostility that had existed for generations between the Sioux and Chippewa nations still existed, and was still at a furnace heat. War parties, large or small, were frequently passing back and forth across the “neutral grounds,” and surprising some village of the enemy, dealing death right and left and securing as many scalps as possible and then retreating,



ere a general alarm could be given. Often, however, very large war parties would be fitted out, by both nations—whenever the war spirit happened to be running high in either—and they made raids on a large scale, resulting in battles of no small proportions. Commonly, though, hostilities were carried on by small parties, or even by a couple of individuals. A couple of young warriors, or would-be warriors, would get to itching for the right to wear an eagle's feather in his scalp-lock—which he was not privileged to wear until he could dangle a legitimate scalp from his belt—and so, two or three would venture across the neutral country, lay in wait near a village of the enemy—unless they chanced to come across a lone lodge—when they would kill and scalp a squaw or a child or two, possibly including a lone Indian, when they would “slide back” to their own country before discovery or successful pursuit. Both tribes were about equally successful, so far as we white settlers could judge. The settlers in the Minnesota valley, if they really cared, were sympathizers with the Sioux, because they lived surrounded by the Sioux—in the Sioux country. Both tribes, in those days, were composed of the finest types of the North American Indian to be found on the continent, with possibly one or two exceptions—each being worthy foes to the other's steel. One particular item of pride, common to both nations, I found out by a close observation: they prided themselves on their ability to discover the presence of their hated enemy in their immediate neighborhood. This keen intuition, or savage science, had been, apparently, cultivated through countless past generations, until it had become a positive instinct; examples of this wonderful power of observation and detection I had seen and known of, myself.

I was on my way down the trail one day, when I saw approaching, two fine, tall Indians. As they came near, I thought I detected, in their general appearance and gait, that they were not Sioux. Still, thought I, what could two Chippewas (if Chippewas they be) mean by getting themselves into such a dangerous neighborhood in broad daylight? There was a Sioux village not two miles below. At that time I had seen but few Chippewas; but, judging from those I had met, I formed the impression that the only distinguishing features between the two tribes were:—The Chippewas were slightly darker-skinned, with smaller feat-

ures, and while their average height was about equal to that of the Sioux, they were of a slighter build. These distinctive peculiarities, I afterward found, held good. When I met these two Indians, face to face, I was sure they were Chippewas. They declined to let me pass them, and I began to feel as if they had determined that, fearing they might not get a Sioux scalp to take home with them, they had better have even a white boy's scalp than to go back empty handed—I began to feel very *white*, too, at the thought of such a possibility. I did not realize (because, at that moment, I did not know it, of course,) that in less than three hours from that time, the two beautifully-bedecked and vermillion-stained Chippewa scalps before me (taken from their heads clear down to, and including, their ears) would both be reeking-red at the belts of two Sioux braves.

As I said, they stopped me as I was about to step by them in the narrow trail—one of them catching me by the shoulder and whirling me around, with a scowl on his face. He then spoke to me in Chippewa, as I supposed, which, of course, I could not understand. Seeing this, he addressed me in tolerably good Sioux, which I could understand somewhat. They asked me if there were any Sioux around that region. I said there were, plenty of them—a big village below and another not far up the river. They then asked if, as I made out, there were no isolated lodges nearby, and I said, "Not any," in Sioux. I asked them where they had crossed the river and come onto that big trail. They said they found a canoe in the bend just a short distance below and crossed to this side. After a few more questions and answers, they told me, with another scowl, to keep my mouth shut, and I said, "Oh, of course!" or words to that effect. They then turned abruptly from the trail, toward the river, and I continued on my way down the valley.

I had not proceeded more than a mile or so, when I saw two big Sioux braves coming up the trail on a trot. When we met, they asked if I had met two strange Indians, and I told them I had—I forgot to keep my mouth shut, and it would not have been healthy for me if I had, with these big fellows. I told them just where I last saw them, and which direction they had gone. But, how they had found out so quickly that the two Chippewas were in the neighborhood, I do not know to this day. They followed their track from where they had left the trail, found them asleep in the tall grass near the river, and that—settled it.

## RATHER A TIRESOME DAY.

It was my first season's boating; we came up with the steamboat from St. Paul, as far as the Rapids, and there, owing to the low stage of water, all the freight from the steamer had to be transferred to several flatboats above the rocky chain, and by them to be carried on to points on the upper river. For some reason which I do not now remember, it was desirable that a messenger be sent up river by land, in advance of the barges, and this task fell to myself, of course, as I made a good foot-courier, but rather an indifferent lugger of heavy freight around the rapids. It was early of a June morning when I struck back into the valley, having been told that by going straight south a mile or two I could strike the old government road. Following along the different little animal paths leading back from the river, I came to a wild meadow, as I supposed, stretching quite a distance to the right and left. I will digress for a moment and explain: When this country was "new," the surface, generally, presented a very different aspect in many respects to what it presents now. One of these was the greater amount of water, both in the lakes and the streams, and also in the infinitely greater number of small lakes and ponds as well as swamps and "quaking grass plats." This latter is what I had now encountered. As I afterward found out, these odd freaks of Nature were to be found "all over," but being new to the country then, this was my first experience with one of them. I dare say there is not one small one to be found now where then there were a hundred extensive ones. They have long since dried up, leaving the sod resting on a firm foundation, instead of its being simply a blanket, covering a pond or lake of clear water a foot or so below the surface. Upon reaching this pretty-looking short-grass meadow, I kept directly on my course, following the little trails mostly made by muskrats as I learned in later days. The footing seemed very unstable, and ere long I began to sink at every step, half way to my knees. Becoming terribly frightened, I stopped, but that would not do—I must keep on striding ahead, otherwise I would go through, and out of sight forever. I finally reached a small spot that was a trifle more firm, and, half reclining on hands and knees for a moment, I looked about in an agony of despair. I could tell that it was

not even soft mud underneath the thin blanket of turf, but a lake of clear water. At each violent movement, the sod would undulate into waves in all directions just as water does when a heavy weight is thrown into it. After a moment, I saw that to continue on would be as well as to attempt to return; and, with a prayer on my dry lips, I started forward. What with my terrible fright and the struggle it required to draw each leg in turn, up so far in order to clear the top of the sod, I became exhausted to the last degree; but to stop meant a hopeless position very quickly. It was a fight for life, and it was only desperation that nerved my young limbs to the continued effort to keep from sinking out of sight into the lake below the thin sod. In the quick flashes of thought it once occurred to me to throw myself prostrate and endeavor to crawl; but it was fortunate I did not try that plan, as it would have deprived me of all my springy, buoyant powers. At last I felt the sod growing slightly firmer, as I gradually drew nearer the further side, and finally pulled myself to firm ground, nearer dead than alive. Had it been an open lake, I could have crossed it with ease, as I was perfectly at home in open water.

If ever there was a thankful juvenile, I was that one, as I lay almost gasping for breath for a long time. Finally, I resumed my course, and after a time came into the government road—little more than a big trail—a short distance below where it crossed Sand Creek, where it wound around the foot of Sand Prairie—three or four miles down the creek from the present village of Jordan. The road crossed here, and then mounted the lower end of the high sandy ridge, which it followed the whole length of the prairie, with the river valley down below, on one side, and the creek valley on the other—the high backbone of the prairie being a bed of sand, covered over with villainous sand-burs.

Upon arriving at the creek, what was my dismay at finding it a raging torrent, out over its banks. Here, then, was another dangerous barrier to be crossed—but could it be crossed? I sat down in the sand to rest, and to figure on a plan, and also upon the chances of being swept under the piles of driftwood before I could reach the other shore. Meantime, I munched a hard biscuit and a bit of salt pork I had brought along in my pocket. I was a good swimmer, but had never attempted an angry flood

like the one before me. It was but three or four rods wide, but the thing to be overcome here was not width, but a heaving and murky flood. The day had well advanced, ere my mind was made up to attempt the crossing. I selected a good starting point, chosen with a view to an easy landing place on the other side. I figured on being swept down stream a goodly distance, in any case, and endeavored to fix my starting point accordingly. After divesting myself of outer clothing and shoes, I did them up into a secure wad, took them firmly into my teeth, and cautiously advanced into the stream until the under-current savagely snatched me from my feet. I entered the water fully determined, come what might, not to give way to a panic of fright, and I think that timely resolve is what proved "the saving clause." It soon became evident that I had not allowed enough for the power of the current, liberal as I was, and that I was bound to be swept past my chosen landing place. When this was made certain, my fright bordered closely upon panic; because, not very far below was a monster drift-pile, and unless I succeeded in reaching shore above it, nothing could save me. I conquered my almost panic, and lunged ahead with the last nerve in my body strained to the snapping point. As I flew past the proposed landing-place, yet several strokes from shore, I almost gave myself up for lost, as the terrible exertion had taken my breath away, all save convulsive gasps. I involuntarily turned my eyes toward the fatal drift-pile, and in doing so beheld a white birch tree standing close to the edge of the flood, its weeping limbs hanging close to the surface of the water. A last frantic pull, and I floated in among its friendly arms and was saved from the very jaws of death.

I was so far overwrought, that it was a long time ere I could draw myself out upon the bank, which was quite steep on that side of the stream. At last, however, I was out and dressed, and again under way—though pretty well used up, by reason of the two trying ordeals through which I had passed since morning. As I walked slowly up toward the great hog-back of sand, I discovered that the sun was getting low in the west, and I yet had several miles to go before reaching the first house—a rude stopping-place called Waters' Place. Looking down into the little wooded valley of Sand Creek on my left I could see the place where Mrs. Schroder had been killed by an Indian a year or so before. She

and her husband, Jacob Schroder (whom I knew well in after years in Shakopee) were passing up the little valley with a team, when the Indian shot at Mr. Schroder from behind a tree; his aim was bad, for an Indian, and instead of killing Mr. Schroder, the shot killed his wife. These were the facts as told to me; the Indian was caught, tried, and hung in St. Paul, and was the first Indian regularly executed in the Territory—though there were thirty-eight of his fellow redskins hung on one big gallows later, at Mankato, for their unspeakable atrocities in the massacre of '62, wherein six hundred defenceless men, women and children along Minnesota's frontier were put to the tomahawk and scalping-knife, and worse fates than simple death. [NOTE—A correspondent in the Pioneer Press, I notice, says the woman's name who was killed, was Keatnor. During my acquaintance with Schroder I did not know her name, but after I had left Shakopee I was told, much to my surprise, that it was Jacob Schroder's wife who was the victim. I tell it, therefore, including the spot where the tragedy occurred, as 'twas told to me, in those years long gone.] But I digress.

When I had nearly reached the oak-bush barrens at the upper end of Sand Prairie (the sun having set, and early twilight was gathering), I heard something behind me. Looking about quickly, I saw a big gray wolf trotting along after me, a few rods distant. I stopped, and he stopped—both eyeing each other. When I moved on he would follow. Presently another, and still another came up from the lowlands into the road, and they grew bolder. I had a premonition that my only safety lay in not running or showing fear, at least until I could make a start unobserved by them, which I could not do until the bushland was reached, which would be very soon; all my energies of self-control were brought to bear not to arouse their suspicion or make a motion that would excite them until I could, for an instant, get a bush screen between us. As, with a careless air (that I was a thousand miles from feeling) I entered the bushes, their number had increased to five; and, although they had steadily drawn nearer, they as yet seemed to be viewing me more with curiosity than with any other feeling. Just as the road entered the bushes it made an abrupt turn to the right. This was my first and last chance; and, probably before they realized that their quarry had

flown, I had made half the remaining distance to Walters' place. Though very tired and weak when the wolves came upon me, my very last physical resources were drawn upon in that half-mile flight, and I fell, rather than walked, into that frontier hostelry. That night, as I lay on the rude couch assigned me, I voted unanimously that it had been "Rather a tiresome day."

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#### AN INDIAN'S IDEA OF GRATITUDE.

I DID not personally know Little Dog, as it seems he transferred himself to the far-away prairie division of the Sioux the year before my arrival on the frontier—but my brothers told me much about him. He was famous in his nation; not for his skill in the chase, or his prowess in war, but for his "silver tongue" at the council-fire—his eloquence and wisdom. He was always in demand wherever grave councils were being held. In stature he was much below the average height of his tribesmen, but compactly built, with a pleasant face and a fine head. He dressed elegantly, and was neat and cleanly to a fault. Before his final departure for the western section of his nation, it was a delight to him when my brothers would invite him to take a trip with them on their steamboat or barge; he would be as delighted as a child at the prospect of going a journey down and up on the great "fire-canoe," or the big "push-canoe." He would sometimes remain with my brothers a week or two at a time, and became greatly attached to them—as, indeed, they did to him. They found him an interesting study, and from him learned much of the true-inwardness of that nation's wonderful character that but few others possessed at that early time. They had heard Little Dog's eloquence upon one occasion, and they agreed that it was little to be wondered at that he could sway his fellow-children of the forest at will. While his language was, of necessity, simple, and almost child-like, his voice, his gestures, his pleasing expression of countenance, and above all, his apt and poetical illustrations, made him a wonderful orator. His comparative illustrations, all drawn from the Nature that environed their lives—the trees, the flowers, the birds, the blue skies and the stars—were beautiful conceptions, that had he been other than a wild savage, or had he been educated in the lore of the pale-faces, he would have been a peer among our grandest orators. He it was who,

with a delegation of Sioux, visited the Great Father at Washington, once upon a time, and when he returned, told his people to cease their idle talk about killing off all the pale-faces, and getting back their lands; that it would be as easy to kill all the mosquitoes in Dakotah-land as to kill all the whites; they were as the leaves on the trees, or the blades of grass on the plains.

I started out, however, to give an Indian's notion of gratitude, as exemplified by Little Dog. As before stated, he was greatly attached to my three elder brothers, as he had ample reason to be—he entertained a brotherly love for them, as he often assured them, and he was honest about it, too, from an Indian's standpoint. One day, my brothers asked him, flatly, if in case the Indians should ever raise against the whites, would *he* be so cruel and ungrateful as to kill *them* if he had the opportunity. They told him they wanted nothing but a straightforward, honest answer; that whatever his answer, if it was an honest one, they would treat him with the same kindness and confidence as in the past. Little Dog's face was a study, as he gazed into theirs; a sort of sadness rested upon his features, and a troubled expression agitated his changing countenance. He finally asked them to give him a little time for thought. This being acceded to, he withdrew a short distance and sat down. He became buried in meditation for some time. At last he came to them and, with a glow of relief radiating from his countenance, said: "No! I never could kill my three good white brothers—never! I would get some other Indians to do it for me." Then he looked pained when they laughed till their sides ached.

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#### A LITTLE "RUN FOR YOUR LIFE."

ON one occasion, as I was on my way down the river-trail, I dropped into an Indian village, a few rods above the present river-village of Faxon. I frequently did this, when hungry, and would get a bite to eat—anything, from a bit of venison (possibly dog) to a dish of wild rice, or unmentionable soup, which I was always made welcome to, as all knew me well, as "The Younger Brother." I was seated by the small outside campfire, engaged in munching the meat off a bone taken from a soup-kettle and handed me by an old squaw who was better hearted than she was featured, when there was an arrival. A sub-chief, named Blue



Blanket, suddenly stepped up to the opposite side of the fire coming from somewhere, I know not where. I had seen him several times before, but hardly supposed that he knew exactly who I was—for, big Indians, like big white men, seldom take any particular notice of boys. Blue Blanket was a very tall fellow, and rather slim for a Sioux. Although a subordinate chief of considerable note, he indulged in no gaudy ornaments of dress, as did most of the chiefs and principal men of the tribe. Aside from his very dark-blue blanket, he only wore a shirt, breech-clout, leggings and moccasins. His face was always painted black when I knew him, probably in mourning for some relative who had been slain by the Chippewas. Saluting me by the usual "How!" which I returned, he looked down at me in silence as I still sat gnawing away at my bone, not taking time to look up at him, farther than by a casual glance. Pretty soon, he gave a grunt, and asked me what I was doing in his camp, anyway. I held up the bone in explanation. He grunted again, and then said he was my enemy, and that I was "seecha-do!"—a bad specimen, even for a pale-face, I presume he meant to convey. At this I arose to my feet, affecting a careless coolness which I was very far from feeling, because I now discovered that he was drunk almost to the staggering point. He was of a surly, quarrelsome temperament, but I at once saw that the whisky had made him inclined to talk, and boast. I told him I was not his enemy; that I thought him "Wash-ta-do,"—good. He said he didn't care a continental what I thought, or didn't think—or words to that effect—and that he would soon prove to me that he was my enemy, anyway. I asked how I could be his enemy, because I had scarcely known him. He said my brother, when he saw him a few days before, had insulted him, and now he proposed to play even, by killing me. I asked him which of the brothers it was who had insulted him, and he replied that it was "Wa-zhee-dah"—my brother, Capt. Sam. I told him he was mistaken, for my brothers never insulted anybody—they weren't that kind of men. I furthermore told him that if he touched me, my brothers wouldn't leave two bones together in his body; that he knew what my brother "Chah-hoh-mi-na" had done to five Indians, alone, not long before; that I was going down the trail to the home of "Motto-chak-seek-sa," my eldest brother, and that he

had better not follow me, or he would get into trouble in that direction, and he ought to know it—and he would have realized the truth of all I told him, and more too, had he been sober; for, all my brothers were powerful men, and feared nothing in particular. The Indians had received several well-merited lessons at their hands, and they entertained a very wholesome respect for all three of them; and they well knew if they touched one of us, they had all four to deal with as the result—though I did not stand for much, save lots of good-will, and to make up the fourth brother. After telling him the substance of the foregoing in the best Sioux I could command—in the hope of appeasing his imaginary drunken spleen—I found that parleying only made his anger with me the more real, and I only watched my opportunity to get two or three jumps the start of him. The frenzy of his imaginary, drunken wrath soon culminated in his jerking out his knife (his “*esaw-tonka*”) and leaping toward me—but I wasn’t there. I started down the trail, as may well be imagined, at my very finest pace, my hair feeling very erect as I could hear him following, a very “close second,” as I believe the racing men call it.

Allow me to digress for a moment: Somewhere, I promised to say something about my running qualities, “and why.” During my few years of boyhood, and briefer school-days back in the old Pennsylvania home, our favorite sport was running foot-races on a level piece of road (near the school-house) from Uncle Archey Henderson’s home to the Simcox Tavern, just half a mile, and then back again. As I often thought in years afterward, all this must have been in the providential plan; for, certain it was, that my well-trained legs and my systematic ability to get the very best out of them, and out of my lungs for endurance, stood me in good stead in many an after trial on a wild frontier then undreamed of. My legs were shorter than almost any boy’s in school, but at the close of the several summers’ series, long-legged Bob Mitchell was the only boy who could reach the goal with me. This early practice, necessarily supplemented with no end of “leg-work” on the frontier, gave me a maximum speed, when under any especial stress, that, even to myself, now, seems almost unbelievable. It was not only the almost flying speed I could make—in my loose flannel shirt without coat or vest, and my feet encased in thin Indian moccasins—but the endurance I was capable of. I do not

remember to have ever become completely breath-beaten but once, and that was when trying to overtake a wounded deer before it reached the river—which I did not do. Conscious of my speed and endurance, it gave confidence in almost any circumstances. But now, with a tall, slim, long-legged Indian on my track, I felt that the test of my life, and for my life, had arrived. I hoped that his intoxication would prove in my favor, but soon discovered that it hindered him little, if any. But, there was another circumstance—or three or four of them—which did “help out” my side, mightily. The trail on that side of the river, at that point, ran down through a three-mile meadow of very high grass, with here and there a giant maple or cottonwood tree. Crossing the trail there were three or four dry gulleys, which were hidden almost entirely by the tall grass. I knew the exact location of every one of them. My pursuer either did not know of them, or else, in his drunken rage, he didn’t care where they were. As I approached each in its turn, I gathered every muscle for duty, and by a giant spring cleared them nicely, while Blue Blanket went into them, heels-over-head. This, each time it was repeated, gave me a very nice little gain, and the gain was badly needed, as that long knife came very close to my little red shirt at each of the washouts. Had he happened to have had his tomahawk with him, he would have had me early in the race. After passing the last washout ditch, the trail soon turned abruptly toward the river bank, and, when coming close to it, at the edge of a high and almost perpendicular bank, it turned sharply to the left and followed down the shore. I made up my mind that if, upon arriving at this high bank, he was close to me, I would make the leap—as it could not be worse. My pursuer, I think, never for a moment dreamed of my playing him such a trick, and thought when we came to the sharp turn, he would have me. We came up to the brink of the high bank in splendid form, and before reaching the edge I pulled myself well together, and just as he was reaching out for my flying hair, I gave a bound into the air and came down far out in the river, and “sank beneath the tide.” Upon coming to the surface, I simply lay quietly on my back and floated with the current until sufficiently recovered to gain the other shore. I got one glimpse of the disappointed chief as he withdrew from the edge of the high bank above, with a flourish

of his big knife. Neither myself nor brothers ever saw chief Blue Blanket again. When he became fully sober, he undoubtedly remembered my warning words, and left that region to become a member of some distant branch of the tribe.

### A "BRUSH" WITH THE RED-MEN.

IN the foregoing, I dimly hinted at a "little discussion" one of my brothers had, once upon a time, with five stalwart Sioux braves, an explanation of which may prove interesting. One of the "first families" to come up the river on our boats landed at the just budding town of Henderson. The family consisted of the old gentleman and wife, his son and his wife, and two pretty daughters—one of eighteen and the other younger. The old gentleman and his son took up claims, and hewed out for themselves homes, back from the valley six or seven miles, just where, at that point, the Big Woods ended, and the great prairie-region began. They were a most excellent family, and my second-eldest brother, Capt. Ed., (Chah-hoh-mina) used to go out there frequently to *see the old gentleman!* The latter, and his eldest daughter, came in one winter's day on a sled to do a little trading. The old government road led out to, and passed, within a mile of their pioneer home. They did not start home until late, but as there was bright moonlight it was immaterial. My brother determined to accompany them home. There was a large encampment of Indians at the top of the long hill back of the village, and I presume he thought he ought to go along to "protect the old gentleman," and it proved lucky enough that he did so. Up to that time, the Indians, although they had a very sincere respect for the seeming prowess and undemonstrative daring of my three brothers, they had never seen it actually put to the test. When the sled and its three occupants had reached the foot of the hill, they overtook half a dozen or more Indians on their way to their camp; they proved to be just intoxicated enough to be in an ugly mood. They were not armed, to speak of, only having been hunting whisky, that day, down in the white man's village. They were "tired" enough, however, to want to ride up the hill, and drunk enough to be insulting. They began to climb into the sled-box, and also to say bad things about the "pretty young white squaw" in the sled—which neither she nor her father could

understand, but which was perfectly understood by Capt. Ed. Of course the team could scarcely draw their legitimate load up the steep hill, much less the addition of six or eight hulking Indians. The sled was stopped, the situation was explained to them, and they were invited to get out, and "be quick about it." They only jeered at the idea, and only snuggled themselves into the sled the more securely, and offensively close about the young lady who grew greatly alarmed, but had too much spirit to show the brutes her fear. My brother slipped off his overcoat, which he handed to the old gentleman, telling him that as soon as he discovered his sled to be clear of Indians, to drive with all convenient speed to the top of the hill, and there await his coming. They both began to protest against the idea of leaving him, but he begged that they do exactly as he asked them to do, and not to worry about him, and so they did. A few years after this I witnessed, myself, what was possible to this human cyclone, when he, in the cause of justice, let himself loose among a lot of fellows who had jumped a poor man's pre-emption claim. I never witnessed such a sight, before or since. Though neither quite so tall or heavily built as the other two, he was straight as an arrow, powerful shoulders, deep of breast, and his whole make-up of sinews and muscle seemed like tempered steel; and with these was coupled a quickness of motion, when required, that could be well compared with that of chain-lightning, and his step, for springy lightness, was marvelous—this latter is what gave him his Indian name. Upon the occasion herein related, he knew just what he could do with the Indian outfit in that sled—but they didn't, till a few minutes later. In a fisticuff, wild Indians, from a white man's standpoint, are very awkward and, comparatively, ineffective. He asked them again if they would all get out of the sled, or should he help them out. They said he hadn't better try helping them out, and stuck out their tongues toward him in derision. History does not record how far they got their tongues back in their mouths again, by any voluntary action of their own. Even they themselves probably never knew. A simoon fell upon them, and almost simultaneously something like a whirlwind seemed to fling them into the air in all directions, the driver whipped up the team, nor stopped until the hill-top was reached, and he and his daughter were out of harm's way. Capt. Ed's temper (and

he had one which was in full proportion to his strength and other physical resources) was up, and he did not "come to himself" again until that particular gang of "big injuns" afforded him nothing further upon which to feed his indignant wrath. But this little "overture" was but the prelude to the main act that was to follow on the next evening as he was returning from his visit to the home of his old friend. When within a mile of the village, he was suddenly confronted by five stalwarts from among the stalwarts. They were armed with knives, and informed him they had been awaiting his coming. They further cheered him by saying that to pay him off for having nearly killed several of their friends the night before, they purposed slicing him into very small pieces. To almost any one the outlook would have looked very dark, to say the least of it. The Captain, however, was far from despairing, though the odds did seem rather badly one-sided; yet, he congratulated himself that they had chosen knives to use on him instead of tomahawks, war-clubs or guns. His first impression was to snatch off his thick overcoat, so that he might have freer use of his arms. Then he thought it might more than compensate by forming a partial protection from the knives; that his salvation lay in his superior quickness of movement, and that if he could so engage them as to get in one of his persuading blows on the right spot, and ward off and dodge their knives until he could do so, he would stand a show to come off victor in spite of the rather gloomy prospect. Two of them lost no time in seeking revenge for their disabled friends of the night previous, but rushed upon him most recklessly. As before stated, big as they were, they were children, when it came to protecting their faces or bodies from the manly science of the white man. They apparently never dreamed there was any way a man could protect himself, who wasn't armed in some manner, and as their intended victim was utterly without arms, all they had to do was to rush upon him, with an impressive Indian flourish and paralyzing whoop, and carve him in true red-man style. Capt. Ed. was instantly well prepared for action, and as he told me two years later when I joined him, he never had felt before how very nearly he could make himself into a coiled spring, and a human catapult as when thus waylaid by these cowardly dogs. In his indignant wrath, a real joy suddenly seized him, when he realized

that he had met the trial of a lifetime, and a trial for his life. He easily warded off the knife of the big fellow who first reached him, and by one of his best lightning acts, had just time to deliver a straight crushing blow on the fellow's neck and jaw, ere the second was upon him. The remaining three seemed in no hurry, at first, but would see the easy fun the first two would enjoy, and they could have their innings a little later. But when, almost in a twinkling, they saw their two champions writhing in the snow, their knives dropped, and both hands holding their jaws awry and their almost broken necks, and nothing more than a big slit cut in the white man's coat-sleeve, their amazement was a picture to look upon. Evidently, for a few minutes they were superstitiously impressed at all that occurred, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye. My brother knew what was in their minds and, as he picked up the two knives and sent them as far as he could throw them into the thick brush, he told them they were cowards, and worse still, they were squaws. This latter epithet, as he knew, was a mortal insult to an Indian brave, that nothing but blood, and lots of it, could wipe out. He knew he had nothing further to fear from the first two. The three now made a grand and noisy advance, and as they came upon him almost too compactly, my brother took to some very active maneuvering in order to get them somewhat separated, and they at last, thinking his movements meant a growing fear, fell nicely into his trap. It was now his turn to do a little rushing, which he did; he was only enabled to reach one of them, instead of two as he had planned to do on this rush, as he slipped on a treacherous bit of ice just at the critical instant—and then occurred a momentary mix-up that might have proven his undoing, had he not been thoroughly strung up for the occasion. At last he shook himself clear of them, having received no severe cuts, save slashes in his overcoat. The one he had partially stunned, was still in the fight, though somewhat "groggy," as the prize-fighters say. He again got them separated somewhat, and, making sure of his footing, he leaped for them like a panther, and before they had time to draw a breath for defense in any form, two of them had gone to earth under the influence of something that would have reminded them of a pile-driver, had they known what a pile-driver was. One was doubled up like a jack-knife, in mortal agony, as if his

upper, or else his lower sub-stomach had made issue with a mule's heels, whilst the other was holding his jaw with both hands, like the first two, and sort of gurgling. These four had evidently become satisfied that the white man's war-medicine was an awfully bad sort of medicine. The fifth one was also like-minded, as he found himself, in a flash, not only disarmed, but his arm fractured, and himself picked bodily off his feet, lifted high in the air and crashed down upon the frozen ground in a way that made him a "good Indian," for at least a time afterward. This ended what was a "battle royal," and gave Capt. Ed. a reputation for prowess, throughout the whole Sioux nation, for years afterward. Is it to be wondered at that Blue Blanket fled the country, as soon as he became sober enough to realize what he had done for himself, in chasing me down the trail? Blue Blanket was not a fool—that is, when he was sober. [NOTE—The few Indian names I have used, or may use, are spelled as they sound. In early days we possessed a copy of the very small edition of a most excellent Sioux dictionary, of which, if I remember correctly, the Rev. Mr. Pond—the first Protestant missionary to the Sioux—was the patient and scholarly author. That copy was the only one I ever saw, and unless there be one in the State Historical Society's collection, there is probably not a copy of it now in existence. In those days, of course, we could spell the Indian names correctly, with the dictionary to fall back upon. But now, after the lapse of so many years, the few names and terms still remembered, for the most part, at least, I can only spell as I remember their peculiar guttural sound.]

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#### THEIR LAST "BRUSH."

MYSELF, and a few others still living, I presume, were, practically, eye-witnesses to the very last battle that took place between the Sioux and Chippewa nations. It occurred in the wide, meadow-like river bottom, about a mile below Shakopee, but on the opposite side of the river—exactly opposite what was at that time called Murphy's Landing—near which was a large village of Sioux. That season, we four brothers were running the steamer "Clarion," one of the fastest boats on any of the upper rivers. On our way down the river, one trip, and upon landing at Shakopee, we found the people quite stirred up over something. They



told us there had just been a big battle fought between the Sioux and Chippewas, in the bottom across the river a mile below, and that the whites in the little town had kept the Sioux's ammunition supply up, and otherwise encouraged them, and that they had whipped the Chippewas. As soon as we discharged our business, we continued down-river, and upon reaching the scene of the battle, landed and went on shore to investigate. The beaten warriors had retreated up and over the distant bluffs, carrying as many of their wounded with them as they could secure, but had left many others, with their dead, on the field—to be ruthlessly butchered by the victors, who could be heard in their village away across the river, having a savage jubilee. We, from the steamboat, went all over the sanguinary field, and saw everywhere the fresh evidences of the bloody work. All over the great meadow of high grass, were scattered great spreading trees, that gave a park-like appearance to the landscape, bordered in the rear by a range of smooth, green, undulating bluffs, and in the forefront by the willow-bordered, winding river. Meandering rather diagonally through this park, ran a tiny, pretty little rivulet, almost hidden in places by the luxuriant growth of grass and little pussy-willows. The trees were marked by the flying bullets, and the grass trampled into trails; while here and there were considerable spots where the grass was still prostrate, with red splatches on the green, showing desperate hand-to-hand encounters. For some time we wandered here and there, up and down and back and forth, marveling why no bodies were discovered. At last I, myself, came to the little brook, pretty well down stream—and therein saw a picture I can never forget. This was long before the Civil War, when I had never viewed the scarlet pictures painted in the studios of armies, and the impression made upon my young mind was an indellible one. Piled all along in this little rivulet were the trunks—for, but trunks they were—of the slain Chippewas, its tiny wavelets tinged with blood. The victors, in their savage glorification, assisted in the gruesome work by their squaws, had cut off the heads, legs and arms, as their trophies of war, and then piled the dismembered bodies into the little stream; the squaws, not to be outdone by their lords in brutal savagery, being guilty of nameless atrocities. This was, as nearly as I can describe it, a pen-picture of the last battle (among the hundreds)

ever fought between these two powerful nations. Some years later I made a trip to the then wild region on the far upper Mississippi river,\* and at Pokegema Falls met an old Chippewa chief, in the Indian village at that point. I entered into conversation with him, through an interpreter. In the course of the pow-wow I led him to talk of his former exploits in the wars with the Sioux. Among his many battles and stirring experiences with their enemies of ages, he mentioned that he had taken part in the last battle with the Sioux. I was glad to have met one of the actors in that drama, on the Chippewa side; and, without intimating that I had been there, I drew him on to talk of it. He said, among other things, that had the whites not furnished the Sioux with ammunition, and helped them to cross the river, and otherwise encouraged them, the Chippewas would have killed and scalped every Sioux in that village, instead of being defeated—that they went there with that intention, and were strong enough to have carried out their plan. But, when they saw what the whites were doing they at last became disheartened and were compelled to retreat. He told me how the battle was begun: He said they had reached the valley early in the morning; they had gone down through a ravine, gained the tall grass and crept, undiscovered to the very river bank (intending to swim over to the Sioux side before being detected.) When they reached the shore, however, they came upon a very old Sioux who was sitting behind a bunch of willows, fishing. Of course, that part of their line that came upon the old fellow, had to kill him immediately. Although a very aged Indian, he proved to be quite gamey, and had evidently "been there" many a time before in his long life. He made such a to-do before they could get him killed and scalped—they did not try to shoot him, as that would have been heard—that the alarm was given, and that frustrated their getting over the river. Instead, the Sioux came running, and began crossing above and below them, and not wishing to become outflanked, they withdrew far back into the park and took position behind the trees and other "blinds," and there awaited the advance of the Sioux, with the result already narrated.

After I had gathered these particulars, in substance, I then told him that I was there myself right after the battle—and that settled me, with him. He scowled blackly upon me, and said the best thing I could do would be to get out of his country.

## A FEW MOCCASIN TRACKS.

I SAW Other Day, when he arrived at the settlements with the sixty-four men, women and children he had saved from death in its most horrid forms, by his faithful friendship and almost unparalleled bravery and wise ingenuity. I had known him personally several years before. He was a sub-chief, but of an extremely mild, retiring disposition—for an Indian. I was not as well acquainted with him as with the other more prominent characters, but I noted his peculiarly kind face and benignant qualities the first time I met him. Our winter headquarters being located right in the heart of the Big Woods, in the river valley, and right on the great river-trail, gave exceptional opportunities for meeting and knowing the scores of the big Sioux chiefs and braves, as well as hundreds of the "common herd." This, too, in connection with our navigating the river summer after summer, through the whole extent of the Minnesota division of the Sioux nation gave them an intimate acquaintance with the "Four Brothers." Little Crow, the leader of the dreadful massacre of '62, had been, during the previous ten years, the guest of my brothers scores of times. I can, myself, see him in my mind's eye, just as distinctly, and in every trifling detail, now, as when he would gravely, and with much dignity, draw up to the frontier, but ever hospitable board of my three elder brothers. But, the history of our now proud and well-populated state has embalmed Little Crow, and "all the rest of them," in its pages. I am not writing history, save in-so-far as the few little "pick-up" scraps of these narratives may be styled "history." Again reverting to Other Day, I deem him worthy of whatever honor may be possible to confer by a lasting monument to his memory—for he, though an untutored savage, performed a deed of love and mercy great enough to save even the soul of a white man. He was one Indian who must figure in history as one who was a "good Indian," without the necessity of killing him to make him so.

MRS. WAKEFIELD, who was a captive among the Sioux, I also knew well. She was a beautiful woman, and her husband, Dr. Wakefield, was an eminent physician to the Indians, and a lordly fellow. Mrs. Wakefield stands unique, as the only lady who ever enjoyed Indian captivity—aside from some of the hor-

rible scenes she witnessed among her fellow captives who were many thousand times less fortunate than she. A chief who knew the Doctor, claimed her, and for the most part she was treated with respect, and shielded from the murdering, ravishing rabble. In their wanderings, she saw much to interest her, and she gathered material for a book which she published, following her ransom, at the time when many captives were given up to Sibley.

ONCE upon a time, when our boat was lying at the trading-post of Traverse des Sioux, unloading Indian goods for the traders, I (being then too much of a tender-foot, as yet, to really enjoy the hot, dirty river-water as a steady drink) took a bucket and started up the river to a spring I had heard of, as being located only a short way up. I would here state that all about the rolling prairie, surrounding the big buildings of the traders, was by far the greatest encampment of wild Indians I ever saw before or since. Aside from the valley division of the tribe, there seemed to be several thousand of the wild warriors of the far Dakotahs there to meet in a friendly visit their people of the south-eastern extremity of the Sioux nation, to trade their accumulated furs to the traders in exchange for gaudy fabrics, beads, brass ornaments and tobacco, as well as for as much whisky as they could possibly get at any price. Their hundreds and hundreds of lodges were located all about, with a picturesque harmony of wild disorder that was almost bewilderingly fascinating. Add to this, the flitting figures of a thousand proudly and flashingly bedecked warriors, with their glittering tomahawks, war-clubs, knives, and gorgeous necklaces of teeth, shells or bear-claws, eagle feathers in their midnight hair and sweeping anklets of skunk-skins; the fat little brown children, ornamented in mimicry of their great ones, the beavies of coy and pretty maidens grouped all about, their bright, laughing black eyes looking out from the enveloping blankets of every bright hue, with fringed leggings to match, and gorgeously ornamented moccasins encasing their dainty feet; the tiny little thread of smoke mounting straight upward from the browned peaks of a thousand lodges, to be lost in the blue depths of a Minnesota sky; the green-rolling prairie, with groups of grazing ponies far and near; the wild fun of the game of Indian ball by day, and the great pow-wows and wild dances at night—the low, weird crooning of the Indian mothers after the excite-

ments were all over for the day—all left an impression upon the civilized mind which was hard to analyze. In fact, this spectacular and wild vision, amid Nature's unmarred settings, left an impression upon my mind when waking from the following night's sleep, that I had been dreaming, and wandering in my dreams through some enchanted land, filled with sights and sounds not possible to the real world I knew. . . . Arriving at the spring, I found it bubbling up through the golden sand at its bottom very much like my mother's corn-meal mush-pot in the dear old home so far away; I stood with a fixed, unwinking gaze upon the crystal water and the rising and falling sand—my admiration present but my mind far astray—when I heard the lightest of steps behind me in the path. Turning quickly, two young Indian women confronted me, each with a bucket in her hand. With one comprehensive glance I took in their whole appearance, dress and all. Indeed, it was only necessary to contemplate one to include both. Save that one seemed a trifle the younger, they might have been taken for twins, so closely did they resemble each other, both in feature and form; and, the likeness was made more striking, because both were beautifully dressed (that is, in full and true Indian fashion) and both dressed exactly alike. In only a few instances, comparatively speaking, have I ever seen really beautiful women among any of the Indian tribes. Many young women among the Sioux, Chippewa, Winnebago, Mandan, and one or two other tribes, have I seen who were cleanly, bright and pretty, but not a large number who were beautiful—possibly excepting the Pueblos of the southwest; but, the wilder the tribe (the less associated with the white race, that is, as tribes,) the greater the per centum of beauty among the women, or the men either, for that matter. The two maidens I met at the spring, however, I justly place among the most beautiful types I have ever seen—a partial explanation, at least, of their marvelous beauty will be explained presently. I will first describe their dress, as nearly as I can recall it. As before stated, they were dressed alike. A green blanket; a loose, green, pleated bodice or blouse; a short, green skirt, with a corn-colored tri-sectional stripe near the bottom; green, neatly-fitting leggings, with a rich fringe running from the ankle up to the knee, of the same color as the stripe on the skirt, and similar-colored fresh moccasins on their feet, beau-

tifully ornamented with porcupine quills in harmonious colors. About the neck, and falling in graceful half-circles over the bodice, were three strings of graduated light-colored beads, resembling pearls, somewhat. In the lobes of their ears they wore little rivets of real gold, and their hair was combed up into a slight puff over and around the forehead, and then swept back in a mass of glossy blackness into a long single braid that hung below the waist, and ornamented at the tip by a tiny silver bell. Their complexion was slightly lighter than that of most of the others of their age, their cheeks bearing a little tinge of natural pink, while their lips and teeth would have been the envy of all, in any salon of feminine loveliness. The nose was in perfect harmony, while the lustrous Indian eyes and brows were enough to set one raving into a love sonnet. As soon as I could find my tongue, I asked them, largely by motion, with one or two little Indian words I knew, but which had no kind of application to the case, if I could fill their buckets for them. They burst out into such a silvery peal of laughter (at my willing but ill-expressed politeness) that I thought its sweetness must have come from the little silver bells at their hairs' ends. With what I thought a very becoming recovery of good manners for a couple of wild young Indian maidens, one of them said, with the prettiest smile, "No, thank you, we shall not impose upon your kindness; we can easily do it ourselves." This, in the most perfect and polite English! A small child, with a very small feather, could have knocked me down, very fatally, at any time within the next minute. Upon filling their buckets, and as they started up the trail toward the great camp, the other one turned and asked if I was not a brother to the "three brothers." I said I was, when she said, "I think you resemble Chah-hoh-mina very much." Before I could revive from my dream of astonishment, they had passed out of sight among the lodges of the assembled savages. The boat being unloaded, we started at once on our return trip down river, and it was not until far away that I had a chance to tell my brothers of my adventure. They were deeply sorry that they did not know of the girls' presence in the camp. They knew the young ladies well, having boarded all one winter with Mr. and Mrs. Robinson while the young ladies were at home. Then they told me about these lovely beings; briefly stated, this was their history: Mr.

Robinson, who was the first Indian agent to the lower Sioux, a number of years before, had taken two pretty little Indian girls, sisters, and sent them east, where they were reared and educated in the most refined manner. They grew into extremely beautiful and, withal, loveable girls—were accomplished in music and all the other attainments that give the finishing touches to highly educated young ladies. Then they came west to their kind patrons whom they really loved as parents—knowing no other. After a time of seeming contentment, their wild blood took fire, they doffed the conventional habit and life of the pale-faces, donned the blanket of their race, and I am, so far as we ever knew, the last white man who ever saw them—and I was a boy.

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#### SOME INDIAN PECULIARITIES.

OF course, every one knows how fond all Indians are of ornaments of every kind, in their wild, proud state, in particular. They care absolutely nothing about the intrinsic value of any ornament; if it will flash or shine, show up gaudily and variedly, that is all they desire. A tin star or disc is the same as if they were of solid silver; a brass wristlet or anklet serves every purpose that gold ones could—as long as they can be made to *shine*. Small looking-glasses, that have a ring or handle so they may be suspended from the neck along with other individual Indian bric-a-brac, are greatly esteemed. Of course, a mirror is not an ornament alone; it is a great improvement over a pool of clear water, when they come to the work of painting their faces with highly-colored pigments—I have seen Indian faces that presented absolute pictures of art. Talk about your frescoes of antiquity! They cannot class up, on the same day, with a broad-faced Indian warrior, on any day when he feels like painting, and has a looking-glass and plenty of kinds of highly-colored “daub” on hand. The women—particularly the young squaws—also have a great penchant for ornaments, although their most powerful weakness is for gaudy fabrics and showy “jewels;” how feminine, to-be-sure! a pair of brass ear-rings, worth three cents at retail, for her, and a ten-dollar pearl broach for her white sister and, at that point, they are solidly akin. During the Sioux massacre, every frontier home that was pillaged, the clock, or clocks,

were invariably taken to pieces, and all the wheels, and other "works," removed, taken apart and used as personal ornaments. One old lady at whose house I took dinner, three or four miles west of Hutchinson, and who had returned after the trouble had blown over, was describing to me the pranks they perpetrated in her house during her absence. Of course, her dear old clock had shared the common fate of all frontier time-pieces. The Indians had also carried off every small article out of which they could possibly make an ornament, and the balance of the furniture they had for the most part broken up, or hacked with their tomahawks until they were beyond recognition—though, for some reason the house itself was not burned. She said the oddest thing they did, was this: There stood in the pantry a barrel about half filled with flour; down cellar there was a barrel also about half-full of soft-soap. They had gone down cellar and, with no end of lifting and trouble had brought the soap up, and then poured it into the flour-barrel on top of the flour. She supposed they must have thought this a prodigiously clever joke on the cook. . . . The Sioux canoes were made from a log, and the tender-foot, until he "got the hang of it," would be on top only about half the time. On the other hand, in a moderately good-sized one, a squaw could take her Indian lord—who would help paddle whenever he felt like it—her household gods, three or four papposes and as many dogs, and go safely, over fair water and foul. The Chippewas and Winnebagoes used birch-bark canoes—beautifully modeled and ingeniously constructed. I served my time in both, and was finally an expert in either. In a stream I much prefer the log canoe; but in a lake, among the waves, the birch-bark is by far the safer, and, with an expert at the rear paddle, it is almost beyond belief, what a sea they will ride, even when heavily laden. I, with two others—my brother and Judge Preston—once crossed Big Sandy Lake, the canoe well loaded down, in a sea that would have very promptly swamped any log canoe, or row-boat, either. My brother, being many times stronger than myself, took the rear paddle, and I the bows-paddle, while the Judge (bless his old body) was simply made to snuggle down among "the rest of the dunnage" amidship, for ballast, and commanded to "be real good," and "to stop his blubbing." Upon reaching the other shore, it was considered, by all three, almost a miracle that we



ever did reach it, anyway. The Mandan and Gros Ventres Indians, out in the upper Missouri River basin, used on the turbulent and dangerous waters of that treacherous river, in those days, what they called bull-boats. These were simply bullock or buffalo hides tightly stretched over a series of strong hoops. In form they resembled a large tub. In them an Indian family and outfit, always including the dogs, of course, would go whirling away on the angry, muddy waters of the meanest river on earth. I never feared to embark in almost any sort of vessel, on almost any sort of water; but it is a part of my religion to draw the line just this side of a bull-boat on the upper Missouri. But this matter of Indian canoes is one of necessity, and not one of taste. The Winnebagoes, in the region they occupied in those early days, could obtain suitable birch bark out of which to make canoes, and also the Chippewas; the Sioux did not have enough of the right kind of bark, but had plenty of the right kind of trees (chiefly linden, or basswood) out of which they made beautiful canoes; the Missouri River Indians, possessing neither bark nor trees, had to fall back on bull-hide, which they had in unlimited supply, wandering all over the plains about them. Our steamboat came down the Minnesota River one trip, when we met four hundred birch-bark canoes in a body, strung along for ten or fifteen miles. They contained the whole of what remained of the Winnebago tribe, on their way to the new reservation home assigned them by the government, situated south of Mankato. It was not possible for us to lay up to the shore and await the passage of this mass of canoes and aboriginal humanity, as that wouldn't have been business, according to boatmen's ideas in those days—it would have meant the loss of a whole day's time. So, down the narrow, snaggy and tortuous river we went. It was a sight, the like of which but few, if any, ever witnessed. There were miles of the river almost jammed with the canoes, and, not being aware of the approach of the great "fire-canoe" until we almost came upon them around the short bends, such a yelling, such a bewildered confusion and scramble for the shores, and such a capsizing of canoes, and brandishing of war-clubs in the direction of the steamboat as it swept down among them, was a sight more wild than can be well imagined. There was no especial danger of drowning any of them, as long as the wheels did not actually strike them (and

the pilot favored them as much as possible in this regard), for it would have been as easy to drown a cork duck as one of them, young or old. But I dare say it is now a legend among the few remaining Winnebagoes, wherever they now are, of the time, away back in the dim moons of the past, when their tribe met the "big smoke-boat" in the narrow, crooked river.

#### A BARREL BOAT.

DID you ever kick yourself "clear across the river?" I have, a score of times. One summer my brothers had the contract for getting out all the piling, and other lower timber-work for the first St. Paul bridge—the original wooden bridge crossing from Wabasha street. They got out the timber at their place, on the Minnesota river in the heart of the Big Woods, and rafted it to St. Paul, which was attended with extreme difficulty and great risk, owing to the masses of snags with which the river was beset in those days, before such a thing as river improvement had ever been heard of. [If I don't forget it, I'll tell you "a little story" pretty soon, about the trials encountered in getting these rafts down the river.] But, about the "barrel boat." That summer, as usual, my part in the general operations was that of "handy boy." My duties were so numerous, and my work made up of such intricate units, that I fancied that the contract in hand, or any other work, either on or off the river, could not have gone on to a proud conclusion, had I not always been present with my three big brothers, winter and summer, afloat or afield, to give them the benefit of my wise counsels and grave opinions—which were always on tap, for them to draw from. Among the minor duties in my list, was that of "going after things" in the line of supplies for the "timber getters," and they had prodigious appetites, too,—they all were chronically afflicted with what was at that time called a "Minnesota appetite." (I would give a dollar and a quarter for one of those same appetites, now.) There was an Irish family who had settled away over in the valley across the river, named Daugherty. They had two or three cows and some chickens, and could sell us some butter and eggs a couple of times a week. That season there were no Indians or canoes at hand, and so, I improvised a boat with which to cross the river and bring over the products aforesaid. I took an empty flour-

barrel, tied a cord around the upper end, leaving a loop which I could hold in my teeth. Then, putting in some dry brush to hold my clothes and cargo up out of the water (for, the barrel would leak about one-fourth full, or more, during each voyage), I would unstrip, pile my clothes and vessels into the barrel on top of the dry twigs, stand the barrel on its end, place one hand on each side of the bottom, take the loop in my teeth, settle down into the water, and then "kick for the (other) shore." After a few trips of practice I became an expert at that class of navigation, and could keep the barrel balanced, and myself, too, and the cargo was always safely landed, although there were several narrow 'scapes, among the swirling eddies and contending currents—and that is the way I "kicked myself clear across the river," and back again, for that matter.

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#### ONE NIGHT ON A RAFT.

I PROMISED to mention something concerning a raft-experience, simply by way of an illustration of the early-day roughing it, along that line of our river work which was sometimes engaged in by my brothers. It was on one of the very last rafts of the season, and of the contract to be filled. The weather was rapidly becoming colder, and all haste was made to get the timber delivered at St. Paul ere the river closed. I was one of the crew on one of the last rafts, and, the river having become quite low, the labor of working it down through the endless number of snaggy bends until the rapids had been reached and passed, was great; progress was slow and great skill was required, to prevent the rafts from being torn asunder on the snags and much of the timber being lost. On my raft there was a crew of six or eight men and a boy (I was the boy), and after a hard struggle for it we at last passed the rapids safely without loss, and from the rapids down, the river was much less difficult, though the current was very sluggish and progress exasperatingly slow. Of course, in that sort of rafting and in those days, very little attention was paid to the matter of comfort; a batch of bread, some salt pork and tea composed the regular menu, and probably there was a blanket or two in the gang, and probably there wasn't. This careless way of starting on the trip might be well enough during warm days and nights, but did not prove very practical late in

the autumn, right in the teeth of an early-day Minnesota winter. No shelter could be provided on that sort of a raft in that kind of a river. We had suffered considerably with cold from the start, but being compelled to exert every muscle, every moment, till the rapids were passed, we could keep from becoming benumbed altogether. Once below, however, less activity was forced upon us, and beside, the cold wind became still more icy. About the middle of the afternoon, a drizzling rain set in, which gradually grew worse, and as a pitch-dark night approached it began to freeze into solid ice as fast as it fell—and it continued to come down all night. By dark, the round timber composing the raft had become veritable logs of ice, and to stand up on them, or even to crawl over them was next to impossible. Just before it became pitch-dark, we "bagged down" into a bend in the river, and succeeded in getting a line out and made fast to a big tree. Then, as we abandoned the icy raft and clambered up onto the sparsely-timbered shore, the blackest, most "perishing," wettest and iciest night—when taken in combination—that I ever saw, settled over all. Before this time, our outer clothing had become stiff as a board, our under garments soaking wet to the skin, and our teeth rattled like castanets. Add to this the fact that the few matches in possession of the crew were also soaked, and a slight conception of our predicament may be had; although, it might not have improved matters any, even had a dry match been found—as the place afforded but little, if any, material out of which a fire could have been started even under favorable circumstances. Everything had been thoroughly saturated, and then sealed over with rock-ice, which thickened and thickened hour by hour. It was proposed by some that we try to "get somewhere," despite the fact that it was too dark to see one's hand when held close to the face, and the further fact that we were so cold and our clothes frozen so stiff that we could scarcely walk, even were the footing good. There were no settlers anywhere within reach, that we knew of; the village of Carver was probably two or three miles below; but those miles were largely composed of bottomless morasses, around which it would require daylight to find one's way. The only alternative was finally adopted—that of remaining at the spot where we landed and, by exercising the little we could, strive to keep alive until daybreak, when we could see our way

down through the bottoms, to Carver. What we all suffered during that seemingly endless night, beggars description. It was not the, comparatively, comfortable feeling of freezing when dry, and by frost. Instead of freezing it was the suffering, infinitely more terrible, incident to "perishing," if I may use this term to convey a distinction between the two. We must have been purple; the awful icy chill left the flesh sore and benumbed, the muscles knotted with cramps, the jaws drawn and ghastly-feeling, and the bones and joints as if they were breaking into bits. Once in the army I passed a winter's night that was nearly similar; it barely lacked some of the more poignant points of suffering, but made it all up in sufferings for long months—I may say a lifetime—afterward. During this raft-night I understood what I had heard old ladies, in my still younger boyhood, call "rack-a-bone" pains; though, had the dear old people been with me, for only a few minutes, on that dreadful night, I could have given them an example of the real thing, in the line of "rack-a-bones," beside seven or eight other kinds of suffering, in combination. This one night, for acute, intolerable and comprehensive suffering, I have always stood at the head of all my experiences—and that is saying a good deal. We did all that mortal men (and a boy) could do throughout that night to keep a feeble spark of life within us, though at times it seemed as if no power of ours could keep it from being snatched away by the teeth of the screaming, ice-laden blasts, that howled and gnawed at our helpless bodies, incessantly, all the night through. After a seeming lifetime, we had just enough intelligence remaining to discern the late dawn following a black night, and to begin our staggering, falling, creeping and icy way down through the glaring slough bottoms toward the little village. To our saving, the distance proved but little over half as great as we feared; and, after a struggle buoyed up by a never-dying hope, we at last crept, nearly together, into the single street of the village. We, and our condition, were quickly discovered, and with that big-hearted generosity ever found on the frontier, our sore distress was alleviated by every act of kindness and provision possible. In a couple of days we had so far rallied, as to be able to return to the raft; meantime, the weather had cleared as well as moderated somewhat, and we passed down the slow, patience-trying current to St. Paul—entering the Mississippi at Ft. Snelling—without any further mishap.

Before finally dismissing these rafting episodes, I will mention one other which I remember, particularly, although of a different nature from the preceding one. I have already referred to the slow, sluggish current of the river, from the rapids to its intersection with the larger river at Ft. Snelling—especially at a low stage of water. Anywhere, between Shakopee and the Fort, if the prevailing winds happened to blow up the valley, it would, in some stretches of the river, either bring the progress of the raft down to a "snail's gallop," or hold it dead at times, while, sometimes, if the wind was heavy and persistent, the raft would actually creep back up the river again, and had to be "snubbed" in order to hold what had been gained, until the wind subsided. This will explain the cause of the "episode." There was not a ranch at that time, that I can remember, anywhere within reach along that whole stretch of river, particularly of the lower half. Four of us had been sent down with a raft, and when about half way we began encountering up-winds. While these winds had often troubled us slightly they had never been more than a temporary hinderance to slow but steady progress. This particular trip, however, proved an aggravated exception. Day after day, we either scarcely moved at all, and much of the time lay at the shore. Sometimes at night the wind would subside, sufficiently at least, to permit us to go forward a mile, or possibly five or six miles; then with sunrise, up would come the wind again—and so it went for days together. Although we began the voyage with an ample supply for any probable needs, this sort of navigation made sad havoc in our larder. Had we dreamed it possible to have met such persistent ill-winds, we could have economized our stores; but, thinking every day that the wind would change by the next, we ate, drank and were merry, until we suddenly came to the bottom of our larder—all the sooner by reason of a riverman's enormous appetite. The situation dawned upon our minds at about the same time, and we silently looked at each other and mentally inquired, each of the other, "Suppose these head-winds would last a week longer?"—and that is just what they did do, and more than a week. With the great, hearty appetites we possessed, which could scarcely be kept under control by eating most of the time, the outlook was truly alarming—more, the thought of our pet appetite being actually and suddenly denied full sway,

or any sway at all, fairly stupefied us; our darling, idolized appetite! The contemplation of such a prince among disasters almost made us sick. We were quickly minus every last thing, excepting a dozen small smoked herrings—"blind robins" as we then called them, and which were a chief staple in all frontier stores and trading-posts, large or small—and which, if eaten, fins, heads, tails, skin and all, would make about one and a half bites each. These we divided equally, each putting his three little "robins" into his pants-pocket, and which he was privileged to gobble down at one fell stroke, or to piece out on as long as possible, as he thought best. The starvation proposition was rather a novelty to all of us, and for the first day or so, we were rather inclined to treat the matter as a huge—a very huge—joke. We laughed at one another, as each would detect a companion taking up his belt a hole or two, occasionally, and tasting his "robin." The real foundation for this hilarity, however, was an inward belief that the wind must very soon shift—and then we could "get somewhere"—or that relief would, in some form or other, come to us from below, or some place else. The sensations of those who are suddenly deprived of food after pandering to an appetite to the verge of gluttony, are infinitely more distressing than if they first, for a time, came down to half, then to quarter, and then to no rations at all. The second day came and passed; the herrings had disappeared early in the fight; our hilarity had subsided; we had been eating the sourest of wild grapes all day, and washing them down with copious draughts of river water. At night we gained a few miles, and during the day lay to the shore to keep from going back. The third morning, we discovered a small woodchuck come out of its hole near shore; with stealthy maneuverings we cut off his retreat and killed it with clubs; this, roasted only half done, served little more than to whet our appetites; our tongues and lips were "raw" from the terribly sour acid of the grapes, and, altogether we were in a very sorry plight throughout that third day of fasting, and the following night. Meantime, my eldest brother, Capt. Aaron Russell, was in St. Paul awaiting our arrival. He waited day after day, and still we came not. Finally, the matter of the prevailing wind came to his mind, and he at once divined the cause of the unprecedented delay. He knew the sluggish character of the lower Minnesota

River, and as there had been a slight rise in the Mississippi, the current in the former would necessarily become still weaker. He at once procured an Indian canoe and the Indian to assist him in paddling, loaded the canoe nearly to the water's edge with provisions, and set out for up-river. They paddled all day and all the following night, and about mid-day on the fourth day of our agonizing "stomach trouble," they hove in sight of the raft. No white man ever looked more like an angel of mercy than he did to we four, and even the Indian seemed to wear an angelic expression on his swarthy features. We were in really a very sad condition. Four days and nights, nearly all the time on duty, with nothing to eat, had shrunk us up beyond belief, and my brother said he could scarcely recognize us. Being a masterful man, of good sense, he took charge of the commissary department, and, for the first twenty-four hours issued us our rations to his own satisfaction, but *not to our* satisfaction—by a large majority.

#### A SNAKE, AND A BEAR STORY.

WHEN this upper country was first settled, I was told by the Indians that rattlesnakes were never seen farther north than Barn Bluff, at Red Wing. I believe this to be a fact, because, I never saw nor heard of one in all the vast region north and west of that point, for a number of years after I came to this, then, frontier. Later, however, they began following the settlements, to the northward and westward, until, in these later years, I do not know where they end—unless it be away west and north so far that they cannot find any more white folk to bite, or keep them company. But this reference to rattlesnakes is only incidental. What I was going to tell about, was bull-snakes; or, as many called them, prairie-snakes. In those early days there were oodles of them all over the upper and western country. They grew to an immense size, and I have, in those days, seen hundreds of them that were from six to eight or possibly nine feet in length. I had often heard of them being seen, which were still larger—one, as being captured in the Cannon River valley, which was fifteen feet in length, or thereabout. But, this latter report I had considered the product of a very able-bodied imagination, aided, in all probability, by an overdose of frontier "fire-water." Because, I fancied that I had run across about as many and as



large bull-snakes as anybody. I remember one instance, in particular, when I saw enough of them to fill the bull-snake part of the program in a life-time. A settler in the valley had cleared up some four or five acres of thick brush-land, bordering on an extensive prairie district. The brush-heaps were large and nearly as thick as they could stand, all over the clearing. These heaps had stood from mid-summer through until late the next spring, had settled down compactly and become dry as tinder. In the spring, I went with him to fire the heaps. We each took a torch, one running along one side and end of the plat and the other in the opposite direction. All we had to do was to touch each heap with our torch, and when we had fired all the outside ones, nearly all the scores of inner heaps were ignited by the ones we had fired, one after another in succession. It soon became a veritable "hot time" all about that precinct. We climbed up on the sloping body of a partially fallen tree, on the windward side, to enjoy the fiery view—and we did; and soon saw something, too, which was not on our program, and I am quite sure, also, that such an "attraction" was never on any other program since history began. As the heat of each burning pile quickly neared the base, monster bull-snakes began to fairly leap from beneath them, and glide away in every direction to escape the fire and the intolerable heat. We beheld the wonderful scene in open-mouthed and open-eyed amazement. A strange thing was, that all were of one kind and seemed of almost exactly the same size, and they were big fellows, too,—nearly as large as the largest I had ever seen, excepting one, to be referred to presently. There seemed to be about the same number under every heap, and all the bull-snakes in that whole region of country seemed to have, by common consent, moved into that clearing the fall before and made their winter-quarters underneath these brush-heaps, and we must have caught them just on the eve of their spring dispersion to the prairies again. It was not fifteen minutes after we had gained our high perch until the place, as far as we could discern through the clearing, was one frantically-gliding, leaping, writhing mass of monster serpents. Their agony and confusion was so great that in trying, in every direction, to find an avenue of escape, they would rush headlong and by the score right into the burning piles, only to fling themselves out again in coiling, leaping, horrifying

death struggles. The scene was one of such horrible extent and suffering as to arouse one's absolute pity—for a bull-snake is as harmless as an angleworm, and if there is such a thing as a pretty snake, they are the most beautiful serpent that crawls. Soon, the spectacle became so horrible, and the stench of burning snake-flesh so sickening that we fled from the terrible scene in terrified and nauseated dismay—and, as for myself, I never afterward saw the spot. . . . However, this was not the "snake story" I sat out to tell, at all—though it is a pretty good one, as I think my kind reader will concede. We were coming up the river with a large and heavily-laden barge, propelled by twelve stalwart French "polers," six on a side. We had—which was unusual—been clear to St. Paul with the barge, for a cargo, this trip. I, myself, was at the helm. As we were running gaily along past a section of the country which, on the north side, was called Eden Prairie—now, note the startling coincidence to follow—I saw some distance ahead, a big object swimming the river, coming from the "Eden" side of the river. At first, I thought little of it, as we often saw animals crossing, above or below us; but this seemed a trifle out of the ordinary, as the "wake" it made was long, and seemed an undulating, graceful one, and the object seemed in no hurry, whatever it was. I called the attention of the wild, dare-devil crew to the object (how "wild and dare-devil" they were will be better illustrated in the little "bear story" to follow), and with a yell they bent to their long, glistening shoulder-poles, and steered straight for the object. The heavy barge surged through the water with a swish under the greatly added exertions of the men. I soon saw, unbelievable as it seemed, that it was a gigantic serpent, which, aside from its wonderful length, seemed as big around the body (in the middle) as the leg of a large man—and it proved that this estimate was but little exaggerated. As we approached it, and the boat's speed was slowed down, it seemed to have halted, and, with its head erect, it gazed at the approaching boat and excited men on the forward deck with seeming curiosity. Some of the men ran their poles underneath it, raising a section of it above the water, while others, lying flat on their stomachs, reached down and got hold of it with their hands, and with a yell, and a "haul all together," it was brought up onto the deck. This was about double the size—considering length

and thickness together—of anything in the snake line ever before seen by any of that crew—as nearly as it could be measured, it was found to be a few inches over twelve feet in length, and soon proved itself to be of the female “persuasion.” It seemed not to be alarmed, and as we all stood about in wonderment—the Frenchmen flinging “*parle-voo francais*” at it till it ought to have been ashamed of itself—a thing happened, which I had heard of, but did not believe. The big serpent gave itself a sort of convulsive squirm, threw open her monster jaws, and held them open until, one after another, a dozen or more of her young came racing out onto the deck, and scattering all hands, in bewildering astonishment to high-up perches on the freight-piles. They were all very respectably-sized, every-day snakes, themselves—being all of one size, and over a foot in length. They frolicked about all over the deck, as if glad to get *out* for a play-spell. Meantime, the big, scaly old mother looked on admiringly, as much as to say, “Well, gentlemen, what do you think of that for a real nice family?” If she could have understood the Canadian French tongue when “spoke” by men who had probably never heard of a Sundry-school, she would unquestionably have been shocked—being fresh from “Eden” (Prairie.) After the “little folk” had played about the deck for ten minutes, another funny thing happened, which plunged the French part of the crew into a superstitious uproar. The big snake raised her head about six inches from the deck, threw wide her mouth, gave a weird, penetrating, squeaking call, when every one of the young snakes flashed into line, and in less than three seconds, from her call, as I remember it, the last one had disappeared down her throat again; she closed her mouth and looked “pleasantly” about, as though she would remark, “I thank you kindly, gentlemen, for your very appreciative attention; the performance is now *closed*”—and it had; for, the crew indignantly came down upon her, and pitched the whole menagerie into the river, when “the biggest serpent on earth,” as the showmen would say, leisurely continued her voyage, with her lively and promising cargo.

From first to last, this particular trip was well-filled with little adventures and odd happenings. We had not gone more than a mile or so after leaving the upper levee at St. Paul, when the first funny thing occurred. The barge was gliding along, al-

most rubbing the mossy shore at the foot of a pine-covered, rocky cliff; the pretty little beach, between the water and the foot of the cliff was only a rod or so in width at the point where the thing happened. The crew were fresh and jolly after their three days of city life in St. Paul—before Minneapolis had yet been thought of—and were ready for the long, hard "voyage" before them, as well as for all the fun and adventure there was in it. Suddenly, our attention was called to a whining and scrabbling, up at the top of the nearly perpendicular cliff, where we beheld a bear hanging on to the edge as if for dear life. We stopped the boat against the beach and watched to see the outcome. The crew were all eyes and hilarity. At last his bearship—he proved a little over half-grown, and a fighter from away *up*—lost all holds and came rolling, tumbling and snarling down the declivity, landing in a momentarily dazed condition, close to the boat. He had no more than struck the earth until he was covered with as many of the crew as could find a hold on him, all determined to have a pet-bear on the long trip. The greatest picnic ever seen anywhere in those parts was inaugurated then and there. The fight was stubbornly maintained on both sides, and as often as one man was scratched or chewed a little too much, he would fall out and another would reach in and take his place. At last bruin had to succumb to a preponderance of muscle and he was lugged aboard and very thoughtlessly dumped bodily into the little cabin at the stern, and the door closed on him. Talk, though, about a bull in a china-shop! That wouldn't have been a circumstance compared to that bear in that cabin. Pots, pans, crockery, dishes, stove-lids—everything that wasn't spiked down—played a merry tune as that bear charged back and forth. Soon he commenced to tear out the side of the cabin itself. Then the captain ordered the men to charge him again, and tie him with ropes out on the forward deck, which, after another royal battle, they succeeded in accomplishing. He continued to make things lively, however, and by the time we reached Ft. Snelling the crew concluded they didn't need a pet bear, in their business, and so they worked him off on the soldiers, for five dollars, with part of which they would have been glad to buy some salves and lotions for their bites and scratches, had there been a drug-store at hand. When we pulled away, the soldiers were having their "inning" with that bear.

## A FEW CLOSING ITEMS.

NOT all the foregoing have been strictly "Trail Echoes,"—some of them only incident thereto. Still, I dare hope that all will have proven of readable interest. I conclude this department with a few brief, random items:

The first sermon I ever listened to in the Territory was at the village of Henderson. The preacher used as his pulpit the roof of a very low log hut, that was "shingled" with bark. The congregation—seated all about on stumps, logs, and on top of two or three flatboats lying at the shore—was composed of tough, red-shirted boatmen, frontiersmen, adventurers and Indians—but no women, save squaws. The whites gave the preacher as respectful a hearing as could have been expected; the Indians viewed the scene wonderingly, but did not seem able to exactly "make it out."

The first white funeral, to my own knowledge, in the valley, above Shakopee—and which occurred in our own neighborhood in the Big Woods—was that of a venerable old lady named Ward; she was the mother of my own brother-in-law, Marion Ward, and also of James and Billy Ward. She and her very aged husband had accompanied these three sons and their families to that wild region, from Pennsylvania, in '53, and the old lady succumbed to the weight of years a couple of years later. Her eldest son, being a carpenter, made as much of a coffin as possible out of the three or four boards in the settlement, while the daughters-in-law did what they could to "dress the dead for the grave." The remains were conveyed on a home-made sled, drawn by a yoke of oxen, to a spot in the woods a mile and a half away, on the claim of her son-in-law and daughter, Mr. and Mrs. Jacob Brinker. There being no clergyman procurable, she was laid to rest in the wild wilderness, in the first grave ever dug in the Big Woods to receive the remains of a white person, with the prayers and tears of her children as the burial service.

I, myself, came within a breath of becoming the subject for the second burial. Probably I suffered the severest and longest siege of pleurisy ever endured by any one, who finally recovered. I think the delicate, shivering scale at last turned to the life side, by reason of the tender care during many, many days in the long

weary weeks, of one of the dearest old ladies who ever blessed the world—Mrs. Robert R. Young, mother of the present Dr. Thomas M. Young, of Seattle, and a number of other children who have become more or less distinguished. Mrs. Young, wore a bright green dress, strewn over with pretty rosebuds, and to my enfeebled fancy, that dress was the prettiest thing I ever saw—it was a veritable conservatory of beauty, in my eyes, during the weeks I lay on the crumbly edge of the grave—during those cold, frozen and dreary months of late winter, and I believe had a most salutary effect upon me, as I feebly gazed upon it by the hour. I can never forget it, nor would I. My terrible illness was caused by hauling wood with an ox team out of the woods to the bank of the river, through the wet, slush-snow a foot or more in depth, with nothing but thin Indian moccasins, and a thin pair of socks on my feet. My feet and legs were soaking in snow-water all day, and at night would be almost black and without feeling. In these days, this kind of treatment of one's self would be considered an excellent warrant for "getting sick;" but, in those times, all kinds of exposure were rather a necessity, and nothing was thought of any of them, as long as one could stand it—and without a mother to guard one against such things as the particular one in question. It would not be right, once I have begun it, to close this "sick spell" without an acknowledgement of the kindness of my good friend, and winter chum, Billy Ward—the little hunter. After I had fairly "started up the hill" toward recovery, Billy and I both agreed that everybody—with good intentions, but with moss-grown ideas of what was proper in the case of one who had been, and still was, so low—was trying to starve me to death, in obedience to the mandate of the little backwoods French doctor. I was the star "living skeleton," not only then, but for three months after I had gotten around again. So, Billy fixed up a deeply laid scheme which, with the aid of his skeleton chum, outwitted the the whole of them. He told them that the hunting was rather poor at that season, and so he would act as my night-nurse until I was out of danger, and longer. The kind offer was gladly accepted, and Billy was duly installed. He waited until every one was abed and asleep, when he sat down at my side and whispered: "This here starvation gruel nonsense kin go on day-times, but night-times, me an' you is boss, as near

as I c'n kalkilate." Thereupon, he took out from underneath his hunting-shirt a liberal hunk of elegantly jerked (dried) venison, and with his razor-edged hunting-knife he shaved the luscious, tender meat so very thin that one could have almost read through it. "This here is the ham of a fat little young fawn I got early in the fall, an' I jerked it particular; didn't know but what somebody might need it ter git well on." He gave me two or three little messes of those delicate shavings during the night, and so on every night until I grew strong enough to be accorded solid food by the others. From the first mouthful of those nocturnal feasts, vigor and life fairly jumped into my emaciated frame, and I verily believe that the pretty, bright flowers on Mrs. Young's dress, was the providential means of holding me up out of the grave, and that Billy's jerked venison brought me away from it, and back to life's level again; though none ever knew the causes of the almost seeming miracle—save Billy and I. In a couple of months, I was installed (with a pillow to sit on) as the first pedagogue in the first school-house erected in the Big Woods, which I taught "to the best of my knowledge and belief" for six consecutive months.

Speaking about this pioneer school-teaching experience reminds me of some things: There were some thirty scholars, coming from far and near throughout the settlement. They were of divers and sundry nationalities and creeds, though largely composed of the children of the immediate neighborhood, whose people were Pennsylvanians, like myself. Of course, there were no books, excepting those brought with them. By raking together all the old school books, and other books, in the settlement, there proved enough to go around—though, such a misfit lot of school supplies was probably never seen before; but, the scholars were a misfit, too, as also their juvenile teacher, and so it was all right, anyway. I knew as much as any of them, with the exception of one girl, of nearly my own age. She had about as much "book-learning" as myself, in a general way, though she didn't know half as much about flat-boating, and such things, as I did; but this superiority of mine did not count in the school business. She was very strong just at the very point where I was the weakest, and that was in grammar. Grammar (as the gammins would say) had always been my short leg. The "parsing" exercises

of the older classes, in my brief school days in the East, always seemed to me about as intelligible as Choctaw, or as a Hottentot oration, and about as practical ; hence, I had always slid around grammar, and landed on geography. Miss Mary was not so very dreadfully up on grammar, herself ; but still, as something was superior to nothing, just to that extent did the young Miss lead her tutor. I must, however, have borrowed a little cunning of the Indians, because I inaugurated a little scheme, all my own. I found out, quietly, a week or two before school "took in," just how far she had progressed in that abominable grammar-book—I wormed it out of her older brother, who wasn't coming to my basswood academy—and I hunted up the most likely specimen in that line of the classics I could find in the neighborhood, and began its study, like or no like. I was bound not to let any of my students know but that I was greatly their superior in learning, least of all Miss Mary, if hard work could do it. She was the only terror in the case, because none of the others knew anything, to speak of. When school finally "set in" I was quite comfortable, physically as well as in mind—though still very much emaciated from the effects of my long illness. Miss Mary, being one of the tenderest, kindest and loveable girls ever born (long since gone to her final rest) was of great assistance in getting things organized. In a day or two, the school was sailing along on an even keel and under easy sail, with the grammar class (consisting of Mary and her teacher) forging along beautifully. I found that I was one or two lessons ahead of her at the beginning, and by considerable night study throughout the term, I held my lead very nicely, and as each day came, I expounded the deep principles involved in the science of language (especially in the part I had learned the night before) with all the gravity of a Harvard professor, who filled a "chair" of that sort at a princely salary. Dear Mary never knew, and at the end of the term she declared she had learned ten times more about grammar than she ever knew before—and I was mighty sure I had.

And now, I will close this department, by telling you how the Indians make and enjoy their maple sugar :



"INDIAN SUGAR."

THE maple sugar days have come,  
The sweetest of the year,  
And in the shady sugar-bush  
The joyous "whoop" we hear.

The "noble red" rejoiceth much  
As the April winds come on,  
And shoveth forth his patient squaw,  
Who works the whole day long.

With little axe, she hacks and cuts,  
Until the sap she finds,—  
Her lord lies "snoozing" in the sun,  
And "Hears God in the winds."

She gathers in the liquid, sweet,  
And boils half down, or more,  
And then she strains and cleanses(?) it  
Down through her "pinafore."

And then, she patiently "sugars off,"  
And prepares the sweetened feast,  
Then 'rouses up her other "half,"  
Who gorges like a beast.

If aught remains, *she* dippeth in,  
And the pappoos "stuffs" as well;  
Day after day, thro' "maple days,"  
They eat, and stuff, and "swell."

And when the "sugar days" have gone,  
They "lick" the sugar dish,  
And hie them to the crystal lakes,  
And settle down on fish.



## A MONTH IN THE WILDWOOD.



**A** SENSIBLE idea is gradually creeping into the minds of many business and professional men, to the effect that they themselves, their families, and the community at large, would be greatly benefitted by their making eleven months of labor count as a year's work, instead of twelve. A man or woman is but a machine, that will wear out after just so much "wear and tear," and the wear and tear is greatly accelerated by refusing to stop occasionally for repairs. This is especially true in the case of those who are confined by their business to an indoor life. Whereas, if they would take one month of each year for pleasure and recreation away off amid the wilds of Nature, far away from the haunts of man, they would do more work, do it far better, be happier themselves, and make those about them happier, beside living longer to bless the world with the result of their labor and the fruit of their experience. Hence, I repeat, it is very cheering to note that these facts are becoming more generally recognized, as facts, year by year.

With this word, I shall introduce a party of three—a clergyman, a wrestler of hardware, and an editor—who, believing firmly in the above-stated theory, made an "exploration" into the then wild region (1879) toward the headwaters of the St. Croix river, and one of its principal tributaries, the Clam river—which latter we navigated from its south-fork source to its intersection with its north fork, thence its whole length to where it joined the upper St. Croix—from the east, or Wisconsin side—thence down the latter, beside a partial ascent of the Kettle river, one of its tributaries from the west. The party consisted of the Rev. C. H. Plummer (rector of St. Mark's Episcopal church), Will. J. Richardson, and your Uncle Dudley, the historian of the adventures and general operations of the party, during a month or so in what was, at that time, about as "hairy a wilderness," and on the waters of as wild and rocky rivers (and to ourselves entirely un-

known) as could have been desired by the most daring seekers after adventure, fun and recreation. We were all residents of Lake City, Minnesota—and are, to this long-after time—and having lived neighbors for a long time, we pretty well knew each other's capacity and capability to encounter any sort of vicissitude that was likely to be dished out to us by Fate—or "any other man." Many wild "excursions," or "incursions," have been made by all three of us in the years since that time, but I select this one as a fair representative of them all, and which I feel sure will prove of interest to all true and happy lovers of the grand in wild, unfettered Nature.

We started with a very comfortable and ample outfit, including a staunch boat, a tent, provisions, camping outfit, guns and ammunition, shipping all by rail to Hastings. There, we embarked on the Mississippi, loading our boat with ourselves and the outfit, running down the river to Prescott, at the mouth of the St. Croix, and there taking passage on the regular daily boat for Taylor's Falls, sixty miles up the St. Croix river, which was our real starting point. The river being somewhat low, the passage was slow; at Stillwater we changed boats, and arrived at Taylor's Falls late at night of the same day we left home. At the Dalles House we spent what remained of the night in good beds and also had a good breakfast. We bought a few additional supplies—this being the "last chance"—hired a team to take us, our boat and outfit, thirty-five miles across the country to Clam Falls—which is near the headwaters of the south fork of Clam river—leaving our "good clothes and valuables" at Taylor's Falls. Across the river, on the Wisconsin side, is the village of St. Croix Falls, and these were the last towns in that direction, to both of which I shall refer when we make the proposed grand circuit, by way of the two rivers named, and reach them again.

J. D. Ward, I remember, was the name of the man who took us across the wild stretch of country—now a rich and populous district—and he was a fair and noble specimen of the *genus homo* known as an early settler on a rugged and unkempt frontier. In other words, Ward was a brick—a man that would do to tie to, as nearly all the hardy men of the border are. We traveled very slowly, and consumed the entire day in making the portage, as the road was a rough and muddy one, a cold rain fell most of

the time, and it was not until after nightfall that we arrived at the meager settlement on the upper Clam.

The entire distance across, we found to be a hardwood, heavily timbered country, with but two settlements the entire distance—one, an Irish settlement at Long Lake, another at Butternut Lake. At the latter, eighteen miles from our starting point, we took dinner at a wilderness "hotel," which was a thoroughbred, in its way. Salt pork, potatoes, dark bread and a black beverage which stood for coffee, composed the "bill," which was not any larger than the bill paid. Two rather remarkable items attracted my notice here: One was, that a basket may be so made out of splints as to serve as a "catch-tub" for the slops underneath a wash-sink, without leaking out on the floor more than about two-thirds of said slops; and when there is not more than that proportion of slop-water around on the floor, of course the leakage is hardly worth mentioning. The other principal thing to attract the attention of the traveler was the great appropriateness of the name—"Butternut Lake." The timber around the lake was of tamarack and scrub pine—hence, the name "Butternut," you will observe. At this place is the first point where we came in contact with the noble Red Man, a few lodges full of whom were located amid the fruitful butternut groves alluded to. This little squad had evidently loafed so long around the calf-pastures of the white man, and gurgled so much Indian whisky at the hands of civilization, at so many muskrat-skins per gurgle, that they were already well on the way toward the drunkard's unhappy hunting grounds. Their proud mein was broken, their plumes of aboriginal nobility were trailing in the dust, and a sight of these "red" degenerates would have caused old uncle Cooper, who wrote Indian novels for a living, to feel for his bandanna, with which to wipe the dew from his dotting eyes. They may have been red once, but now their complexion resembled an oversmoked country ham, and if they had any of the reputed nobility of Cooper's Indians on hand, I was unable to detect it—though my magnifying glass had been left at home.

At Clam Falls there was a small, one-horse sawmill—for all the world like the one that used to do business in the mountain village near where I first saw daylight; and in which, the unappreciative citizens used to say, the saw went up in the morning,

and down again the next evening. That lumber manufactory being the property of my uncle, I remember that such unfeeling criticisms upon its capacity used to hurt my feelings dreadfully. At this place, too, there were three or four families, who gained a livelihood, such as it might be, by running the little water-mill, a little trading store, and a couple of rude stopping-places for the accommodation of adventurers like ourselves, and stray lumbermen who occasionally passed that way, to and from the pine districts. We put up for the night at the "Diamond Jo House," kept by J. S. Merrill—I only mention names, where those referred to proved themselves worthy of that distinction. Mr. Merrill, his good wife and pretty young daughter, were more than attentive to our needs, and aside from setting before us one of the best of suppers, they gave us clean and comfortable beds, and did everything calculated to make our little party perfectly at home.

In the morning, after a good breakfast had been partaken of, with a little son of Mr. Merrill's as guide, the Rector struck out into the wilderness, with an eye and air that had an appearance of genuine business. Will., and your Uncle, loaded ourselves down, until our legs resembled a pair of parenthesis, with guns, supplies, ammunition and things, and started to find out where that branch of the Clam began—the fountain-head of all these tumbling, roaring and troubled waters. We traveled up the south side, crossing the little McKenzie river on our way, a distance of four or five miles, to where we could cross the Clam without but little more than wetting our shoe-soles, then returned down the north side to the Falls again. We found both rivers teeming with speckled trout, many of which were of immense size. The settlers at the Falls told us that although it was not strictly lawful to catch trout at that season of the year, yet it would give them great pleasure to have visitors secure what they desired to eat at any time—as visitors to that little out-of-the-way wilderness retreat were far scarcer than the trout or game. Being loaded for bear, and not being particularly trout-hungry, however, we did not avail ourselves of the kind proffer, but only nursed an appetite for the bear-steaks and wildcat-stews that were to smoke from many a campfire down the wild, strange rivers upon whose troubled tides we were to embark on the morrow.

Will. and I returned just before noon, without having slain

anything of a dangerous character, and shortly after, the Rector and the boy got in, having seen two deer, and badly wounding one of them. Having no deer-dog, however, to assist (in the dense wood and undergrowth) in retrieving their game, it succeeded in getting off into the wilds, and dying, without farther assistance. Having investigated that neighborhood, we now hastily prepared for the beginning of the real trip in view—the descent of the south fork of the Clam river, to its junction with the north fork, thence down the main stream to Clam Lake, through it, and on down the Clam proper to its confluence with the St. Croix, thence down the latter to Taylor's (or St. Croix) Falls, thus completing the circle—thence on down the St. Croix to its mouth, and then down the Mississippi to our home town, mid-way on Lake Pepin, at the last of all. A good deal of a lay-out, as all will agree, and if my readers knew as well as we did—after we had finally accomplished the undertaking—the character of all these streams, at that “remote period,” the more timid might vote the enterprise a trifle foolhardy.

Mr. Merrill, and his wife and daughter, were lavish in their kindness, and furnished us with several little etceteras for our comfort during the long, wild “voyage” upon which we were about to start—realizing as they did, better than we, that there were no sources of supplies at our command once we turned our backs upon Clam Falls, and disappeared around the bend below. At 2 p. m. we embarked, in our staunch and beautiful boat, heavily laden with supplies and our arsenal, below the fussy, roaring little falls, carrying with us the goodspeeds of all the hospitable people in the little settlement.

We found the swift and rocky little stream barely capable of floating our boat, many times leaving us high and dry on a reef or bar, though, from shoals, we met with no serious impediment. After a run of a couple of miles, however, we met our first real obstruction in the form of a fallen tree across the stream, with a monster drift-pile on the upper side; and I would here remark, that in our run, we chopped our way through seventeen of these obstructions, many of them requiring two or three hours' toil (which we tried to call “a little needed exercise”) in cutting a hole through, large enough for the passage of the boat. One would wield the axe for a time, until the sweat of manly labor

would pour off his brow, whilst the other two would sit in the boat and give orders by the score, and point out to him just where to chop, and how to chop, and caution the laborer to frequently expectorate on his hands so that he might not let go of the axe, and thereby lose our only dependence for passing these formidable barriers. By attending to this latter precautionary measure very sedulously and copiously, the weapon was retained, the drift-piles melted steadily before us—at least to the extent of a tunnel through each. After making a run of about six miles during the afternoon, evening approached, and we found it time to make our first regular camp on the voyage. Selecting a likely spot, our initial camp soon assumed most beautiful proportions. The white tent shone sharply against the rich foliage of the background, our new tinware glinted like paste-diamonds in the mellow light of a declining sun, the blue smoke of the campfire rose in a stately column toward the arching blue above, and everything in that remote spot looked cheerful, not to say picturesque.

By a sort of tacit consent, Will. and myself conceded to the good Rector the exalted position of generalissimo. His orders to the other two divisions of the expedition were, as a rule (and when he happened to be "looking") obeyed with commendable cheerfulness and exactness. He was supposed to know, pretty correctly what part of the work we were, respectively, best fitted to perform, and so, we "performed" accordingly—a good deal of the time, at least. Will. was assigned to the work of unloading the boat, putting up the tent, and getting the battery into position for offensive or defensive operations against any enemy that might put in an appearance during the stilly hours of the night; the Rector made himself chief of the cullinary department, and the way he marshaled a square meal into shape was beautiful to gaze upon—potatoes fairly jumped into the kettle, salt pork actually jammed itself into the frying-pan with a joyful "siz-z," the downy feathers flew from the spine and stomach of our first part-ridge in a flaky cloud, whilst the air was deliciously heavy with the odor of fifty-cent tea. The writer was assigned to the task of gathering dry fuel for the night from the adjacent wilderness, and although I expected to be gobbled up by some wild beast out in the darkening shadows of the forest, there was no appeal from the order of my acknowledged superior; so, with trembling tom-

ahawk, I hacked and packed until a goodly supply was obtained by the time supper was announced; the last hack of my little thomas-hawk, however, had cut quite a respectable gash in my north thumb, and when I came in with my last load, bowed down and bleeding, the "boys" thought I had been chewed by some beast of prey, or something. Finding no pursuing beast, however, my comrades swallowed the lump in their throats again, and tied a rag around my thumb. I flattered myself that this thumb would exempt me from any further perils of wood gathering, but this proved an hallucination of my brain. By a majority consent which was implied, if not openly expressed, the work of wood-getting was about what I was best calculated for, in an expedition of this character. After that, by a careful study of the peculiarities of that hatchet, I got along famously, and at the end of two weeks, graduated as one of the best wood-gleaners and packers that was ever set loose in any wilderness. This place was named Camp Partridge, and after a cold, frosty night had been spent in peaceful slumber, to the eloquent "hoo-hoo-hoo!" of the big horned owls, we arose, ate a hearty breakfast, struck camp, packed cargo, and again started on our "downward way," on the crystal current of the tortuous but romantic little river, to encounter new scenes at every turn, and in momentary expectation of fresh adventure.

The morning we left Camp Partridge was one that was crisp and frosty, causing the essence of a new life to run riot in the sluggish veins and contracted muscles of an overworked system, and cleared up the fog in our overwrought brain—it was the intoxication that comes from copious draughts of Nature's own elixir. A heavy frost covered our tent, and the water in the tea-kettle was covered with ice one-eighth of an inch in thickness. Old Sol came up, though, all smiles and blandness,—as though he peeked over the horizon at us to say, "Don't mind, boys, I'll fix that frost business for you, in just a little bit,"—but according to our very closest reckoning he came up exactly in the west—and this reminds me: I had often seen what I supposed were crooked things, in my royal march through life, and before I struck the south fork of the Clam river, I had always felt quite satisfied that the path of a sinner, or a ram's horn weren't quite straight, and that the "worm" in a distillery was somewhat out



of line. But this only proves that even a man laying claim to average good sense, may go blundering along for years hugging a delusion, and wagering his bottom dollar on an error. I never saw anything but what was at least comparatively straight until I interviewed the Clam. It isn't in the power of man to portray the snarl into which this beautiful little stream sees fit to tangle itself. I admired it for its crookedness; I admired it for its complete twistedness, in its going forty miles to get nowhere. We arose in the morning at Camp Partridge by the crowing of a mongrel rooster belonging to a man who lived a mile or two below the Falls, who had loved and wedded (after a fashion) a "female Indian," and although we traveled, no telling how many miles, the following morning the gentle zephyrs wafted to our ears the same familiar reveille. The habitation presided over by this dingy specimen of the "Lo!" family, we had approached nine times in the day's run. The first time we discovered it, we came plump up to the upper margin of the limited door-yard, and after bidding this border home almost a tearful farewell nine several and distinct times, we began to feel as if our lives were to be filled to the end with one sad series of leaves-taking, without ever taking leave, at all—except in theory. At last, however, as if weary of just playing the act of "Farewell," the little stream swept about the other way, and the squaw-man's haunt in the wilderness was left to its solitude, and after a few more miles of squirming about we went into camp for two days at what we called Camp Wintergreen.

Camp Wintergreen, our second headquarters, was situated in a romantic bend of the river, only eight or ten miles above where the north branch of the Clam added its waters to those of the south. We determined to remain here a couple of days, more particularly because we had been told that from this point on the river, there extended a grand series of deer ridges, out into the interior—a tract of rather elevated country, that had, at an early day been covered with monster pine trees, but which had been gathered in by the pioneer scouts of some "pine ring," leaving, instead of pine trees, blackened stumps and red-oak barrens, skirted by prickley-ash thickets and tamarack swamps. Our party landed here in a cold, drizzling rain, and quite late in the evening. Choosing a spot on a lower table than the surrounding

country, on the north side of the stream, we made all haste in getting our dunnage out of the boat and up the steep high bank; and, whilst the other two pitched tent, gathered pine-boughs, and got the household settled for the night, your Uncle Dudley went cheerily to his task of packing in a cord or two of blackened wood and building one of his characteristic fires—one so monstrous and so hot that one couldn't get near enough it to warm one's self.

We had killed, during the day, three ducks, a mink, a muskrat and two partridges, so that, aside from our store-things there was a good supply of substantials for a square meal. We also saw a deer on the bank of the river during the afternoon, but he was quicker on foot than our party happened to be on the trigger, so venison stew formed no part of our evening repast. By the time the Rector and the writer had the mink and muskrat skinned, and their hides artistically stretched over a stick, ready for market, Will. had the fowls ready for the frying-pan, and at a late, dark hour, we sat within the gallery of our canvas home, sipping tea and picking toothsome bones, whilst the huge campfire lit up the softly-falling rain without, turning the drops into glittering beads. The topic of the evening, as the smokers of the party sent up blue wreaths from their fragrant pipes, was the number of deer to be slain the next day, and the disposition to be made of the fat carcasses. We also discussed the insane stories of old-time hunters about "new beginners" in the deer-slaying business getting the "buck-fever." We having never killed a deer as yet, could not speak from actual experience, of course, but we all set the thing down as a deer-hunter's yarn—nothing more nor less. Will. declared that he could shoot a deer with as little excitement of his nervous system as if he were aiming at a bumble-bee on a bloomin' mullin-stalk. The Rector thought that the sight of a deer could not give him the semblance of what was styled "buck fever," unless, perchance, the deer attempted to bite him. I, myself, was too much disgusted with such yarns to deign a discussion of them, more than to assert that my nerves could not be jarred by anything smaller than an elephant or less savage than a ripe grizzly. At last we grew sleepy in referring to the deeds of valor to be performed on the morrow, in this famous deer district, and after putting half a cord of wood on the fire, more or less, we stretched down on our blankets and were "hooted" into

a deep and sweet sleep by the ever present owl—of which there are many kinds, and thousands in number, in those far northern solitudes.

Morning came, lowry but cool, and without rain. It fell to the Rector to "keep camp" for the day, and do his hunting in the immediate vicinity. Will. and the historian prepared early for the exploration of this "famous deer-range," and as we left camp we were but little short of a couple of walking arsenals—he with revolver, knife, and shotgun heavily charged with buck-shot; I, with pistol, knife, and a Winchester rifle, and both of us with ammunition enough to have carried on the late war for some time longer. As we started forth, we could but exclaim, "Who's afraid!" By the aid of our compass we kept our bearings, and for a several miles' tramp, did what I shall always consider "good deer-hunting—so far as I can judge. At about mid-day, as we were picking our way through a sort of thicket, a monster stag, or buck, sprang from his bed only a few feet in front of us. He had horns that looked to us as large as a couple of invalid rocking chairs, or a load of country wood. "Buck fever?" Well, we have never been very clear on that point, to this day. Whether it was because this was a very large deer, or whether it was because we came near stepping upon him, ere we saw him, I do not know; but certain it is, we proceeded to go stark mad, all the same. Such a sudden transition from a state of at least ordinary sanity, to that of apparently genuine idiocy, has never been paralleled, so far as my reading has extended. Violent trembling seemed to seize my knees, and almost in an instant I seemed to grow weak and limp, and it began to grow dark; it was the most wonderful feeling, or series of feelings, I ever experienced—one sensation followed another with such lightning speed, that finally I felt as if I were going up in a balloon or something. As to my actions, I can scarcely remember—it was so much like a troubled and half-remembered dream. I remember cocking my gun, and then letting the hammer down again, several times, probably to see if the hammer could be depended upon to do its duty, in case of trouble; then I aimed it in the general direction of a neighboring hill and pulled the trigger violently, but it wouldn't go off; then I looked down into the barrel to see if anything were stopping it up, or to see if it had really gone off without my being

aware of it ; then I examined the stock, and finally, after an indefinite period, I discovered that during all this time the gun had not been cocked at all. When I finally came out of the "fever" I looked anxiously about to see what had become of my companion—and it was just too funny for anything. He was sitting down behind a big log, cleaning his gun of some imaginary dirt, that he felt sure must be ruining the polish. By giving him a sharp shake by the shoulder he, too, came out of the hypnotic spell, sprang to his feet and exclaimed, "Where is he at!" It was too plain a case for us to deny, even to ourselves ; it was the clearest cut and most aggravated case of "buck-fever," ever recorded in any of the books upon that disease. All we could do was to solemnly promise, across a pine stump, never to tell a living soul about it, and as for myself I never have ; putting it into this book isn't *telling*, is it?

This deer was the only one we saw that day, that we didn't kill ; the fact is, we saw no other, anyway. At 3 p. m. we reached camp, very weary, and in fact, tired out. We found the Rector safe, and he had a good stew of duck ready for our sharp appetites. We interested the good Rector, during the dinner-hour, by relating to him our "curdling" adventures during the day, in the wilderness, and made his mouth water by reciting how close—how *very* close—we came to bringing into camp the biggest deer he ever saw or heard of—that we should have certainly slain him if—if—that is, if our guns had—had—had gone off at the exact time when they should have operated in that way—or words to that effect ; and he said it was too bad—and we both replied that it *was* too bad ; entirely so ; and Will. and I looked kind of sorry at each other, and Will. filled his pipe with cubebs—which are a sort of "soft drink" in the smoke-habit, you know.

The rest of the afternoon was spent in the less arduous and adventurous task of gathering wintergreen berries, and eating cold duck as often as our appetites seemed to "quack" for it. The Rector had also taken quite a lengthy stroll during our absence, and upon comparing notes about "deer-signs," it was at last determined that it wasn't much of a deer country, anyway, and a resolution was adopted to the effect that we abandon deer-hunting until we reached a certain other famous "deer-range" we had been told of, and which was situated near the mouth of

Sandy river, a tributary of the St. Croix river, from the Minnesota side.

Nothing of moment happened at Camp Wintergreen, save a midnight excitement during the last night there, occasioned by a deer running right through our camp—probably a big gray wolf hot-foot on his trail—and plunging over the high bank with an awful splash and crash into the river within a few feet of our tent. Such a sudden uproar breaking in upon a sound sleep has rather a singular effect upon the human mind, causing a similar mental phenomenon to that of "buck-fever."

In our grand rally to "defend our home and fireside," we became so mixed up and confused in the pitch darkness, that neither one knew at last, whether he was himself or one of the other two; and when we finally untangled ourselves, and got things into position, the deer and his pursuer had well gone to pastures new, snorting and crashing through the wood on the other shore. We began to consider venison rather blue meat, anyway, and altogether too coarse a food for our high caste. We left camp very early in the bright morning, wondering when we should reach the mouth of the north fork, and wondering, too, how we should fare among the Indians at the Indian village we had heard was situated at the head of Clam Lake.

Before we leave the south fork of this more than beautiful stream, I must describe, though faintly it may be, its romantic charms. Of course, after it is joined by the north fork, and the two go rippling along in one body, many of the characteristics of either one, separate, are lost; but they are only lost to be replaced by those of another character which, probably, make amends for the features left behind. The south fork, however, which we followed nearly from its source, to where it lost its individuality in its twin, and in the broad deep lake, four miles below where they joined their waters, is one of those gems which must ever remain "clear" in my memory. In its hundreds of bends—and there is no bend without a point to correspond, of course—it presented a picture, at the season of the year we visited it, and many years before it was greatly reduced and spoiled by settlements, that it is quite impossible to "paint with a pen." The landscape, generally, is pleasing, whilst the endless little details filled in by Nature's matchless handiwork were beauty-points of her choicest

selection. The narrow valley is high enough to be above overflow, and is full of all kinds of hardwood growth, and the rich and luxuriant vegetation common to the richest soil. The woods are occasionally relieved by a meadow of luxuriant wild grasses, while the bordering up-lands are covered with moaning pines, interspersed with enough of oak, and patches of moor, to relieve it from monotony, and above these again, a clear blue sky that Italians might praise. The little river, like a tangled ribbon of silver, wends its ever-changing way downward through the pretty valley—first to one side, then to the other, with a dozen graceful curves between. Every turn seems equally fascinating, and yet no two are alike in their charms. Sometimes, a high, perpendicular bank confines its course; then a lower bank, covered with grand old maples, that stand about on the level table, like an old-time park, with a grassy carpet underneath their spreading arms; next a bank of meadow; then a shore set about with low-spreading pines, whose green, dense needle-foliage contrasts grandly with an autumn-tinted background of rolling knolls; then a graceful bow, either to the right or left, the banks enfolded by masses of grapevines, creeping ash and alder, bespattered with every gorgeous tint and hue known to Nature's studio, and hanging over until their multi-colored branches and tendrils touch the crystal waters, as if they would kiss their own souls, as shown in the amethyst mirror below. Oftentimes these interwoven cushion-like creations, are adorned by a delicate scarlet or golden vine, which has struggled up through the meshes, and then run pell-mell over their surface, forming festoons and wreaths too delicately-beautiful for mortal pen to describe. There they rest, and are gently stirred by every sweet-scented zephyr that comes and touches them with its pure and gentle breath. Looking down into the glassy waters below, as if admiring their own real selves, they dance the challenge: "Kiss me, and I'll kiss you."

"Oh, loosely swings the purpling vine,  
The yellow maple flames before;  
The golden-tawny ash tree stands  
Hard by our tented door.  
October glows on every cheek,  
October shines in every eye;  
While up the hill and down the dale  
Her crimson banners fly."

The tiny beach on either side of the stream is solid and gravelly, and the water so perfectly transparent and shallow (barely deep enough to buoy our laden boat), that every one of the myriads of speckled trout could be seen, as they shot like arrows, into cover underneath the luxuriant clumps of dark green water-cress that grew at the bottom—ever waving and ever bathed in the cold, crystal water—where the wild "speckled beauties" would strive to hide away from the strange, overshadowing enemy that swiftly passed over their pebbly home, like an October cloudlet.

What troubled us greatly was a desire to know why this lovely little stream was called "Clam" river. In its whole length and until the lake was passed, and four miles of the main river below the lake, not a single clam-shell was to be seen. We finally concluded it must have been named under the same rule that governed the naming of Butternut Lake, which has been previously mentioned. But wait.

The day we left Camp Wintergreen we ran twenty-two miles. A little before noon, upon turning a sharp bend, where both banks were draped by the drooping branches of gigantic elm trees, we suddenly came to the mouth of the north fork. We ran the prow of our pretty boat upon the little sandy beach, and sat a few minutes gazing upon the charms of this fairy glen, and straining our eyes in a gaze of curiosity away up the shaded waters of the pretty little stranger, until it was lost among the trees and vines, to see how it compared with our own little stream, which we had come to love; and, it was with a feeling of almost jealousy that we viewed the pretty stream, as it swept along, fairly swallowing up our own silvery brook. The north fork seemed to be at least one-third larger than the south fork, but was, so far as we could see, a fit companion for its less powerful mate. We all gazed back upon our little favorite with a sigh at the parting, bade it adieu, and were soon floating upon broader, deeper, and swifter waters, with very different views upon either hand.

An hour more, and we suddenly shot out from the forests, and from among the hills and ridges, into a flat country, and an opening in the landscape of great extent, which told us the lake was near at hand. A mile or so of winding about among "fields" of wild rice (where thousands of acres of this Indian staple stood higher than our heads, and shut out our view as we sat in the

boat) brought us to open water, where we first viewed the broad sheet called Clam Lake, and for the nonce our river tour was at an end, to be resumed again six miles below.

Here we found tens of thousands of wild ducks of every species, and other water fowl. Before starting on our lake voyage we anchored our boat in one of the narrow passages leading from one bay to another, and we soon supplied ourselves with an abundance of the fattest and prettiest of the web-footed treasures—acres upon acres of them being visible in the distance, as they floated and sported on the blue waters away off upon every side. With my long range rifle, I sent bullet after bullet, half a mile away, among them, simply to see them rise—which they would do by thousands, with a roar like distant thunder. They would circle around over us, when the Rector and Will. would send up shot among them, and dead and wounded ducks would fall with a splash and a “quack” all about us. After securing what we required for food we ceased firing, ate a cold lunch in the boat, and prepared for the passage of the lake. The ducks were as fat and savory as a roll of spring-house butter, from feeding upon the rich-flavored wild rice which was all about in endless supply.

The lake we found to be quite rough, a stiff breeze blowing in the direction we wished to go. This was fortunate; Will. being the “old tar” of the party, very soon had a sail improvised, by using a rubber blanket, an oar for a mast, and a small pole for a yard-arm. All being ready, we headed down the lake—your Uncle at the helm, Will. to “work” his sail, and the Rector to act as “skipper” for the voyage. Had we not been provided with a little craft, as staunch as she was beautiful, such a land-lubber as myself would have feared to go out among the white-caps; as it was, I never enjoyed such a ride, before nor since. We passed the six miles in about forty minutes—up wave and down hollow. Under pressure of the increasing breeze, the craft fairly flew through the water, riding the waves so gracefully that scarce a drop of water was taken in. An Indian village was perched along on the high left bank, near the head of the lake, but half a mile or so from our course. Had we not wished to take advantage of the fair wind, we should have paid the village a visit, and possibly have partaken of a noonday feast with the dignitaries of the wilderness. Under the circumstances we could



only wave the "principal men," and also the principal women, a salute of honor. They stood along the shore, apparently amazed at the sight of our beautiful boat as she flew through the water and over the white-capped waves like a snow-white bird. It was a jolly ride, and a strange picture, to the Indians, on those wild blue waters of theirs.

We had some difficulty in finding the outlet of the lake, as the little river's exit was not observable until its very beginning was reached; it stealthily stole away around a low point of land, as if seeking to once more hide itself among the trees and hills, glad to escape the heaving, troubled lake behind. By halting at a lone wigwam, however, we made out to learn where the outlet was located, for which information we assured the old "dusky maid" that she was a gentleman and a scholar, and requested that if she ever came our way she must be sure and call, as our latch-string would be out. Her response was exceedingly graceful and classical, when considering the limited advantages in her early education. She remarked: "Wah! wo wampum kumme ga-gah-wah!" Neither of us could quite catch the drift of this beautiful sentiment. Will. suspected that it referred, at least in a modest way, to bottled goods; but, as we weren't in stock, in that line, I ventured to suggest that a twist of tobacco might prove acceptable to her royal benignity, and so it proved. As I handed it to her, such a smile rent her countenance that, if it should remain permanent, her nearest of kin would not recognize her. At just this point in the treaty one of the seven or eight wolf-dogs began toying with one of my heels, and at this intimation that negotiations were at an end we all retired in good order to our waiting ship.

A half hour from the close of our Indian treaty, we found the gate that relieved us from the wave-washed shores of Clam Lake, and, whilst yet the sun was above the tree-tops, we rounded the point and entered the river once more—the stream which, in all its peculiarities, make up a veritable little valley of romance.

A rather quick current bore us along, and, after being relieved from the agitation of the disturbing waves, we allowed our noble craft to float at will for a mile or two, whilst we loitered and "lazed." We laid back in our easy seats, gazed up into the blue, and enjoyed in silence, to the fullest realization, that all

around was peace and beauty, and felt that the *troubled* world had passed away.

Thus we floated and rested ; seeing castles high in the clear, pure air, peopling them with the faces and figures of far-away friends—discerning plainly, too, the faces we most loved on earth, and those we mourned most, who were now in the paradise away above the pretty blue. Our reveries were broken at last by the striking of our boat upon the shore, where it rested from its onward course, as if in sympathy with ourselves and the silent world about us.

Four miles below the lake we came to the first interruption to our, thus far, most pleasant and comparatively tranquil journey. At this point there was a sort of logging flume spanning the river. What a flume of this sort is for, exactly, we could not learn from the three surly, uncommunicative men who apparently made their headquarters here—the employees of a Mr. Chase (an extensive winter lumberman up in that region), who made his home at Taylor's Falls, and whom we had met there and found to be a pleasant old gentleman. A large log house and a small farm is to be found here ; one of the men seemed to be the cook, another the boss, and the third a sort of middle man. They would not sell us any milk, though there were three or four cows about the ranch ; the boss was in the act of threading a bull-frog onto a fish-hook, when we landed, and the middle-man lay basking in the sun, on the timbers overlooking the flume. Finding they were inclined to be neither sociable or accommodating, we prepared to run through the roaring flume. First, we unloaded our boat, hauled it over a boom into the water just above the artificial falls ; then we reloaded, and whilst the Rector took the three guns, and a few lighter valuables and walked around by the shore, Will, and I took our seats in the boat—Will, as bowsman, and I at the helm—and prepared to run the flume. It is probably needless to say that whilst our movements were cool and deliberate enough, our hearts were dancing a polka within, and our nerves were strung like wire. Soon, we entered the quickening current, and as we neared the brink, we could feel the noble little boat fairly throb with the increasing motion ; we had not long to wait ; holding her straight with the current, she leaped over the brink at the beginning of the long chute, then flew like light-

ning down the smooth inclined plane, and in an instant she fairly leaped into the roaring flood below. For a moment all seemed a blank, and then the boat shot out from the surging, foam-covered waters into the current below, and in another moment we rounded to into the eddy with an exultant shout, which was heartily responded to by the good Rector, who stood on the shore, a witness to the exciting scene. After a moment of congratulations and comment upon our success in keeping clear of an ugly rock, that we had barely escaped, all embarked again, and with a shout tinged with defiance to the surly three and the roaring flood behind, we again turned our prow down stream, and that point was quickly lost to view as we shot around the bend below upon the rushing current.

Exactly at this point is where we first discovered that there was propriety in naming this stream "Clam" river. For a mile below the flume, the wide, shallow stream was completely and compactly paved with clams, of great size, from one shore to the other, and for several miles below, there were extensive beds of these clams, so solidly packed together that the bed of the river resembled a city street paved with cobble stones.

The evening being far advanced, we at once began looking out for a comfortable camping place. Clouds had o'erpread the sky, and the distant thunder warned us that a wet night was in prospect. Two miles below the flume we landed, and pitched camp under a dark canopy formed by a small grove of monster pine trees, and close to the little river's shore. The night that followed was an eventful one, in storm annals, and this camp we appropriately named Camp Thunder.

We had barely time to put our camp in order—everything in the tent—and cook a hasty supper, ere darkness set in, and with it came the storm. And it may as well be stated here, as anywhere, why we called this place Camp Thunder. It did thunder; it thundered all night; such thunder, too, as one hears but a few times, if at all, in a lifetime. It was literally "A night of Terror." There were, between dark and daylight, at least six distinct and separate thunder-storms. One would follow quickly upon the heels of another, and each seemed to vie with its predecessor, in the intensity of its downpour of rain, in the earth-shaking crashes of its thunder, and in the seething, scorching

chains of its "molten electricity." The entire night was a display of awful grandeur, and a storm series completely beyond any man's descriptive powers. We could fairly smell brimstone, all through the "never-ending night," as we crouched in terror in our electric-lighted and quaking tent. Added to the fear of being killed outright by the awful bolts in such a wild, weird region, was the additional dread that our guns and ammunition might be "struck," and indeed it seems almost miraculous that they were not. In our tent were two shot-guns, a magazine rifle, two revolvers—all loaded—knives, axe, hatchet, and two bags of cartridges. Hence, where blue-sulphur lightning chains were fairly plowing up the earth all about us, with scarce a moment between, for ten mortal hours, it is but little wonder that we were worked up to a toleobably high pitch of anxiety relative to our personal safety. Had the electric streams concluded to investigate our tented arsenal, that particular party of explorers would probably have emigrated to the moon, leaving only a small grease-spot to mark their starting point.

Everything in this world has an ending, however, so far as we have been able to discover; among others, that night ended in a clear, innocent-looking morning, and it was one of the most relishable endings ever experienced by mortal man. We lived to tell the tale, but never want a similar opportunity to tell what we know about the Storm King's pyrotechnical accomplishments in that wild northern latitude.

Following this eventful night—immediately following it—one of the rarest sights, as well as the grandest ones, greeted our vision, that we ever saw befor or since. The writer happened to be the first to emerge from the tent after daylight, and as I gazed about to see how much of the world was still on hand after such a night's business, my eye fell upon the beautiful little river, by means of a small opening through the low-hanging pine boughs. At this point the river was quite wide, and also ran straight for half a mile. What I saw was ducks—canvas-back ducks, and nothing else. As is generally known the canvas-back is a very large duck, and among the most juicy and luscious of game-birds—especially when fattened on the wild rice of this far-north country. What made the sight rare and grand beyond the telling, was because of the number of them before me, their uniform size

and plumage—each one exactly like the other. They had doubtless been driven, from far and near, into the crooked little river for protection from the awful night-storms just past. We had seen no canvas-backs, excepting a few among the myriads at the head of the lake, nor did we see any of this kind afterward, excepting an occasional pair in some secluded slough. Here, in one solid moving mass were a score of thousands of them, probably, closely filling the river, from shore to shore, for nearly half a mile. They seemed to float along in closely packed platoons, and without the slightest sound, or irregular movement. They are a sullen, solitary species of the duck family, majestic in their movements and graceful in their poise upon the water. The wonderful—almost unbelievable—sight before me, riveted me to the spot for a moment or two in abject amazement; I almost fancied myself in a dream, the sight seeming so unreal. I could scarcely believe my sight or senses, and gazed in silence at what seemed a picture of the imagination rather than a reality. Thus did I stand, with eyes astare and mouth agape, until more than half the mass had floated by; then, quietly entering the tent, I said to the boys, in a sort of hissing stage whisper, "Loo-loo-look at er iver, diver, iver, driver!" They could not comprehend my mutterings, and looked at me as if they would say, "Poor fellow! the terrors of the night were too much for him; he's gone stark mad." But, seeing me frantically hunting for my gun, and muttering, "Ducks, rucks, mucks, river, driver!" they at last partially comprehended, grabbed their blunderbusses and followed me quickly and quietly out. Being so beside myself with excitement—it was quite as bad as the "buck" fever, this "duck" fever—I hauled up my sixteen-shooter and commenced banging away at everything around camp, excepting the ducks; and, before my two comrades could figure out the "seat of the trouble," the ducks arose with a roar like distant thunder, and fairly made things tremble, those below camp going down, and those above going up the valley, in two great roaring clouds. By a vote of two to one it was agreed that all the great big chumps weren't dead yet. The writer, however, submitted a minority report; I also insisted that if they'd gazed on the sight I had, they would have "gone idiot" worse than I had—and I looked a meaning gaze at Will., and that closed him up as tight as a pop-bottle.

The Rector, though, made me gather half a cord of wood with which to cook breakfast, and climb the pine trees all around camp to gather pine-cones and dry twigs to start the fire—intimating that I must be good for something. We all had a jolly time, just the same, and whilst repartee flew back and forth between us, the Rector got us up a splendid meal, while Will. packed things up, ready for a seasonable start.

Another little episode transpired just after the meal was over, the writer being the victim—seeming to have been born under an unlucky star. In putting on my coat and vest, and just as I had them snugly buttoned up about the neck, I commenced the most unaccountable series of antics and caperousities ever seen, outside of a three-ring circus, or a monkey-garden. My friends cried out, "What under the blue canopy is the matter now, Uncle Dud.?—what *have* you got, now?" and they tried to surround me, with bulging eyes and outstretched arms. I yelled out that I didn't know what it was I "had," but thought it must be either a paper of pins or a couple of bucksaws. I began tearing away my coat and vest at the collar, standing on my head and tipping over in various ways. At last I got off my vest, and there, inside the collar, was a stupid-acting old bumble-bee, as big as a walnut—a good-deal the biggest bee I ever saw, even of his monster species. He had doubtless crawled into the tent to escape the storm and taken up warm quarters inside my vest collar. He was a boss bee, and had a harpoon attachment of prodigious proportions; when I squeezed him up against my neck he commenced a sword exercise, whilst I proceeded to do an acrobatic stunt, much to the alarm of my two companions. For the next day or two I could scarcely have worn a twenty-two-inch collar.

We made twenty miles this day, encountering our first rapids, of which we ran five different chains during the day, though they were not difficult ones. This was a very enjoyable day's run, and we went into camp at 4 o'clock in the evening, on a high and beautiful plateau, overlooking the river, up and down, for a long way, and the whole valley on the opposite shore, which was an extensive hardwood bottom, interspersed with meadow-lands. About half a mile below us was a small island, and just as it began to grow dark we saw a bear swim from the island to the mainland—but a little too far off to reach him with our rifle.

This place we called Camp Comfort—it being the prettiest, most sightly and most convenient camping place we had yet found.

At this camp we made our first "bouillon"—pronounced "booyaw," in a common way. It is supposed to be a French mixture, a common one with hunters and explorers, and withal very "strenthnen." Ours was made pretty nearly after the proper formula, as follows: Taking our four-gallon camp kettle, we made it full. The contents consisted of salt pork, three kinds of ducks, several snipe, potatoes, a turnip, onions, bread crumbs, a flour batter, and salt and pepper to taste. The whole aggregation was boiled four hours, the bones extracted, then boiled some more, until all had thoroughly amalgamated; to be served hot in the morning or evening, and sliced for a noonday lunch. The getting up of this mixture was a grand occasion, and all three of us had more or less to do with it in the long process of manufacture, during the first half of the night at this pleasant camp. The Rector, however, was the boss artist in the compounding of this wonderful creation. Will. was first-assistant, and the historian was general-utility man—supplying fuel and carving out a paddle from the body of a young tree, with which to stir this luscious flapdoodle. This paddle was a wonderful construction, and for a long time afterward was preserved, as the prize "dingus," among the souvenirs of that eventful voyage. We ate of this "mash"—a name I shall hereafter give it, for short—and retired at a late hour. We ate more for breakfast; had cold mash for dinner, and so on, more or less for two or three days, until "booyaw" became a decided drug in the market—excepting with the Rector, who stuck to it until the last spoonful was finished. Will. and I tried, toward the last, to find an opportunity, or excuse, to dump the awful daub overboard; but the Rector declared that the last spoonful was just a trifle more relishable than the first one. Will. and myself could not but exclaim, with unfeigned admiration, "Plucky Rector!"

The next morning we got an early start, and as we passed slowly over a deep hole, down near the island referred to, we cast our clumsy old hook overboard and hauled in a monster of a wall-eyed pike, which made us a good fry for supper.

I would state that we saw no trout below Clam lake, and are under the impression that there are none. This belief is pretty well

grounded, because we saw pretty much all the fish in the river. As we would pass over the deep places in all the bends, we could look down into the water and see hundreds of beautiful bass, pike and perch, as plainly at a depth of ten or twelve feet as though they were in our own hands. The water was so perfectly bright and clear, that the smallest object on the bottom could be seen distinctly, and even in a magnified degree. I never saw such sights in the way of beautiful fish before. We took but few of them, however, as we were not on a fishing tour, nor were we fish-hungry, particularly.

I must not neglect to remark, that along the main river, and its tributaries, as well, there were a greater number of the beautiful birds known as the king-fisher, than in any region we ever before visited. What a grand place, thought I, this would be for the Parisian milliner to secure the coveted plumage for the bonnets of the belles! Their numbers were so great that their bright feathers actually added a brilliant feature to the autumn-mottled landscape—the whole, together, forming a charming picture.

Along the lower "Clam" the valley is ornamented—aside from the usual number of pines and cedar—with the most beautiful balsam trees, their form and rich green color making them simply magnificent. Above the ground eight or ten feet, the limbs start squarely out from the body, all around, running out ten or fifteen feet in some instances, and this as a foundation for the pyramid of dense foliage, they would run slopingly upward until the finishing branch stood like a delicate, lonely plume at the top, making a pyramid of living beauty that was as absolutely perfect as if cast in a mold, and twenty to fifty feet in height—though, of course, there are thousands of young ones, too; and *what* "Christmas trees!" These trees, away off in their native wilds, are wonderful to behold, and I thought how sad it was that such grand beauties should be isolated so completely from the admiration to which they were so much entitled. Such as hundreds of those we saw, would be worth a vast amount of money could they be transferred to the parks and private grounds of the civilized world. We never tired of gazing upon these marvelous models of beauty, turned out by the seemingly rude workshop of Nature.

The day, after leaving Camp Comfort, was rather a wet one, most of the time; by putting on our rubber coats, and securing



our camp equipage by rubber blankets, we enjoyed the day very much, until the rapids of the lower Clam was reached, at about 3 o'clock p. m. We had a good deal of good shooting during the day; the river grew more deeply interesting with every turn. Just before noon, we came to a terribly inhospitable-looking camp on the left-hand shore, which was little better than a hole in the ground, occupied by three of about the toughest-looking citizens we ever met up with—probably outlaws, who had swindled the gallows of its just dues, somewhere in civilization; their camp showed destitution, and their clothing was in rags. One of them espied our approach, and they all three came to the bank and scanned us, our pretty boat and comfortable outfit with a suspicious air, as well as with apparent envy. They had long hair and bushy whiskers, that had evidently been as innocent of comb as their smoked visages had been of soap and water. As we came near we saluted them in a friendly manner, and asked how far it was to the mouth of the river, and some other questions; in answer, we received but little or no satisfaction. A suspicious fact was, too, that they had no semblance of a boat, canoe, or other craft. We indulged in very little "truck" with them, and were just as well pleased that our next camp was located several miles from them. Though, unless they had taken us by surprise in the night, we should probably have been able to make it decidedly interesting for them, had they ventured upon a marauding expedition, or a call for booty.

At about 4 o'clock we came to the first rapids of importance—the first "slide down a hillside"—and although the day was well advanced, we agreed to attempt their passage before going into camp, and "have them off our mind." Of course, we were ignorant of either the character or number of rapids to be encountered before reaching the St. Croix river, which we judged must be within eight or ten miles of this point.

After putting our cargo and ourselves into the best possible trim for a battle with the rocks and the roaring flood which extended as far as we could see, down a long inclined plane, and around a bend, out of sight, far below. We pulled out into the middle of the stream, straightened our noble little boat with the current, pointed her for the most "likely-looking" channel, and in a moment more were struggling with might and main to

save ourselves and our boat from destruction among the rocks and surging currents of the first big rapids we had encountered.

"Trouble, trouble, boil and bubble."

Let the reader imagine himself shooting down a hillside flood beset with cross-currents, whirlpools, and great rocks, both beneath, and towering above the flood, and he will partially realize the nerve-force we were called upon to expend in running through the fifty-three rapids we encountered before reaching Taylor's Falls again. This series of rapids was much longer and more dangerous than we had calculated upon, else we should not have undertaken the descent so late in the day. When a little more than half way down, we were thrown by a terrific cross-current upon a friendly flat rock, which gave us a breathing spell, and time to look up through the dancing white-caps and grim black rocks already passed, and down upon those yet below. We held a brief council, and it was agreed that the Rector (being a heavy-weight) had better take our valuable guns, etc., and wade ashore, and make the best of his way down through the prickly-ash thickets to the foot of the rapids, whilst Will. and I would take the lightened boat, and the remainder of the (to us) precious cargo, down through the remaining half-mile of troubled, and troublesome, waters. The distance was not greatly underestimated, and had the boat not been relieved of the weight of one, and the arms, I verily believe we should have lost our all, if not our lives, before reaching the still water below, that wound peacefully around one of the most beautiful and romantic bends I ever beheld; a perfect fairies' paradise—

Where linnets might sing their true-love tale—

In lieu of the owl's sad, mournful wail—

Where fairies might hold their fairy-larks,

And nymphs go riding in their gos'mer barks.

Ordinary human descriptive ability often falls, abashed, in the presence of Nature's presentations, and in this instance I shall not undertake to describe, by pencil, what could not be transferred to canvas by the brush of any artist.

In this peaceful cove our noble little boat rested her prow on the mossy shore, as the twilight deepened, with two as well-jaded navigators as ever rested oars, awaiting the arrival of our exiled comrade. Not many minutes elapsed before a lonely shout was

heard from the entangled wilds that bordered the beautiful river. We responded most heartily and encouragingly, and in a few minutes we beheld the good Rector emerging from the dense bramble thickets, stooping 'neath the weight of his three guns, and almost exhausted from the terrible ordeal through which he had passed among the ash-thickets, that seemed to perfectly line the river at this point. We made him rest, while Will. and I pitched camp in a regular little grotto-valley, and prepared for a needed night's rest after one of the most pleasant, adventurous, and tiresome days of the expedition.

The day was nigh-spent, and the evening star was faintly peeping down through the balsam boughs ere we could moor our boat at a mossy bank and choose a spot for our tent. It was a little point of land, of probably a hundred acres, as level as a floor and carpeted with several kinds of moss that even royalty would have gone into ecstasies over. Its pillars were formed of the stately balsam trees, its wreaths of fan-spruce, its garlands of ten-hued ivy, whilst its soft green carpet was spangled with a hundred rich and mellow colors, by the fallen leaves of the maple and birch that were interspersed among the greens, and cast their delicately tinted contributions down upon the velvet carpet to add the figures to the unmatchable floor. As we landed, and stepped up to the level of this plateau of almost awesome beauty, we felt that to tread upon it was a desecration, that might bring all the warriors of this fairy realm upon us in a just indignation.

We pitched our tent and built our camp-fire near the beach, and a clear, star-lit night was soon upon us. After a hearty meal we lay prone upon the carpeted earth in front of our cheery fire, and rested our weary limbs, as we discussed the topic of "shooting rapids" instead of shooting game. The murmur of the waters over which we had passed, was the only sound of the still night—save the chorus of the ever-present owls, in variety—and we fell asleep, soothed by the murmur of the torn waters above camp, which were more reconciling than had they been below us.

It was hoped we had no more rapids to pass, at least on the Clam, as none were in sight or hearing in the direction of down river. We felt sure we must be quite near its confluence with the St. Croix, too, and being somewhat anxious to find out what yet lay in store for us in the way of rapids, our start in the morn-

ing was a tolerably early one. This place was called Camp Balsam, and was, as estimated, twenty-two miles below Camp Comfort.

Loading our boat with great care, and taking our respective positions for emergencies, we left beautiful Camp Balsam and swung out into the pretty and now pacified stream. The Rector declared he would take his chances on "going to the fishes" ere he would foot it around any more rapids, either accompanied or unaccompanied by three guns—that if the boat could carry two she could carry three, even if he was nearly as heavy as the other two together, and she had got to do it, bump rocks or no bump rocks. We agreed with him, that "navigating" that country on foot was away above a joke, and so determined that we would all sink or swim together, unless it could be seen that the shore was perfectly clear of prickley-ash thickets. However, we trusted there would be no farther need of lightening our craft, for some time at least. But this hope was soon blasted. A mile or so below camp we again heard trouble ahead, and soon we were again among savage waters, which we found to continue about a mile ere peaceful waters were again reached. We passed them, however, without serious accident, further than breaking an oar and and one of our poles, and experiencing a general shaking up, as an occasional rock was struck or a ledge jumped. A mile below these chains we turned a graceful bend and found ourselves suddenly "emptied" into the St. Croix, and ere we could scarcely realize it, we had left the never to be forgotten Clam river, and entered upon broad, strange waters. We bade a final adieu to the most tortuous, the most romantic and beautiful stream of the Northwest, after floating upon its crystal waters, or resting upon its charming shores for some eight days.

The St. Croix we found, as far above and as far below as the eye could reach, a broad, swift river, nearly half a mile in width. Its size, at so great a distance toward its source was a matter of the greatest wonder to us—it being greatly wider and more majestic here than it was toward its junction with the Mississippi. We ran down six miles, to the mouth of Sandy river, passing four large and beautiful islands on the way.

It will be remembered that I mentioned that Sandy river was the point at which we had been informed there were, to use the

language of our informant, "everlasting slithereens of deer." We found upon arriving at the mouth of this stream, which came in from the Minnesota side, that it was a swift little river, not wholly unlike the south fork of the "Clam," yet not nearly as pretty, whilst the adjacent country was composed of pine ridges, tamarack swamps and popple thickets. We at once began the ascent of this stream, leaving the St. Croix behind us. We only went up a mile or so, however, when we found it too difficult a task, and beside, we did not care to go farther than to get well into the "celebrated deer range." Selecting the best place to be found for camping—which was what professional hunters would call "a mighty hairy place," at best—we proceeded to unload our cargo, haul our effects up an almost perpendicular bank, by ropes, clear away the brush with our hatchet and axe for the tent and fireplace, as well as a place in which to pile up our deer as we would drag them into camp. We took a great deal of pains to put everything into the best possible shape for a three days' stay among the white-tailed monarchs of this wildest of all wild places, and by noon everything was in perfect order, and a good meal was partaken of.

It was agreed that we should put the camp into a secure condition—so that the deer might not tramp things to pieces in our absence—and take as much of a turn around through the country as possible during the afternoon and lay out the ground best adapted to deer slaughtering, and also ascertain about what quantity of venison might be relied upon in a given number of hours of good, professional deer-seeking. Leaving our heavy clothing in camp, buckling on our arsenal and loading our fuzees, we proceeded into the contiguous wilderness. We silently, but swiftly, hunted ridge and hollow, swamp and thicket, for a circuit of some six miles. By the time the sun was passing below the brush-tops in the west, we had become amazed to find how many deer there might have been in that "famous deer range" at some remote period in the history of the creation—co-existent, probably, with the pre-historic Mound Builders—and also to contemplate upon the thousands of deer in the world that were not there at the date of our visit. In our six or eight miles of travel we saw but one or two "deer signs," and even they had been petrified by the hand of Time. At a late hour we sat our compass for camp, and

in Indian file, made one of the straightest lines possible for that friendly asylum, where we might wreak revenge on salt pork and cold beans.

I scarcely remember which it was who spoke first that evening, but when our respective talking machines did begin business the men who recommended us to that "celebrated deer range" would have trembled—for either us or themselves—had they been within hearing distance of Camp Bear-paw.

Will. got out his pipe and lighted his cubebs, and remarked that the Atlantic ocean had as many deer in it as that country had, or ever had, according to his mind, though he didn't claim to know so very much about good deer ranges. The Rector was sure there must be something in that region, or else what could it be for; nothing was made in vain, even if every appearance *was* against it, as in the present instance. The historian thought there was one reason, alone, which precluded the possibility of there ever having been any deer there: If one ever did get into that section of the country, it would get lost and die of starvation. Then we told a couple of nice stories and went to bed.

Sweet sleep soon came to us, and we sat around great festive boards, where smoking haunches of savory deer-meat were being served in six or eight different languages, the whole being presided over by a stately stag, with horns having a spread of at least seven feet. I imagine it was the cold beans did that.

About the middle of that night something happened—or took place, as the case might be. As usual, it was the writer who began noticing the occurrence first. I quietly reached over Will.—who always slept in the middle—and punched the Rector in the ribs. He raised up on his elbow and, with bated breath, inquired what was the matter, and I telephoned back that that was just what I'd like to know myself. At this, Will. sat up and felt for both of us, and whispered, "There must be something up." I said he was right; that something or other had been smelling of my ear, under the edge of the tent—that it was an unwarranted liberty, without first having had an introduction, and that it was a strong "smeller," too. Then all listened, as the pans and kettles outside began playing hop-skotch about the premises. Sure enough, it was a "big thing." It walked about as if it weighed a ton, and seemed to be making itself quite at home about the

back kitchen in the front yard. We all felt quietly for our guns and then elected Will. to untie the tent door, while the Rector and the writer were to rush the enemy—the Rector, of course, to rush first, while I would bring up the reserve column and be “in at the death.”

We sallied forth into the yard (halting, to-be-sure, very close to the door, not wishing to step on him in the dark, and hurt him), and gave great elasticity to our necks, as we peered this way and that way in the dark, trying to locate the enemy. For a moment not a sound could be heard; then, as if making one grand rush for liberty, the animal—a big black bear—sprang out through the dry brush, from behind the tent. Our first impulse was to run into the tent and hide, although soon thinking better of it, we swung to rear and were about ready to send a volley in his direction, when it was too evident that it would only be powder wasted; so, we didn't do a thing to his bearship, and thus the sanguinary conflict ended just before it begun.

When we felt sure he was safely off, we became very indignant, and were sure that if he dared return, we should go right out and make real mince-meat of him. Thus we told each other how we craved a row with a bear or any other animal, until the howls of a couple of wolves came to our ears from across the little stream, when we tied the tent door up very tightly and snuggled into bed again, each one contending that it was his turn to sleep in the middle.

At earliest dawn we arose, and whilst the bright'ning morning was yet white with frost, three brave explorers might have been observed closely scanning the floor of their front kitchen for bear tracks. No very well-defined prints were discoverable, however, and so we proceeded to build a fire and cook breakfast. During the meal it was decided, that as it was deer we were hunting—and that as we hadn't lost any bears or wolves—we would abandon that deerless precinct forthwith. After a hearty meal, we packed up our effects very carefully, and by 8 o'clock turned our prow down the little river, to again enter the St. Croix, and begin our first regular day's run upon its wide, placid waters.

Just as the morning sun was peeping over the eastern hills, throwing his mellow pink tints athwart the water, our pretty little ship floated gracefully out upon the glassy bosom of the big

river, whose every beautiful bend was a new prospect, and eagerly scanned by the three bear—beg pardon—deer hunters. Our spirits were buoyant, because we had left a very uninteresting camp—Camp Bear-paw—because the morning was one of Aurora's rarest gems, and because we supposed our voyage would now be uninterrupted by savage and dangerous rapids until the neighborhood of Taylor's Falls was reached, at least. So, we chatted, laughed, sang and told stories—many of them were becoming tolerably gray with age, the younger ones having become pretty well exhausted—and leisurely rowed on a quick current down the majestic, pretty river. We were conscious of being surrounded by the perfect freedom of a wild world, far from the confines of civilization, with all its cares, responsibilities, and social restrictions. Thus, were two or three of the bracing morning hours passed, when, upon turning a wide, sweeping bend, we not only saw, but heard what made our hearts heavy—the white foam and roar of rapids away down in the distance. Just before reaching them we met an Indian, who had been sufficiently tarnished by civilization to understand a trifle of the United States tongue, and to farther prove his considerable contact with the superior(?) white race, he besought us to give him some tobacco and whisky. We gave him some of the former—which Will. had along, in case his cubebs might "draw damp"—but in regard to the whisky, we gave him to know that "white man" and "whisky" weren't synonymous terms in *all* cases, though they might be as a rule. He replied, "Ugh!" whatever that meant, but which he probably intended should rhyme with "jug."

From this "noble red man" we made out to gather (he was ascending the river in a birch canoe) that the rapids we were approaching was what was known as the "Kettle River rapids," and that they were *seven miles* in length. Also, that there were, at that stage of water, twenty to thirty other rapids to encounter before reaching Taylor's Falls. I was never of a bloodthirsty temperament, but, for the next few minutes I really did want to do considerable violence to that contaminated redskin, to pay him off for imparting to us such a measly batch of information. He told us that in running this seven-mile rapids, we must keep to the Wisconsin shore, all the way, as that was the best and safest side to run.



This was a heartsome lot of information, to-be-sure; a brilliant prospect was in store for us, certainly. I proposed to my two companions that we give the boat to the poor, the cargo to the Indian, and then walk home. That we had taken sufficient risk among strange rapids; that I loved a few rapids, but that I wasn't a pig. Upon further thought, however, we determined to navigate everything between there and home—still two hundred miles away—barring only the Falls themselves, for the very good and sufficient reason that to do so was the only way we ever could get home, anyway.

Thanking the red son of the wilderness for his heart-satisfying information, we headed for the Wisconsin shore, and in half an hour passed into the head of the seven-mile chain. We were alternately shooting through dangerous channels, wading over long, rocky shoals, dragging our boat after us toward deep water which, when reached, all hands would climb in, and away we would go, "bumpty-clatter," through another roaring chain. So we kept it up for the long, weary, and oftentimes perilous seven miles. At one o'clock we had passed the mouth of Kettle river, had cleared these seemingly endless series of roaring terrors, and then landed for rest and refreshments. The labor and excitement of that long forenoon had greatly wearied us all, and after eating a cold dinner—save a hot cup of tea—we lay prone upon the earth for two hours, to rest our weary limbs and dry our wet clothing in the sun.

While we lay here, three men hove in sight, coming up the river in a batteau. Upon espying us, they came and landed at our resting-place. They proved to be lumbermen on their way to make preliminary arrangements for establishing a lumber camp for the winter, up on Bear river, the mouth of which was three miles above, on the Minnesota side. They were the advance of a grand crew who would follow a month or so later. They proved to be sociable fellows, and sat down and chatted with us for half an hour. From them we learned much about that region, its streams, its lumbering sections, its relative position, and so on, and particularly in regard to the character of the river yet ahead of us. They agreed pretty well with the Indian, and said that at that stage of water we should find numerous rapids, but no very dangerous or difficult ones until we neared the Falls.

Among other things, they were delighted with our pretty boat, and said they had never seen such a perfect model before; they were surprised to learn that we had come all the way from Clam Falls, and asked many questions about that part of the north-country. We told them of having been informed of two different "famous deer ranges," and how, that very morning, we had left the Sandy river deer thickets, and how there was not, in our opinion, one deer to every fifty miles square of that whole section of country. This set them agoing, along the deer line, and they burst out in one voice, to the effect that it was not very much wonder we didn't see any deer. They then proceeded to inform us, in the most emphatic manner, that all the deer in that entire region were to be found up on Bear river, whither they were then going; that we must turn right back and go with them, and in the morning they would take us to a place where "deer were thicker than tinkers in Tophet." They said there were two natural "deer-licks" (salt springs) up there, and that these animals were so numerous that they actually had to be numbered so as to get a fair deal at the "licks"—or, that the deer had to have meal-tickets, I forget which. At any rate, they declared that deer could be seen sitting all around the woods in the vicinity of those "licks," awaiting their turn, and the ground was literally torn up all about these salt-licks by the impatient deer. By this time I had got my sixteen-shooting rifle well in hand, my two companions were also near their guns, and then we told these men that we bore them no ill-will and hoped that, for their own sake, they would cease their recommendations along that line; that they were taking too many chances, particularly if they were married men; that we were not bad men, but that it was decidedly dangerous for them to push the subject of "grand deer ranges" any farther. They finally saw the drift of our intimations, and took leave, whilst we sprang into our boat, shoved off, and soon these garrulous men were left out of sight—they going up stream, and we speeding on our downward course.

We only ran a few miles after leaving Kettle river rapids, but the run was a dream of pleasure. Being weary with the day's work and excitements, we went into camp at a place we called Camp Prospect on the Minnesota side, and exactly opposite the mouth of Wood river which came in from the Wisconsin shore.

This was one of the most lovely of all our camps, and one we can never forget, because of its peculiar beauty. Our camping spot was a high, level plateau, covered all over with a handsome grove of low-spreading oak trees, with a quick, grassy slope—after coming within a few rods of the river—down to the water's edge. The evening was one of the calmest, balmiest, loveliest, that ever blessed the world; and, in the early twilight, the great round, silver moon floated up from the eastern horizon—exactly across the river in front of our camp. The evening star soon followed surrounded by her host of obedient courtiers, the whole perfectly duplicated in the tranquil bosom of the clear, wide river before us. It was an evening parade of the charms of both heaven and earth, the like of which is viewed but a few times in a lifetime.

The night bade fair to be a frosty one, so it was suggested that the wood-gleaner provide plenty of fuel for a brilliant campfire, which I proceeded to do, while Will. and the Rector made all things ready for a comfortable night, and prepared the supper. There were only two things that marred the perfection of that night, and these were, the Rector burned his finger in some hot grease, and the wood-gleaner ran a small stick of wood under his thumb-nail. Several stars went out about this time, and a tremendous fish fell up out of the water, with a loud splash when he fell back again, over near the mouth of Wood river. There was no particular occasion for the fish falling out of the water, however, nor for the stars going out; because neither of us said so *very* much, though the writer had an able-bodied thought or two, as to splinters under one's thumb-nail. A well-basted duck and a pint of good coffee for each of us, though, made everything very nice, and as Will. lit up his cubebs after supper I noticed that the agitated stars had settled down again, and shown down upon us with their wonted and steady splendor. We sat late in front of our glowing campfire, telling all we knew to one another, or silently drawing (each his own), pictures in the embers of the fire, and at last "snuggled into bed" in our little tented home.

The following morning was a fit successor of the night preceding it. Though it was a cold, crisp morning, with hoar-frost whitening everything, the beautiful god of day rose in all his imposing, late-September majesty, and gradually warmed again all things into life. We built a monster fire in the early gray of

morning, and by the time our breakfast hour had come we had a royal bed of coals over which our chief cook could exercise his caterer's skill.

While the Rector was broiling us a trio of fat partridges over the coals, Will. and I busied ourselves with shooting a day's supply of the swift-flying ducks that came down the river with a whiz-z-z and a whir—flying low and well in-shore, under the fog that had risen over the water. We bagged thirteen fine ones ere the sun had risen, and only desisted when the Rector, in a voice the farthest remove from a whisper, informed us that unless we came to breakfast, he would eat all the partridges and drink all the coffee—which sent out its rich aroma on the morning air of that lonely yet lovely spot. This information was a settler, and ended our sport; because, we would fight sooner for a luscious game breakfast than we would for our homes and firesides, our sires, or anything else; our appetites were as keen as the crisp air, so we adjourned to the meal in waiting, and informed the Rector that when he talked of eating our share of the toothsome game, he aroused a spirit in us that wouldn't bear trifling with.

Just as we reached the tent, we "felt a noise" off to the rear of the camp, and upon looking in the direction, we beheld a stalwart Indian approaching. He came promptly forward, and we said, "Good morning, Mr. good Chippewa!" He remarked, in return, "Boo-zhoo!" We told him we had no "boo-zhoo" on tap just then, but thought the Rector might stir him up a little "boo-yaw," on a pinch, if that would serve his turn just as well. He didn't seem to catch the joke, but smiled a grim, wild grin, and drew nigh and warmed his shivering personality, as he cast a fitful glance about at our tent and comfortable outfit. He was dressed in all the usual fuss and feather of the wild Indian, with the addition of a vari-colored patched bed-quilt in place of an Indian blanket, which he wore about him; probably it was one he had captured in some brave conflict with a frontier woman and her children, though if he had any scalps, he must have had them in his pocket. His eyes fairly glared as he beheld our smoking kettles, and the bountiful breakfast spread upon a rubber blanket on the ground, and we saw at a glance that he was very hungry, even for an Indian. I spoke to him in the Sioux tongue, for I knew that most of the older Chippewas could understand more or

less of the language of their time-honored enemies, and as I could remember a little bit of Sioux, but knew not a word of Chippewa. I asked him who he was. He said he was a good Indian (not a doubt of it) and a chief, and that he hadn't eaten anything for a "whole lot of a while" (or words to that effect), except two raw fish; that he was on his way across the country to his own band, which he expected to meet on the headwaters of the Snake river, a day's journey farther on. We invited him to join us at breakfast, which he most readily acceded to—he would have been a funny Indian had he declined. Having considerable curiosity, we noted what he ate, as well as kept his tin plate well supplied during the meal. He ate four large potatoes, nearly a pound of salt pork, a plate of soda crackers, a lot of canned beef, a teacup of pork-fryings, drank two pints of coffee, and topped off on several minor items. He came mighty near eating us "out of house and home," and Will. intimated several times during the process of filling up this hungry savage, that he had better be either choked off or killed—else there would be a "goneness" in our larder that would, in all its essential features, resemble a Chinese famine. At last, however, our distinguished guest intimated that he was the same thing as full, and we felt greatly relieved, as he stood up before the fire and chafed his stomach with much apparent satisfaction. We feared lest he might explode; but he stood the pressure, and grunted occasionally, as if to say, "That was a much good feast." I asked him his name, and he said it was "Es-wah-ou-gaw-bee." This, we took it, when translated into United States, must mean, "The-man-who-isn't-afraid-of-his-stomach." After standing about our fire until he became sufficiently limbered up to be able to walk, he grunted a brief adieu, and then disappeared in the forest.

We left beautiful Camp Prospect at about 8 o'clock expecting that, unless delayed by rapids, to reach the neighborhood of Taylors Falls by night, some fifty miles below; but, owing to the facts that the distance was considerably greater than we supposed, and a portion of the river very difficult, we camped the following night at what we called Camp Beauty—which vied with our last camp in its rare attractions, though its charms were of a different character—twenty miles above the Falls. The river, in its long stretches between the rapids, during the day, proved to be the

most magnificent of any large stream I ever before navigated. Ever and anon, along its romantic and at times rugged shores, a beautiful waterfall of greater or less magnitude, would come tumbling over high, moss-covered and fern-hidden crags, laughing, and leaping, and sparkling like silver ribbons with diamond spray-drops in the mellow autumn sunshine. The number of these pretty cascades and waterfalls amazed us, and their varied beauty, with the broad river, and the autumn-tinted valley made it a fairy land of enchanting loveliness :

“The sounding cataract

Haunted me like a passion ; the tall rock,  
The mountain, and the deep and glossy wood,  
Their colors and their form were then to me  
An appetite, a feeling, and a love.”

About noon we came to the first well-defined settlement, and from that time forward we found more or less settlers along the valley, with good starts made in the way of farms and comfortable homes. Their nationality, for the most part, was Swedish.

We went into camp quite late, and a mile above it, we landed at the place of a settler, and Will. was delegated to interview the people on the subject of milk, bread, and butter. After a little time, the Rector and I also sauntered up to the place, where we found Will. negotiating with the rather elderly lady in charge, whilst we were welcomed by an old man whom we afterward learned, was a noted character in that region. He must have been nearly seven feet in his stockings, straight as an Indian, his sandy hair and whiskers mixed plentifully with gray, with small sharp eyes ; he said he was eighty-odd years old, and had been a tough customer to handle in his day. “And, boys,” said he, as he straightened up in front of us, “I ain’t afeard of no man as runs these parts right now—do you understand that, boys?” We assured him that we did comprehend the drift of his remarks, and assured him we had no inclination to test his power of muscle. “No, boys,” he continued, “if there was any excuse that I could lay hold onto, a ten-acre field full o’ such runts as you three chaps, wouldn’t make a breakfast job for me, right now—do you hear me, boys?” We assured the old citizen that we did hear him very distinctly ; and furthermore, that we were orphans and far from home, and weren’t hunting for any kind of trouble.

"Well, boys," he continued, "you must kind o' excuse me, but I al'ays liked to fight better 'n to eat, an' when I see 'the boys' around, it kinder of remin's me of the fun of other days, an' fur a minit or two I want to get my han's on 'em again. You're a purty decent lookin' lot, an' if the ole woman has any 'grub' ye mout want, it's all right."

Just then, I looked through the kitchen door and overheard the old lady remark to Will., who was negotiating for supplies: "Yer think that's too much fur that there bread, do yer?" Then Will. replied: "Madam, if I were to express my candid conviction, I should say it was a *very* remunerative price at which to deal out the 'staff of life.' " "Well," she said, "you just look at them there old hands, and see if you think that's too much;" and I saw her two hands held up, for Will's inspection, just past the door-jamb. The result of the examination seemed to be convincing, to judge from Will's next remarks: "All right, Madam, I take it all back; the price is reasonable—here's your money for the whole lot. Good evening." Then we bade the old man good-bye, and soon we were shooting a chain of rapids just below, and after crossing them we swung around a beautiful point on the Minnesota side, and went into camp for the night at what we named Camp Beauty. At this camp we enjoyed one of the finest nights of our trip, and one of the most lovely sunrises, on the following morning, and we left its rare comforts with regret, to encounter the expected difficulties of the day.

From here on, the river grew very difficult; not only did the rapids increase in number, but also in danger—as we drew closer to the impossible series of rapids that lay for two or three miles all along above the mile-long Falls, proper. We ran everything we encountered, up to about ten o'clock, when we came to a very long and savage stretch of water. We landed, and while discussing the trouble ahead, a young man came down in a dugout; seeing us in council, he landed, and inquired if we were strangers in those waters, and whether we wished to pass on below. Being affirmatively assured upon both points, he said he knew the river perfectly, and although he noticed that our boat was very heavily laden, he thought that if we would follow him—he was going down three miles farther to meet a surveying party—he could guide us through as far as he went. "But," said he, "your

safety depends entirely upon your being able to keep your fine little boat exactly in the channel I run, as the trip through is, at best, an ugly one." Of course, as there seemed to be no alternative, we thanked him, and told him we should attempt the passage, as his course might dictate. So saying, he pulled out into the stream, with many a caution that we must follow him closely, or hidden rocks would be encountered—especially in the last two chains through which we would pass—and nothing less than destruction would follow.

After getting well out into the stream, he straightened his little bark preparatory to making the run of half a mile over the first chain, and we followed exactly in his wake. We found our heavily laden boat harder to turn, in the many angles, than his, yet by a close watch and tight muscles we kept in the tortuous channel through the first half-mile chain. Here our volunteer guide came along side, and said that after passing two more still worse chains he would leave us; and after that we must not attempt to run any more; that a year before, seven lumbermen—the best of rivermen, and who knew the channels perfectly—had attempted to run, in a batteau, over a couple of the chains just below where he would leave us, and three of them lost their lives. Will., being good in figures, estimated that if three was the toll exacted by those two rapids, it would exactly wipe out our party to attempt them. Hence, it was agreed that if we got through the next two in safety, under the leadership of our fortunately discovered young friend, we should procure a team and portage around to the town of Taylor's Falls, below all these impossible rapids, which would bring us to pleasant waters for all the rest of our long journey homeward.

We now neared the next chain, which we found to be indeed a flood—and even the second one was in sight in the distance below. Our guide, still again cautioning us to keep close in his wake, and to keep our boat under perfect control every instant, shot ahead, and we were soon among the seething waters. It was one of the most exciting epochs in our lives; and the sensations of excitement—bordering upon terror—can only be realized by a person who has been there. Without undertaking to give the details of the headlong plungings, narrow escapes from being either dashed in pieces or overturned by the rocks, I would simply



say that we went through and came out with our lives—thanks to Providence—and with but trifling damage to our gallant little ship, though the labor and excitement of it all, left us limp as rags for a long time afterward.

As we came scooting through the foam below the last one we could not help taking off our hats and giving vent to a lusty cheer and thanking, again and again, the noble young fellow who had so kindly volunteered to lead the way. Had we undertaken the passage of the last three, without the aid of his knowledge, we should have, in all probability, been lost. He waved his hat, turned to the left, and soon disappeared up a neighboring bayou, where he expected to join his party. We ran into a bend on the Wisconsin shore, where the road almost touched the river, and landed. Procuring a team, with but little trouble, we portaged our boat and outfit to Taylor's Falls, where an hour or two was spent in procuring the clothing we had left at the Dalles House, getting our letters from home, adding something to our commissary department, and in a visit to the wonderful natural wells in the vicinity, under the guidance of the very clever editor of the Taylor's Fall's *Journal*—Mr. Folsom.

As many of my readers know, the village of Taylor's Falls stands on the Minnesota side, at the head of the famous Dalles of the St. Croix, and just at the foot of the Falls of the St. Croix—which latter are but little more than a series of impassable rapids which terminate in a roaring downpour and leap into the gorge of the Dalles at this point. These Dalles are a couple of miles or so in length, only, but their grandeur certainly entitle them to the celebrity they have won, especially when considered in connection with the other natural wonders in their immediate neighborhood. The river, after leaving the Dalles, assumes from there to its confluence with the Mississippi at Prescott, a rather commonplace character, comparatively speaking, though it is by no means barren of interest.

One of the most wonderful freaks of Nature to be seen in the vicinity are the "natural wells" which are eight or ten in number, and almost within a stone's throw of the business center of the village. Though our time had grown to be somewhat precious, we could not resist the temptation of visiting them; and, with Mr. Folsom as our guide, we took a brisk walk down to the

foot of the main street, thence by the most rugged of pathways we turned to the right, going out through and over a high rocky promontory in the direction of the river. This whole promontory and a vast deal more of the neighborhood, is the result of a grand upheaval at some period in the history of the world, which literally burst the granite beds below, flinging the great blocks—from the size of a bushel-measure to that of a large house—into piles and ridges, in the most utter confusion possible to imagine. The terrific upheaval left deep gorges, causways and heights, grandly picturesque. Our pathways—by the aid of rustic foot-bridges and ladders that had been erected—led us up and down through the most wonderful passages, retreats and grottos.

The wells are immense circular holes, drilled by the ceaseless rolling 'round and 'round—forever 'round—of granite boulders, under the power of savage whirlpools that for ages held high carnival above this granite bed—probably when the St. Croix and Mississippi valleys were the outlet of the "great lakes." These wells were thus drilled until a depth of thirty feet had been reached in some of them, while others were not more than fifteen or twenty feet deep—the sizes in other respects being in proportion—drilled out by the never-ceasing roll of a harder rock down into the solid granite, round and smooth. Several of these wells, the deeper ones, were full of rain-water, like cisterns. Some of the shallower ones, and one large one, were dry, and the manner of their creation could be seen and studied. They are ten to fifteen feet across at the top, and grow slightly and gradually larger as they go down—sort of jug-shape. From one of them was taken the hard, round rock that had been used by the whirlpool of old, in "digging" the well; it had been worn down, in its ages of ceaseless rounds, to about the size of one's head, and was slightly egg-shaped. At the bottom of one of the large wells, the stone that had bored it, wore through, at last, at one side of the bottom, into a side gorge, and had rolled away through the aperture it made for its own release. We went by tortuous paths to the bottom of the gorge, thence into the well by crawling through the hole where the boring-stone had escaped; we could stand and look up through the mouth of the monster jug to the blue sky above, and examine the smooth, stone-ground wall.

Thanking our generous guide, we repaired to our waiting

boat, passed down through the magnificent dalles, and four miles below went into camp at what we called Camp Farewell—"fare-well," because, upon reaching Stillwater next day, the writer would leave his two companions and proceed homeward by rail, while they would continue on by river, and stop a few days at the head of Lake Pepin to enjoy the shooting, not far from home.

We enjoyed our last camp together—recounting the scenes and experiences of our long and arduous "voyage." The next evening we reached Stillwater, spending our noonday hour at the beautiful Osceola Falls, which are formed by a lovely brook on the uplands taking a leap of a hundred feet over the precipice and landing a few rods from the river's shore.

At Camp Farewell we witnessed the strangest phenomenon, as I may term it, of the whole trip—or any other trip, for that matter. It was the scores of thousands of beautiful white butterflies—seeming, in the light of our big campfire, like an endless host of tiny fairies, coming in from the black depths of the night that hemmed us 'round. They came from every side in endless thousands, and would pour themselves, in a perpetual, funnel-formed mass into the great fire—each one seeming to vie with all the others in getting in first. Hundreds that would only have their wings disabled, and fall to the ground at a distance from the fire, would struggle along on the ground toward the fire, crawling directly into the red coals to be consumed. We could but gaze upon the extraordinary scene in awe, until a late hour, and when we retired to our tent they still came to their funeral pyre in undiminished thousands—until the pyre's bright flames had been swallowed up by the night. The wonderful sight brought to mind the lines—

"Thus the fond moth 'round the taper plays,  
And sports and flutters near the treacherous blaze;  
Ravished with joy, he wings his eager flight,  
Nor dreams of ruin in so clear a light;  
He tempts his fate, and courts a glorious doom,  
A bright destruction and a shining tomb."

This scene, however, was a wholesale transaction in the line of the poet's thought.

# STRAWS OF HUMOR.

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*"Humor is One of the Most*  *Important Elements of Life."*

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## BEING FUNNY.



EVER strive to be witty, young man, unless sure you can make a success of it; for, an attempt at wit, followed by failure, is very humiliating indeed. Most young persons—particularly young men—have a great desire to appear as "wits;" to appear as possessing brighter intellects than those around them—to be a trifle smarter than anybody else, in fact. To wish to become a Mark Twain, an Artemus Ward, a Nasby or a Josh Billings, is an object praiseworthy enough; and it is all right to try yourself a little, for the purpose of finding out whether you possess the elements of a wit, or a humorous writer; nevertheless, all your tests should be conducted strictly in private, for a considerable length of time, and the tests should be made very severe. Up in a hay-loft, or down in a secluded corner of a coal-cellar, or in some retired part of a goose-pasture can be reckoned on as safe localities in which to begin. Whenever you imagine you have "struck a good thing," just retire to your retreat and commence developing it; repeat it over a number of times, exactly as it first came into your mind, and if you have to laugh every time you say it over, you can note progress; and if, after repeating it over a hundred times, you laugh still more heartily every time, then you may consider it a fair specimen of humor, out of which a four-line joke may sometime be "panned;" and if, in addition to this, you dream about it every

night, for a month, so that you have to get up out of bed and laugh until your sides ache, ending in a violent fit of hiccoughs, it will then be safe to write it out privately, and put it carefully away—where no one will find it—for future reference. But, too much care cannot be taken to keep your jokes and your future intentions to yourself, lest you be ridiculed, and become discouraged from having your sensibilities hurt—your ambition drowned in icewater, thrown by ruthless, and mayhap, envious hands.

After you have accumulated several thousand "good things," from which to draw in emergencies during your future career as a humorist—for, once funny, always funny, obtains in the life of a "funny man"—you may venture to offer some of the best samples for publication in the village paper—just to "help the editor fill up his paper," you know—provided it has but a small circulation; for, you must be careful not to gain too much publicity at first, so that if your effort is badly received, there will not be many to receive it. After this trial, let nature take its course; and, if you are not too thin-skinned, and can stand plenty of real solid grief, you will doubtless succeed in attracting some public attention, and favorable comment by the press, by the time you reach an age when your head will resemble a soap-bubble; the members of the press rarely refuse to say something rather nice about an old man whom they suppose will soon become the chief attraction at a funeral. It is, by comparison, a very simple proposition, intellectually speaking, to become a governor or a member of congress, but you should weigh the chances very carefully before aspiring to the exalted position of a humorist. We feel all this, because we have been there. During our own "infant manhood" we accumulated a few of what we imagined were very clever pieces of humor; we looked forward through rose-tinted glasses to the time when we should set the whole English-speaking world a-giggle—we don't speak German. We figured on opening up the floodgates of our humorous nature and inundating a gloom-saturated world with a flood of "uproarious laughter." The choicest bit was submitted to an editor of high attainments; he read it through patiently, and then turned to the culprit and asked if the article was intended to be a humorous production; we nodded our guilt, when he said: "Young man, you wouldn't make a humorous writer, if you lived to the age of a thousand

years, and worked ten hours a day at nothing else—if this is a fair sample of your talent in that direction." That settled our "humorous" ambition. By a heroic physical effort we succeeded in reaching the door—which seemed about five miles off, with a bad road—and went out into the wintry air to cool off. We felt of our head, when, sure enough, what we had mistaken for our "bump of wit" was nothing more nor less than a yawning hollow, instead of an able-bodied protuberance. We have never since attempted to write anything more laughable than an epitaph for the tomb-stone of a man who "never paid the printer." These, we write passably well.

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### THE PREACHER'S VISIT.

It is probable that most middle-aged people who were reared in the rural "deestricks" of the old eastern states, can call to mind that longest-to-be-remembered event, in the days of their boyhood—the preacher's visit to the home of their parents. It was the event of the season, when the preacher would notify Deacon So-and-so, that upon the occasion of his next monthly visitation to fill the pulpit of the neighborhood meeting-house he would make the Deacon's house his home—"no preventing providence—Amen!"

Though it might be in the very center of the harvest season, the atmosphere in and about the Deacon's home would become, first cool, then cold, and then freezing, as the time for the event drew nigh, and when the time finally arrived, the boys of the household would feel like as if they were ready to be cut up, and sold by the stick.

Take an old-school Presbyterian preacher, of twenty years' "practice," and in the particular age to which we refer, and if he couldn't freeze a midsummer sunbeam into an icicle in a minute and a half, then it was counted that there was a screw loose somewhere, and that he wasn't "fitted up" for a shepherd of the particular quality of lambs common to those virtuous interior "deestricks."

How well we remember the periodical visits of good old Parson Gildersleeve at the home of our boyhood. He was a model preacher of that day and locality. His consistency was of the

purest water—he was utterly without a fault as a preacher of the time. In his makeup had been used, old colonial dignity, reserve, religion and ice, in about equal parts, and all these had become thoroughly amalgamated and “set” by two decades of service in the oldest branch of old-school Presbyterianism.

Of course, his sermons were pretty much all alike (in length exactly so), and extended from firstly to twenty-eighthly, aside from four to six “in conclusions. We never knew any one who could remain awake long enough to hear the whole sermon, at any one sitting—many dozing off into a comfortable nap right in the middle of the section bearing particularly upon the brimstone prospect for all those who heeded the Word heedlessly.

The good wife of the Deacon always had the house in perfect order—the spare bed and bedroom was spotless and well aired—days before the arrival of the saint-like guest, and a general, likewise a detailed, code was announced to the numerous family, as to their behavior whilst the momentous occasion was “on.” Every member of the domestic flock was rehearsed in their respective parts, and a general impression given to all, that if the least digression from the rules of conduct laid down during the stay of the holy man that, as a matter of course, the sin would be a well-nigh indellible one.

On the day of his expected arrival, cautious heads could be seen peering out from behind some breastwork, gazing down the lane to catch sight of the “advance.” Punctuality was one of the virtues of those virtuous days, and in due time the tall, gaunt figure or the preacher would be seen in the distance as, sitting bolt-upright on his bony old horse, he would draw nigh. The old mare was of no particular color, just a somber shade, and her countenance was also sad and serious, as became her position. The good man’s dress, from the tall napless hat down to his well greased boots, gave evidence of having seen several decades of service, both by their style and thread-bareness, and the trowsers were badly bagged at the knee. A starched “dickey” covered the front of his homespun shirt, his neck encased in a high black “stock” which was so high and iron-clad as to prevent the turning of the head, even had his profession permitted the wagging of that important member.

Arriving at the bars leading into the yard, the host would

greet him in so respectful a way that it was next to silence itself, take off the saddle-bags—usually containing an extra “dickey,” a few jammed doughnuts, a bible, and half a dozen well-thumbed hymn-books in one end, and a sufficient weight of religious tracts in the other to balance the weight of the dickey and doughnut end. Then the procession of two would proceed to the house, the preacher leading. Jonathan Edward, as he had been previously instructed to do, would lead the sacred mare to the barn, divest her of saddle and bridle, give her water, half a bushel of oats (that was the kind of a corn-crib she was), and “bed her down” in selected straw clear to the end of her precious old wisp-tail.

The decorum of that household during the sojourn of “the head of the church” was a spectacle of precision and frugidity second only to some scene that was more so, and was calculated to destroy a boy who had a great big chunk of left-over fun inside of him.

A sedate supper of raised-biscuit, butter, tea, and goose-berry jam, with the bulk of the family in the background, then family prayers and hymn-singing by the aggregation of discords, followed by a silent retirement of the whole force. The next day, being the Sabbath, the family, headed by the preacher, started for the church on foot, at a seasonable hour. The morning service lasted three hours; then Sabbath-school, then a luncheon of doughnuts around on the rail-fences; then a sermon of great power—at least in length—then home to a cold supper—cold, because cooking was not permitted on the Sabbath-day—and to feed the stock. Then all attended the two-hour prayer-meeting in the evening.

On Monday morning the dear old parson would pronounce a general blessing on the Deacon's household, crawl up to the upper deck of the demure “old bones,” and gradually bump himself out of sight down the lane. Then, things would once more assume their normal condition about the place, and the boys would find exquisite joy in the hard work of the farm for a long time afterward. Such a “bringin' up” gives boys something to think about all their lives through.

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### THE JOYS OF PICNICING.

WHEN our young folk want to have a real good time, they



go on a picnic, and so do many of our older folk, too. We ourselves caught the picnic fever a few days ago, and went. Arriving at "the prettiest spot on the face of the earth," of course, we all prepared to enjoy the immeasurable glory of a first-class picnic. Our party landed the two boats, took the hampers, baskets, ice, buckets of spring-water, lemons, and all the rest of it, up the hill to the beautiful grove, and camped down among the bluebells, buttercups, honeysuckles, and fragrant dandelions, in the shade of the beautiful trees. It was too early in the day to "eat the picnic," and so, in order to kill time, most of us went out to gather ferns and things. No picnic is quite right unless you say a good deal about how refined it is to be a lover of ferns, and how you love, above everything else, to "go a'ferning" and have ferneries about your home, with ferns that you gathered with your very own perspiring hands. Some of the party, however, remained in camp and read poetry—reading aloud and sawing the air with gestures, putting in all the flourishes allowed by the laws of elocution, and more too, if they felt like it. Not being particularly in love with verse, we proved our refinement by joining the fern-gatherers. The truth is, we don't know a fern from a red-oak bush, and care a great deal less; but we hunted ferns with a commendable zeal, just the same. After prowling about through the tanglewood of brush and nettles for a time, looking for some weed that would correspond with our idea of what a fern ought to be, we struck it. That is, we stooped down to gather a clump of vegetation that averaged a little better for "pretty" than anything before discovered. Just as we were about to pluck the ferny bunch from the earth, a snake, about three feet long (or nine feet), hauled itself from beneath those weeds; we straightened up violently, as we remember it, and so did our hair—we are certain in regard to the hair. We faced toward camp, and went through or over every obstacle met with, and landed heels-over-head across a dinner-basket.

The poetical members of the party were, by this time, so diligently engaged in picking sand-flies from their eyes, shaking big black ants out of their skirts, the men in choking wasps that had crawled up inside their pant-legs, that they did not discover the manner of our arrival at camp to have been anything save an ordinary arrival. We tied strings around the bottoms of our

breeches legs, to keep out the larger classes of insects, while we sat down on a bunch of sand-burrs to fan ourself and enjoy the scenery.

It was not long before the other fern-lovers got in—some with bugs up their backs, others with green worms inside their collars, and all of them pretty well eaten up by mosquitoes; one or two had also “got their hand right onto a snake!” and *they* were settled. After all hands had gotten most of the bugs, ants, beetles and worms outside of their inside, it was agreed that dinner-time had arrived, and so the good things were unpacked, and the lemonade brewery put under way. Getting everything spread out on the grass, one person was appointed steward, while the party drew nigh, and began the enjoyment of the most famous of all pleasures—eating a picnic dinner. The steward’s business was to take two little sticks and keep the bugs out of the victuals; if a gran’-daddy-long-legs got into the butter (and several of him did get in) he was to get him between the two sticks and spar him out; when the bugs would run under a slice of bread, he was to excavate for them; he must keep most of the ants shoveled out of the sugar with one of the sticks, and the real cute little green worms that dropped from the boughs above were banished with the other; the rest of the party could keep most of the flies and mosquitoes out of their faces with one hand, and delight their respective palates with the other. The meal over, the party raked things together in a general pile, dumped them into the baskets, the steward hastily drank a pint of lemonade—swallowing two bugs and a measuring-worm—grasped a sandwich and the whole party fled to the boat, and finished the day around on the lake in the boiling hot sun, until every one was almost blistered.

At eventide, just as the sun was throwing his last shafts of subdued light over the enchanting landscape—also waterscape—the robin was dropping the good-night worm into the yawning mouths of her young, and the looing kine came marching homeward, timed to the tinkling bell of their leader, our party stepped ashore; that is, they staggered out onto the pebbly beach, with their cramped and stiffened limbs; then they all betook themselves toward their respective abiding places, where they may all be found henceforward, excepting during business hours.

The party could not consent to disperse from the beach, how-

ever, without first passing the usual resolution, to the effect that it had been "one of the most thoroughly enjoyable, and in every way successful picnics of the season."

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### A BATH-ROOM ADVENTURE.

It was while taking an editorial bath—now, don't smile, please, because we can make oath we did—that we chanced to look out over the edge of the bathtub onto the floor, and there, in the strong electric light, we saw an animal that seemed new to us. When the thing skated in the direction of the bathtub, we would pull ourself down out of sight, and when it seemed likely the thing had time to start off on another tack, we'd peek over the edge again and watch its movements. It was a spooky-looking proposition, and seemed to glide about as though it had a hundred legs, or else no legs at all, we couldn't tell which. We had never seen anything like it before, and wondered if that was a part of the belongings to a hotel bath-room, and if it was to be added as an "extra" in the bill. What made it look so spooky was the fact that when it halted for an instant between ourself and the light it seemed to be perfectly hollow and transparent; there wasn't, so far as could be seen, the least bit of machinery inside of it. We could see right through the thing, and it seemed, like a seedless prune stretched over a soap-bubble. But, great Cæsar! how it could go, when it seemed to feel like it. We have been buckled in with a great many kinds of animals in the western country, and had never overworried about anything where there was a fair chance to get a good hold; but here was a most uncanny looking thing, that moved about almost faster than the eye could follow it; and worst of all, its skating rink was located between the bathtub and the door. We dared not get out of the tub, and didn't want to stay in it all night, or until we became water-soaked. At last, one of those very brilliant ideas came to us, which often help a fellow out of a tight place. Drawing the pitcher full of water, with one eye—with the other we kept tab on the animal—out of the hot spout of the waterworks, we suddenly flooded the place with it, when this seedless prune disappeared into its hole somewhere, with a "hot box." Not stopping to dry off, we took a cautious "header" into just a part of our

wardrobe and went out of that human aquarium and down the adjacent hall, as if liable to miss a train, or as if we had been fired out of a hammerless pea-shooter. We afterward asked one of our friends what he supposed it was, and he said that, judging from our description, it was nothing less than a cockroach. Well, probably it was a cockroach ; but, whatever it was, the next time we take a bath, if we ever do, we'll go armed with a club, and attach the hose to the hot pipe of the waterworks, to begin with.

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### HAVING FUN WITH A BICYCLE.

Nobody about the neighborhood suspected it, but nevertheless it was true, just the same. We finally did get the bicycle craze, after all these years. It came on very gradually, as may be inferred, and we kept religiously quiet about it. What gave the fever a sort of sudden impetus, latterly, was the fact that every time we walked up-town—our cottage home is a goodly distance from the busy marts of trade—we have been overtaken by friends who "have wheels," who glided past, with cheerful jest and a remark that would savor of sarcasm about people who walked, in this fast age. If they left home even long after we did, they had time to do a dozen errands and then return, meeting the "foot-pad" editor only a trifle over half way on his journey—then they would volunteer a few condolatory remarks about people who "couldn't ride a wheel." This sort of thing finally began to wear on our nerves. We have never yet allowed ourself to get left to the extent of three or four to one, in any sort of game, and so we made a mental resolution or two, covering the situation—we resolved to surprise several or more persons, in the very immediate future, anent this bicycle business. Accordingly, we arranged to have a practice-wheel delivered at our suburban villa, the delivery to be made in the dark of the moon, so as not to arouse the suspicion of any one but our own. We stabled it in the back shed, until the moon came right for the beginning of active hostilities. Once upon a time, in Montana, we had ridden a bucking bronco for two straight weeks, with the wildest gang of cowboys that ever roped a coyote, and we "made no doubt" as to our ability to "break" a bloomin' bicycle in just a few strenuous moments. Finally, at a latish hour on a moonlit evening, after all our good

neighbors had either turned in, or gone out on the lake to fight mosquitoes and fish, we led our rotating steed, by its left ear, down to the commons, adjoining the corporation. We took off our coat, drew our belt up an extra hole, pulled our straw hat well on, made a remark or two to the wheel relative to its standing on its edge in a proper manner without getting so nervous about it, spat on our hands, and then climbed up behind. As we struck the saddle, with a sort of whip-poor-will thud, the forward wheel carromed around to the left and cushioned on our limb, just above the calf, and pinned it solidly against the machinery under the saddle, and also did some other things which we do not now recall; at the same instant, all the rest of our person fell into our hat on the other side, on the ground. After undoing the complication that had taken place, and mentioning a few matters we thought a bicycle might appreciate, we got a better "steady" on it, and went up over the tail end a little quicker; we desired to be up there in time to head off any unnecessary peculiarity. This time, however, we seemed to have arrived in the vicinity of the saddle just a trifle ahead of time; and also considerably ahead of the saddle; we shot down over the front wheel, while the wheel made a bull's-eye against a neighboring fence to the rear, and then laid down in the mud. We seldom lose our temper; still, at about this stage in the fight, our Irish blood began to siz-z just a trifle. We says, "Here! is a measley little machine, with only two wheels and three or four pieces of gas-pipe, going to make a jabbering monkey of an editor?—well, not if the court knows herself, and she thinks she does!" We reached down in the mud, got hold of that nineteenth-century fad, and made every wire in its metallic carcass fairly sing a tune, as we jerked it up into a business attitude again. "You've been ridden before, and you'll be ridden again; and that, too, before the crescent moon above, knocks off another mile of its course—hear me?" We got 'er balanced, headed 'er east, and then just naturally climbed up behind and all over the machine in a twinkling; gobbled both handles, slammed our feet down where the treadles were supposed to be—but they weren't there; they seemed to have recently gone over to some other locality, or else it might have been one or both of them that hopped up from somewhere and struck us on the ear; the fact is, we don't know, even now, where those treadles, or

pedals, were at that exact time ; the whole establishment seemed to have exchanged parts and was walking all over us, as we sat there in the mud, trying to figure out which of us was going to come out on top when everything finally settled down. Talk about bucking ! the thing seemed to be made of "bucks," in all its collective and individual system. Finally, we got the thing out of the mud—or it got us out of the mud, we are not certain which. Anyway, we both appeared in position again, and we talked to it some, and also examined it critically to ascertain why it had so many different and distinct centers of gravity. An idea occurred to us, by seeing a stump glinting in the moonbeams at no great distance away ; we mounted the stump, got the bike arranged in the immediate vicinity, stooped down and grasped the handles firmly, got both eyes on the location of the treadles—one eye on each—and then dropped into the saddle from above. "Ah, ha !" we exclaimed, "that *was* an idea !" The bike, however, did not express itself on the spur of the moment. It soon began to show signs of indignation at the unfair advantage we had taken of it, and began to buck, and carrom, first one way and then another, in the most eccentric fashion. We gave it the highest pressure our leg muscles were capable of—not caring where or which way it went, so that it *went*. Of course, it gravitated mostly toward a neighboring down-grade, and in about three seconds' time from the date of starting, it was rotating its wobbling way down that slope at a seventy-mile pace, the wind whistling through our whiskers, making music equal to that of an æolian harp, when it was harping. Meantime, we had lost all knowledge of the location of the stirrups, or pedals, or treadals of the wild steed ; we simply hung across its backbone, like a clothes-pin, and imagined ourself learning to steer it—"one thing at a time" being practical, as we considered. We thoroughly enjoyed this flight through space, what little there was of it ; the entire excursion lasted but three-quarters of a minute, all told. How many seconds longer it might have continued, had not a cow come into the play, will never be known. She had, cow-like, taken up lodging about midway down that incline, and was dreamily re-masticating her food when the cyclone struck her. As she sprang to her feet with a snort and a bellow, the vehicle clung about her neck, and it was only by first standing on her head and then on her tail several

times each, that she freed herself of the clinging wreck, and disappeared in the contiguous gloom, snorting with terror. Had we been in our normal condition, we should have lain there the rest of the night so as to finish a laugh worth twenty dollars even in a dull market. But, the circumstances were different. After having turned an assorted collection of somersaults down that incline, and going the rest of the way on our nose and stomach, we landed in a burdock orchard just in time to see the cow working that wheel over into a small pile of scrap-iron. As soon as we found out that we weren't killed, we gathered up the pieces and limped home. When our folks asked where we had been, at such an unseemly time of night, we said we had been out coon-hunting and (to account for our demoralized appearance), that we had fallen off the bluff. Our present mode of traveling is the same as that usually practised before bicycles were invented. The habits of the "bike" do not accord with our notions of propriety, or even morality—in our own case, at least.

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"AUNT ZEBBY" REPORTS.

YOUR "Uncle Dudley" is in receipt of the two following letters from one of his esteemed correspondents, who lives out in the "timber:"

*Mr. Editor—My Dear Mister:*—My son Jim an' me was settin' by the fire last night, an' we got to talkin' over matters an' things, about 'most everything, from the price of indigo, down to marryin'. While I was expasha-atin' on the miserable indigo we get now-a-days, and what I used to get when my mother done her own dyein', I sort of noticed that Jim was kind of oneasy like, and seemed like as though he wanted to tell somethin' that he know'd. At last, says I, "Jim, what the tarnal ails yer to-night—yer keep a skwirmin' around like a fishworm on a pin? If anythin' ails yer, tell yer mother; yer know I'm good on colic, or biliousness, or hives, or 'most anythin' in fact—if it isn't any o' these new-fangled disorders you've caught. What's the matter with yer, anyway?" Jim kind o' got red in the face, an' if I hadn't noticed that he was swettin' freely, I'd a thought sure it was a fever. He grabbed holt of the poker and give the fire a 'shakin', an' says he: "Now, mam, I want ter tell yer somethin'

but I know yer'll git mad an' kick around like an old hen with 'er head cut off, if I do tell yer, an' so, I guess I won't." "Now, Jim," says I, "I'll wager all the rag-carpet balls I have up-stairs, that I know yer complaint right now," says I. "Yer love-sick! That's just what ails yer, to a 'nat's heel—now, isn't it, Jim?" Jim he kind of moaned a little, an' kicked the cat clear acrosst the hearth, an' says he, "Now, mam, I ain't 'zactly love-sick myself, I don't reckon, but I guess Debbie is, or else she wouldn't uv said 'Yes' so quick when I axed her 'Would she like to be next best man' to your son Jim!" "There it is now," says I, "what did I tell yer? I know'd it long 'go, an' I've been afeard that yer poor old mother would be outshined in yer affecshuns one o' these days," says I. But, I've felt as though the calamity had got to come purty soon, fer a long time now gone, an' so I've kind uv doctored up my nerves with a purty bracin' quality uv young-hyson tea, so's to stand the shock. "Well," says I, "Jim, yer all I have left uv my various families, an' it's mighty hard; but still, I'm sort o' reconciled, because I don't know of any better girl than Debbie Sand; she wears good honest clothes, her hair an' teeth's her own, she's fair-lookin' and is a good cook. She'll make yer a good wife, Jim; but, J—, Ji—Jim, yer won't fer—fergit yer ole mo—moth—mother, will you, Jim?" I just broke right down, like a mother 'most always does in such a techin' case; my tea hadn't been very strong that evenin' fer supper, anyway. Jim he broke in two about as bad as I did, an' fer about two minutes my kind, soft-hearted boy bellered like a spring-calf in June. Then he come acrosst the room an' put his arm aroun' my neck an' kissed me, an' said I was the very best mother he ever had, an' beat all three of his fathers put together—son Jim is my last son by my first husband, peace to his ashes; I mean my husband's ashes; not Jim's.

Well, Mr. Editor, we've arranged to have the weddin' jest's soon after I get my spring's soap made, as I can get things cooked up—an' Debbie, my darter-in-law, as is expectin' to be, says she is just boun' to help me with the cookery an' things, that's to celebrate the klimax of the happy disastur. I reckon we'll throw onto that weddin'-table just about the tastiest set of things fer to eat, that ever got a table-cloth ready for the washtub. If you can't come, in ans'er to the invite we're all goin' to send you, Mr. Ed-



itor, I'll write you about it, an' have you put the disertation into your paper. You must excuse me for not writin' this time about other things I had in my mind; but, you see this Jim marryin' business upset me altogether, about other things that needs tendin' to. It's just like I'm apt to do, though—I al'ays find so much to talk about, before I git to sayin' anything. But some o' your pesky latter-day readers will hear something about themselves—more'n they ever dreamed of—afore I quit 'em; for I al'ays make it a part uv my religion to talk to people as needs to be talked to. Good evenin'.

AUNT ZEBBY.

*Mr. Editor—Dear Mister :—*Jim is married, an' so is Debbie Sand; they both married each other at my house last Saturday evenin', an' the nott was tied by Squire M——. The weddin' event transpired at the house uv the bride's mother-in-law that now is, because I have more room than Debbie's fokes, and beside, I was bound to see son Jim yoked into Hymen's kingdom right in the home uv his poor old mother, and see that it was done right, and no part of the contract overlooked. I've been married three times, myself, an' I think I know the difference betwixt a weddin' that'll hold fer life, and one that won't run more'n eighteen months, afore it lands 'em both, includin' the baby, in the divorce shop—bless its dear little soul and body! There's a wonderful heap of difference in weddin's in these here miserable times, and the ones they used to have. They used to hitch people together so's nothin' short of death or lightnin' could sunder them sep'rate again; but now—la me!—they get divorces for anything, from cold feet to an oniony breath. Well, Mr. Editor, we had a real sharp lot o' fun—puss wants a corner, forfeits, blind man's bluff, an' Jim played his mouth-organ for 'em to dance, an' dear only knows what they didn't do. The supper was jest as good as any of yer highfalutin' town people ever set tooth over. I reckon I'm not braggin' when I say that I kin cook a leetle better than any of your cook-book housekeepers of these days. I season my stuff so's a custard pie don't taste like a pan of mashed turnips; and when you've eat a supper, you feel as though you'd been there. Jim he looked too good fur any girl—'cept Debbie, bless her memory—and the bride looked just like I've seen pictur's, where a dutchess and a dutchman was gettin' married in a king's house.

She had on a lawn dress with red-clover blossoms, and wore a new pair of lile-thread gloves, that I made 'er a present of, and white 'kerchief around her neck fas'ened with a nosegay of yaller mer-rygolds, high-heeled shoes an' a Chiny fan hung with a red and green cord that I used the first time I was hitched up to hymen. She was the purtiest bride that I think was ever set eyes on, outside uv the three occasions when I was the principal attracshun—though I hain't sayin' this in any braggin' spirit, because if there is anything I dispise, it's a braggin' spirit. But, so the world goes ! Jim an' Deb. has gone to housekeepin' already, in the two nice rooms over my granery, and may the Lord bless 'em ! I had figgered on sayin' something about various other matters in a domesticated way. Something of real good to the people of this highfalutin' age of the world ; something that the girls would find well worth alludin' at once in a while, if they ever expect to become a honor to their sex. There's more outlandishness in one day now, than there was, when I was a girl, in a day and a half ; and sometimes I think I might as well hold my own peace, instead of givin' 'em a piece of my mind—an' then, again, I hardly know which to do. It is nat'ral for me to feel like sayin' somethin', when there is so much room in the world for sensible talk. But, when I get to writin', I find it such a hurculius task, that I hardly know where to begin, until I have said so much that I've got to leave off. But, I want your female readers, as well as some that claims the exalted position of wives and mothers, to remember that I haven't forgot 'em, nor their needy condishun ; but I'll tell 'em somethin' or another, one of these here fine days, that they'll thank me for, until long after their dyin' day—I don't care how long they live. Good evenin'.

AUNT ZEBBY.

P. S.—Debbie and Jim says they'd like you to send 'em an extry copy of your paper that has this letter in it. It's fer them to keep, you know, to show to their gran'children, pervided it so happens that way. I'll send you some of my dill-pickles, and a piece of my seed-cake that was the weddin'-cake, as soon as one of the neighbors happens to be goin' to town. You might say to yer men subscribers that the "heaves" has appeared in this here neighborhood ; two of my cows has it, and the hog-cholera has broke out among my chickens.

A. Z.

## HOW TO BEGIN ON A NEW FARM.

HAVING been reared in the West, and it having been "noised about" that we knew something of how to commence on a new farm, or government "claim," a young man has applied to us to write a detailed article upon the subject, and put it in our paper, as a guide for himself and a few other young men who are about to go west to take up "homesteads," and adopt the life of a farmer—anciently called "tiller," but modernly, styled "granger." The young man seems very anxious to know just how to proceed in order to succeed on a wild "claim" in a wild country, and we admire his good judgment in applying to a reliable source for gaining knowledge in regard to the most noble and ennobling occupation of the white man. Indians are different.

The first move toward farming a new "claim" in the West is to find one to suit your liking and then take possession of it; the next, to enclose a small tract of land and put a bark-roof over it; the walls to be of logs, of course; a floor may be introduced, if the proprietor be pretty forehanded, otherwise it is a luxury that may be dispensed with indefinitely. There should be two apertures left in the walls—one for daylight to climb in at, the other to admit of ingress and egress on the part of the proprietor. The furniture necessary to a good start on a new farm should be rather plain, to be in good taste; for, the vanity of pomp and show should never be allowed to invade the home of the pioneer. A stool with three legs—one on the south, and two on the north side—should suffice for that kind of "paraphernalia;" at first, a little inconvenience may be experienced in trying to sit on it without tipping over; but any one with sufficient talent to master the art of riding a bicycle, will very soon prove equal to riding one of these chairs. It is less difficult than a one-legged milking-stool, by just two-thirds. The table, for a new farm, should be a barrel, the open end uppermost, with a board across the top; this is an extension-table—the longer the board, the greater the extension. The inner recesses of this table can be used as a wardrobe and cupboard, combined, in which the settler can keep his other shirt and his extra stock of provisions away from the mice. By hugging the knees around the barrel when eating, the chair can be managed with greater dexterity. A tin plate and cup, with

horn-handle knife and fork, a tin dish and spoon with which to handle the pork and gravy, should complete the table-ware for a new farm, unless, as we said before, the proprietor is forehanded, in which case a tin sugar-bowl might be added consistently—one of these brown-colored affairs, so that too great a contrast will not exist between the vessel and its contents—for, if sugar is used at all, its hue should be somber; thirty or forty pounds for a dollar. All the supplies necessary to start on a new farm are, one hundred-weight of salt pork, a barrel of flour, a barrel of salt, the same of vinegar—to be used on “greens”—and a peck of beans; if the proprietor is forehanded, however, he might add to the salt and vinegar, and also add a pound of pepper and a nutmeg. Just what the nutmeg might be needed for on a new farm we don't exactly know, but it would look well in the cupboard.

The next duty of the proprietor of a new farm on the frontier should be to kill a coon—we mean a raccoon. This will wake him up to a sense of offensive and defensive operations; but the chief object to be gained by this is to get the skin of the animal to nail up on the door; for, if there is anything that seems to us appropriate, and that ornaments the door of a cabin on a government claim to perfection, it is a coon skin neatly stretched and nailed with the flesh-side out; it gives an old colonial cast to the habitation, and then it is so “lucky,” you know.

The proprietor should next mutilate the bosom of the virgin soil with a twenty-two inch breaking plow hitched to a yoke of at least moderately stout oxen—the color of the oxen is immaterial, and is only a matter of taste. At first he may grow impatient, and want to do too much plowing within a limited time; but we warn him that unless patience is cultivated on a new farm, as well as beans, he will fail. If he breaks up fifteen or sixteen acres per day, at first, with one yoke of oxen and a twenty-two inch plow, he is doing a good, reasonable business, and may estimate that he is succeeding as well as could be expected. He should “plow deep while sluggards sleep”—say about twelve or fifteen inches in depth. When plowing, or breaking, is done, let him be particular as to the quality and variety of his seeds; for, planting an “old seed” on a new farm is bad business. The variety of corn known as “sod corn” is best for the first year's planting. If a great variety of crops is desired on a limited area

of ground, it would be best to mix the seed before planting—wheat, rye, barley, buckwheat, flax, turnip and oats in equal parts, and put on about ten bushels to the acre. The winters being somewhat long in this country, the young farmer can employ himself, during the snowy months, in sorting out his crops and getting them ready for the spring market. We advise the rearing of poultry and pigs, and the cultivation of dutch-cheese and bees-wax; they are all salable products, and besides, the turkeys and chickens are death on grasshoppers and bugs—a hundred turkeys will alone sweep several dozen 'hoppers off the face of the earth in a single summer—unaided by either the chickens or dutch-cheese.

We trust these few practical hints, by one who has "been there" and knows whereof he speaks, may prove more or less valuable to every reader who has an ambition to open up a new farm—or, a government "homestead."

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### ONE'S CLOSEST FRIEND.

SPEAKING about one's undershirt being one's closest friend, we arise to remark that the assertion is a mistake. Whoever is of this opinion may be honest in it; but it proves very clearly to our mind that they have never backed up against an Alcock's porous-plaster. These plasters are of the liver-pad family, but are a great advance over the latter, in medical science, the same as the liver-pad was a stride forward from the old-time lung-protector. We are the possessor of one of these porous-plasters at the present writing—or it possesses us, we are not sure which. Whichever way it is, the possession bids fair to exist for an indefinite period. As a sticker, it even surpasses the sheet of fly-paper we sat down upon a few evenings ago while calling upon Deborah Jane. Having experienced a vigorous attack of lumbago in the back recently, from sitting in an old sway-backed editorial chair too persistently, our family physician recommended that we stand up oftener, and wear an eight-by-twelve porous-plaster. The latter part of the prescription was at once adopted, and is still going on successfully. It would have gone out of business, however, some time ago, had it been in our power to so direct the affair. We have made the attempt several times to pull

ourself away from its embrace, but as the idea of being skinned alive is not at all popular with us, the plaster is still doing business at the old stand. Being a choice between leaving it on and becoming a lunatic from itchiness, or pulling it off, skin and all, we have concluded to "go daffy," as the least of the two evils—it doesn't hurt so much, and is easier done, in our case. This plaster must have been a real ftesh, quarter-sawed, hand-made one, as well as tailor-made, for it fits like the paper on the wall, and it will probably stick there until it wears off, and as it is an exceedingly durable article, it will probably endure until "the cows come home," or until people come to spell pneumonia without a 'p.' If some way cannot be hit upon to get the measly thing off, the prospect is we shall spend a very miserable Christmas. If, during that joyful season, any one notices a far-away look in the editorial eye, we beg they won't mention it, because it will not bear discussion. It has gotten away beyond discussion. We also give notice that no one need volunteer to relieve us of this close friend. If it is ever to be pulled, we shall go to the dentist, or else do the work on it ourself, when entirely alone. There are times, even in the life of a moral man, when a few observations, appropriate to the work in hand, is admissible—or at least are supposed to be. Our domestic circle have offered to act in the matter, but their services have been declined, since the one attempt they made to relieve the situation. We have thought of trying to blast it off with dynamite; but determined that there were things in the world, so adhesive that even dynamite could not spring a separation. The doctor need not have advised that we stand up and exercise more, because we have been walking up and down the office for the past week (since it began itching) until our printers have, evidently, concluded we must have something on our mind—they don't know it is on our back, or they would undoubtedly volunteer to help us off with it. The scheme we now have in mind is, to put ourself to soak over night in a strong solution of alum-water, and see if it won't gradually pucker itself off. Once rid of it, and our office-floor nicely mopped up—using our family physician as the mop, the next time he comes in—we doubt not but that we shall feel better than we do now. We are tired of having to use the garden rake every time we want to scratch our back. It is unhandy.

## MEETING A CHAIR.

DEAR reader, did you ever arise from your couch during the stilly hours of night? If so, did you ever find a chair in the exact spot where you were positive it wasn't? We did. It wasn't a hundred years ago, either, when we had to slide out of bed just as the faithful old clock was about to toll the hour of midnight. The principal object of this particular nocturnal expedition was to reach the rear door of our humble cot, and from that point of vantage, to interrupt a feline duet which was being vociferously rendered on the rear fence, by heaving the bootjack and other deadly missiles in their direction. Their musical performance had made sleep impossible for the previous two hours, and our temper had been so wrought up that we made a dash through the dark rooms with the speed and recklessness of a Texas cyclone. We charged for the front door of the rear kitchen, and stayed not our mad rush; that is, we halted not until we stopped. An heir-loom in the form of a heavy oaken chair, which we could have sworn was up-stairs in the garret, met us in the blackness of that midnight hour; then, we could have made affidavit that it was *not* up-stairs in the garret. We met it directly on the end of our second-best toe, on the port foot. The impetuosity of our headway made it very bad for that toe. We saw stars—an elegant assortment of fireworks. Our remarks, as we stood on our head in the adjacent woodbox, would have been far more appropriate in the Chicago wheat-pit than in a Y. M. C. A. meeting. Finally finding our center, we yelled for a light, which was brought forth by the next-best protector of the home, who felt sure that the house had "settled," or the cellar caved in. Upon examination, we found the toe in question completely telescoped, with not enough of it sticking out of the bumper to make a coupling on; in fact there was only a place for a toe. It had been driven up worse than the tail of a butcher's dog. It resembled a turtle's neck, when the turtle wasn't "at home." After getting it pulled out again, and splintered into place, we went to bed, and were quite grateful for the rest of the night, because the cats kept us from getting lonesome, while we laid awake and nursed our toe.

## A VOYAGE ON AN ICE-BOAT.

IF you never made a trip on an ice-boat, dear reader—an ice-boat with a sail big enough for a hundred-ton schooner—we sincerely lament your condition; you must be as destitute of life's pleasures as a bee would be without flowers. As for ourself, we have gone beyond you; we have climbed aloft into a higher altitude for contemplation; into an air-stratum to which you, poor plodding mortal, are a total stranger—we have had our ride on an ice-boat over the broad bosom of the lake; though this particular lake was considerably longer than it was broad. We can now look back, with our nose in the air, upon the ordinary enjoyments of life, and wonder how we could ever have been amused by Fourth-of-July celebrations, circuses, merry-go-rounds, picnics, sleigh-rides, marbles or baseball. We can scarcely conceive that we ever took delight in a minstrel performance, a political campaign, or pulling the legs off of flies; because we have "rid" on an ice-boat. We had an invitation to sail with a couple of friends, and of course accepted it, as it had long been our desire to take a trip on one of these craft. We had often stood and watched the flying, graceful things, as they glided up or down our thirty-mile lake, and when their sails bellied to a bounding breeze, they flitted away like an albatros in a gale; they simply seemed to annihilate space and time together. Then, the smoothness of it! It seemed a clear case of oiled lightning or a greased eel—oh, what a blissful sensation it must be, to-be-sure! Coming down a stair-baunister would be like riding over a corduroy bridge in a fish-cart, by comparison.

We descended to the shore of the beautiful lake—now solid in its icy grandeur—and found the boat just having her white wings spread to the "spanking breeze." An ice-boat is a wonderful craft, in its way, and in general appearance resembles an old-fashioned harrow; it doesn't look like a harrow, either, but like a "lizzard," upon which logs are hauled out of the woods; and yet, that is not exactly what it resembles—it bears a resemblance to an ice-boat more than to either; they have improved their models, of late years, until they now look still more like an ice-boat, or ship, than they did when we enjoyed our ride. We being the invited guest, were given the post of honor, on the nose-



deck, being the corner that "went first." The establishment moved out from shore in obedience to the pulsation of the breeze, and we glided gently toward the central portion of the lake's bosom. Though the brave "old salt" who sat at the helm said, in response to our question, that the boat was as yet going very slowly, we felt a little nervous like, as the ice-scales were already flying up into our face; as the wind freshened, the craft flew ahead with such increasing velocity that we lay prone, head to the fore, and only kept one eye open (partially) at a time. The ice scales, assorted sizes, began to fly down inside our coat-collar (the finer particles inside our celluloid shirt-collar), and never stopped until they landed inside our socks; and the packing of our body in chopped ice went steadily forward until we became tolerably solid as far up as our chin, and we began to feel like an ice-cream freezer on a bu'st. We made out to twist our left-eye around until we sighted the engineer at the helm, and, in an agony of fright, shouted to him that we thought she had sprung a leak in the bows. The old fiend of a skipper only smiled, as he luffed his tobacco-quid over into the larboard side of his face and yelled back, "Keep cool, yer lubber, [just as if we weren't *cool*] we haven't begun to go yet." "Let us please go ashore, then!" we shrieked. But he only luffed his quid again, and took his bearings for a point at the upper end of the lake. We now hugged down like a toad to a hot pavement, drew our head deep inside our coat-collar, and muttered, "Mercy on us!" The ship leaped before the gale, scurried right and left, rocked, and flew like a comet, first on one corner, then on another, and anon, settling flat down and making the ice fairly bellow with the friction below, while the air was full of frozen scales that cut like wire. The point was reached, then left behind, and the winged devil to which we had, in an unlucky moment, tied our fortunes, doubled the head of the lake, and started on its southern tack as if swept ahead by all the furies. We felt sure that such a velocity could not be stayed this side the Gulf of Mexico; possibly we were destined to form the nucleus of a gigantic meteor, that would at no distant day appal the astronomers, by our fiery passage through space—a fiery body done in ice. As we lay there, hanging on like grim death, to the cross-beam, speechless, motionless, almost senseless, in our enjoyment of a ride on the for'ard hatch of an

ice-boat. We were only enough alive to have one desire in life—to live long enough to slay the friends who got us into such a scrape and to burn at the stake the old duffer at the helm. At last, after clinging to our place in but a semi-conscious state for what seemed an age, we made our home port. We resembled a rag doll tightly stuffed, and of course were perfectly helpless; it was necessary for four men to carry us home, one at each corner, when they sat us up before the fire in a big tub—the tub to catch the water, as fast as we thawed. At this writing we are barely able to sit up, and keep poultices on the places where the skin is missing, and rub salve on the frozen spots. We are told that the fellows who gave us this ride have left the country, which shows they have some wisdom, anyway; because we are liable to get well pretty fast, when once we turn for the better.

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#### 'A GOVERNMENT MULE.

A GOOD-DEAL has been said and written about the mule. We have often heard the expression, "Tougher 'n a government mule," and many other similes at the expense of his long-earship. But it was not until recently that we were favored with a good opportunity for getting right down to a satisfying contemplation of this famous animal, and his toughness. There were 210 of them, and they were *en route* to a frontier post to make it lively for the soldiers, and incidentally, to aid in an Indian campaign against the hostile Sioux west of the Missouri. They had been packed—like sardines in a box—in the cars for two mortal days, and then let out into a mule-pen, to rest and refresh themselves, preparatory to being re-packed in the same cars to continue their weary journey to Ft. Lincoln. We expected that, after their enforced abstinence for so long a time from food and water, that they would scarcely be able to stand when relieved from the close, stifling cars; and we would not have been surprised had some of them been found dead. But no, that isn't the way with a mule, even under such painful circumstances. Though thin as wafers from the terrible squeeze through which they had gone, they came out rearing and tearing, making the cars fairly rock with their scrambling to get out, literally clambering over one another to get into daylight. Each car contained about eighteen, and the up-

roar that followed upon their egress was a terror to one's nerves. The enclosure into which they were turned was somewhat limited and they had none too much room in which to expand themselves. Each one of the two hundred and ten seemed to vie with his fellow-donkey in the matter of braying, and such an opera as set in would have put pandimonium clearly in the shade. We took a position astride the high board-fence, and gazed with wide-open eyes down into the forest of ears and heels for two exciting hours, studying mule character. As a vocalist, we consider the mule ahead of everything. Comparing it with a chorus of two hundred mules, a boiler factory, an earthquake, or a "a royal brass-band fresh from the faderland," are but the feeble echoes of a dying katydid. When they had finally become hoarse through their vocal efforts, or had exhausted the program of the opera under consideration, they opened the ball, and commenced the favorite dance of a mule wherever he has room to get his heels into the air. Each kicked the other, and the other kicked each, and they all kicked together. When any one exhausted his particular batch of mules to kick at, he would go for the fence, or any other object that seemed worthy of his heels. After a couple of hours of such amusement they were again run into the cars through a sort of spout, and when a car would get so full that another one could not squeeze in, the "mule-whacker" would frighten him until he would run his head in among the others, when two or three men in rear would literally drive him in with clubs, much like driving a wedge into a log—when that particular car would be pronounced loaded, the big door slid into place, and another car moved up to the spout. Verily, no living thing can surpass a government mule in "tuffness."

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#### AS A HAYMAKER.

THE grass had become intolerably high 'round-about our abode, and the cow was out of meat, figuratively speaking, and so, we purchased a scythe. A lawn-mower is too new a contrivance to appeal to the notions of one who has always been filled to the brim with the colonial spirit in all things, and who is wedded to the ways of our fathers and forebears of ye olden times. We had never interviewed a scythe, along practical lines, to-be-sure,

and had our foresight at that time been as acute as our present hindsight, we should not have interviewed it even then. A scythe seems to be made up of crookedness and fiendishness, mixed in about equal parts; and how a man can be expected to go straight at his work, behind one of them, is a little in advance of any mathematical knowledge we happen to have on hand. We cannot imagine that any man living can manipulate one of them unless he be a cross-eyed person; a man who was sufficiently cross-eyed to gaze out of two opposite windows at the same time, might be able to get in his work where it was wanted, with one of these tools of our daddies; but, if all scythe-handles are as crooked as the one we now possess—and which we now desire to give away—we have shekels that say that no man with straight eyes can cut the grass he wants to cut, unless he aims at some object in the adjoining lot, or else throws it around the corner of the house, and then runs the other way. You might as well try to drive a tack with a ram's horn—it simply isn't in it.

What made our defeat too humiliating for anything was, we had been lecturing our young descendants during the breakfast hour, upon the nobility of labor, and also upon the folly of running after every new-fangled thing that came out to lessen the labors performed by our forefathers; that we were going to use a scythe instead of a lawn-mower strictly as a matter of principle, and after breakfast we would show them how their lamented grandfather mowed his hay, and how their Maker intended hay should be mown—and didn't want they should ever become so averse to labor, or so filled with pride, as to countenance the use of a horse-power machine, or a sacrilegious lawn-mower, in the performance of this ancient and honorable branch of toil.

After the frugal breakfast, we adjusted our hat and, followed by the family procession, sallied forth to where the tool was suspended in a wild-plum tree, whistling our favorite opera, "The Conquering Hero Comes." It took some time to get it down, as it seemed to be very much interlaced with the crooked limbs of the tree, which were nearly as crooked as itself. Finally, it commenced coming, and we ran out from under and let it fall just where it had a mind to. The boys laughed a little, but pretty soon it quit flopping around, and became quiescent, having found two points of its construction upon which it could rest. We ad-

vanced with caution, in among its crooks, got it by the tail and one of the handles, and lifted it off the ground ; it sort of swung around, and came near cutting our left limb, pretty high up ; we told the boys they'd better climb up on the fence till we were under way, and got the "hang" of it a little. We finally captured it by both handles, carried it up to the edge of the grass, swelled our muscles, and gave it a tremendous swing ; it went skylarking through the trackless air, above the tall grass, and cut off a fine currant-bush behind us ; and, had we not let go all holds, and dodged out through one of the crooks, and reached the top of the fence just ahead of it, no doubt we should now have been running about without a head. The boys laughed immoderately, and we reproved them severely for making light of so serious a labor. After the ancient instrument had quieted down again, we advanced on the crookedest side and, grasping it simultaneously by both handles, held it out at arm's length, in an effort to find its chief center of gravity ; soon, we seemed to have it, and made another pass at the luxuriant pasturage ; this time, the point of the scythe entered the earth, about a foot, and the tail-end caught us on the ear very severely, while one of the handles vibrated against our sub-stomach, and we sat down in the grass to hold it a while where it ached the worst. The boys laughed so hysterically that most of them fell off the fence, and our ear swelled up like a blighted plum. We made just one more effort to 'conquer or die ;' the next and last round was a hummer ; our whole spirit, or whatever you call it, was on its edge ; the boys were tittering, and we couldn't blame them ; because, thus far, it had been considerably more entertaining than a monkey-show. Our spirit, just referred to, began to boil at the bare suspicion of defeat, and we advanced upon that grass instrument at the exploding point of the spirit aforesaid. Suppressed wrath is said to be cunning, and our attack was cunningly conceived—at least, we supposed it to be. Advancing warily, until within about a panther's spring, we made a sudden attack on its left flank and literally gathered in a whole armful of it, and then the fight for mastery began. We had an iron-grip on it in several places, and if we could only have had about one more hand to grip with, the result would have been different. As it was, though, things proved unlucky. After we had waltzed around all over the yard, and finally found what

we thought to be its chief center, we made a fearful onslaught upon that patch of blue-joint. Early in the 'slought, however, that invention of hades squirmed around in some unaccountable way, and hacked our left "calf" with a grievous hack—rear attacks seemed to be its favorite mode of warfare, and as we could not be around on that side of ourself, and attend to the action in front at the same time, it had the advantage of us; because we were not as crooked as it was. We swung the implement in a sweeping circle, cutting off a beautiful June rose-bush and several blades of grass that happened to be standing in the way, and at last the thing brought up with a terrible crash, burying itself in a fence-board, whilst we sprang out through one of the "twists" and ran around onto the back porch, to rest and see how much of a cut our leg had sustained. And we are now prepared to say, If any person happens to be in need of one of these implements of our forefathers, they are welcome to this one, if they will take it off the premises before it injures any more of the tribe of Dudley. Any one who can "set" it properly, will find it an excellent trap to place in the front yard for tramps. If a tramp came into the yard, and it proved to be set right, all the owner would have to do would be to gather up the pieces, put them in a bag and turn the bag and contents over to the coroner, for him and his jury to "sit" on. Wanted—A lawn-mower; apply at the office of the *Weekly Gun-wad*.

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#### BUYING A COW.

NOT being a millionaire, we have never had a single thought, or aspired to the dignity of furnishing our barnyard with a sure-enough Alderney cow. They are now the "rage," to-be-sure; but all of these fine-haired animals have been picked up, and now adorn the rear landscapes, or cow-scapes, of the bonanza-kings' homes, who dwell here and there among us, where they (the Alderneys) nip the tender herbage, and pan out thick cream in the fore-milking, with an after-piece of gilt-edge butter, all ready for "the rich man's table." We are tolerably proud, even if we have neither a bank-account or a mine, and to get a good cow—one that would give out good common fluid, plenty of it, was gentle, graceful in her motions, with an intelligent countenance—became

a passion with us. We thought we knew most of the "points" of a good family cow, and so kept a lookout for one that would please our fancy, for a *good* cow, even if she weren't particularly picturesque in her appearance.

The first cow we took for a "milker," proved to be otherwise. She was a long, loose-jointed affair, with symmetrical limbs, and she had a real knowing sort of look, as she would peak around at the lacteous artist from underneath her lopped horn. She was a trifle skittish in her behavior, we noticed, and we felt sure that that intent gaze of hers meant something; she was making her mind up on some point, undoubtedly, as to whether she was going to like our style, or despise us outright. It turned against us. We made some little miss-Q in our manipulation of the "tubers," or whatever you call them, and she forthwith handed us one before we had time to apologize; and when we landed, we were in too much of a heap to assume an apologetic position, and so we went to the house and went to bed. This creature knocked us out in three straight rounds, and gave about four pints of extremely blue milk in the three days we owned her, and the butcher gave us a little something for her, on account, and we began looking for another cow that wasn't quite so loose in the joints, and one that had better manners.

The next one was a monstrous, ox-like animal, with a head on her like the blunt end of a pile-driver, and an udder as big as a small-sized bass-drum. She looked sort of foolish out of her eyes, and didn't know anything but "eat." It took a ton of hay and a delivery-wagon-load of shorts-and-corn to keep her from actually starving during the first month. She gave more milk than the first one—say about five quarts a day—but it cost too much. We finally sold her to the butcher, who said she would do to "corn," and he could sell her hide to good advantage to be manufactured into heavy belt-leather. She was a very coarse cow.

Number three was a gentle little creature—white, with brindle spots. She had only one "tuber," that amounted to much, but that amounted to a good deal—it was nearly "the whole thing," in fact. When it was full, it was about the only projection around there, and it was so able-bodied that it took both our hands to get around far enough to produce a pressure, and there wasn't strength enough in four average country editors to draw

the milk from that particular cocoanut. We had to put a milk-poultice on the back of the calf's neck to enable it to draw enough sustenance to keep it alive—and it had a terrible suction, too, that calf had. We began to suspect that we didn't know so very much about selecting a cow, after all; nor did we suspect that the people of that section were working off their refuse stock on us. We paid big prices (and sold for what we could get), and secured several of the most famously poor cows in the neighborhood. Folk got to whistling, and making mouths to one another whenever they would see us coming along the road leading a new cow. The thing began to grow monotonous; although we had lost enough money to have bought a small herd of Aldernies, our temper was up, and we were bound to strike butter and milk, outside the aristocratic Alderney strain, if it took all summer. We kept on buying and selling cows—losing ten to fifteen dollars on each—averaging a new cow every fortnight or so, until we had ground through about all there were around, that any one wanted to sell. Our occupation seemed to be that of a middle-man, between cow owners and the butchers; both were making a good thing, at our expense.

At last, however, after investing the last loose dollar we had, and giving several long notes, and after having been kicked into nearly every fence-corner on the place, we struck it—struck it rich beyond estimate.

A poor man—and consequently honest—owed a debt, and in order to pay it he had to sell his last cow, and we gobbled her, by “making a turn” with him and his creditor. Talk about your cows! Our cow wouldn't allow an Alderney to scratch against the same fence, when it came to a show down of milk, cream and butter goods; she was a walking dairy; a bellowing creamery. The first evening, we filled all the hollow-ware in the house, that it was proper to fill with milk. Rich?—in the morning, the cream had to be spaded off with the pancake-turner, and the churn was at once put to work; and, upon going out that morning to milk her, we found that the mess she gave the night before was only a priming. It was a regular Niagara of richness; ther was no use in trying, we couldn't find storage for it on the premises, unless we turned it into the cistern, and after filling everything that would hold milk, we had to turn the stream into the alley—it was



like a collapsed reservoir. We had to go to feeding her sawdust and mop-rags to absorb the flow, and at this writing we have her choked down to a trifle less than sixteen quarts of cream at a milking. Most people may think that Alderneys are the proper thing in cows, because they are the present rage; but the little crumple-horned scrub cow we now own can simply drown any Alderney in this county, in the milk she gives, twice a day, and if any there be who think these statements overdrawn, we are in sympathy with them—somewhat. At any rate, we have ceased to allow “left-over” cows to go through our pocket-book on their way to the butcher.

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### TEACHING SCHOOL.

It was the first school they ever had in that new region; there were about thirty children in the neighborhood, of schoolable age. The old heads-of-families convened at one of the settlers' houses, and Joe Bailey,—who wore the most dashing pair of buckskin breeches, and a coonskin cap that had two or three more rings in the tail, that hung down behind, than any of the rest—was chosen chairman—or “moderator,” as they called it—of the meeting. Your “Uncle,” who was at that time a very young affair, was designated as secretary, or “scribe.” The chairman stated that the object of the meeting was to “Take into calkelation the idee of rollin' t'gether a schoolhouse, and hevin' a school fer the children to go to school into;” and told the assembled pioneer that “if they had anythin' to say, to say it then, or forever arter to hold their yawp.” The young secretary—who had found the stump-end of a lead-pencil, and a newly-made clapboard, and bashfully assumed the position of recorder—made a note of this on the clapboard, and during the ten minutes of diffidence among the “assembly” that followed, he drew the picture of a dog.

After awhile Bill Simson stood up, and after knocking the ashes out of his pipe, remarked: “Ef we've come here to fix things about a schoolhouse, I say we'd better fix things; I'll haul as many logs as any other man in the woods, an' I kin send as many children to school as anybody in the settlement—hear me!”

Bob Olds—a red-headed, excitable little man with bow-legs

—slammed his coonskin cap down on the puncheon-floor, and says he, "Thar haint no man in this here settlement, nor no other settlement, as will haul any more logs than I will; I want a good schoolhouse, even if it so be I can't read myself—an' it's jest them as can't read that knows the good of book-larnin'; there's Sam Ames, settin thar; he can't read no more'n I kin, an' he knows he'd give six months of work, off an' on, ef he could read readin' letters, an' write his own name."

Sam said that was so, and said he would rive out the clap-boards for the roof as his share; and Dave McArnaught said he would maul out the puncheons for the floor. Con Wallace, being a bit of a carpenter, said he would work out the stuff for the door and the casings, and the sash for the windows, too; the old man Gilson, the hunter, would sell enough deer and wolf skins to buy the glass. So, very soon all arrangements about the house were made, and it wasn't much more than a fortnight when this frontier college was ready for business.

Before the meeting adjourned, however, the question of who was to be the teacher was brought up and discussed. There were but two available candidates for this honor, in the neighborhood—a young girl and your Uncle. It was finally put to vote; the secretary's cap was made the ballot-box, and those in favor of the girl for teacher, were requested to vote half acorns—the ground under the big oak at the door was covered with them—and those in favor of the secretary, to vote whole acorns. We got two majority, which result, in the light of later days, we imagine might have been because we were at the meeting, and the girl wasn't.

School opened in due time, and we cut four healthy blue-beach gads on our way to the "Institute." When we arrived, we found most of the scholars on hand, including the girl who had been our rival for the position of teacher. We entered with a frown—which we supposed was the necessary thing, to give us the dignity so becoming in a pedagogue—and stood the young blue-beach trees in the corner, and told the school there wasn't any "bluff" about that, but that we intended to skin the whole outfit if they didn't knuckle tight.

We didn't know much about teaching school, because we had never attended school ourself, any worth mentioning. But we had an idea that it consisted chiefly in showing the scholars

who was boss, and in keeping them properly "rounded up." We arranged them around on the benches, according to size, because we thought it would be rather nice to have them uniform, in case of visitors. All the old school-books in the neighborhood (they had been brought along from the states) had been gathered up, and even then there was but one text-book, of any kind, for every three pupils, and we had to piece-out, as far as they would go, with half a dozen testaments, left in the neighborhood from time to time by the missionaries who occasionally came that way. These we gave to the boys who looked to us to be best calculated for preachers—and we impressed upon their minds the noble aims they should aspire to; and advised them to strive hard during the term to commit their testaments to memory, 'from kiver to kiver,' and otherwise fit themselves to become missionaries to the South Sea Islands, or to Chicago, where missionaries were so badly needed; that although they might be stewed or fried for breakfast by the uncouth natives, not to allow such a trifling matter to dampen their ardor—because, if they did that with them, the act would speak louder than any words in the cannibal language to the effect that they were *good* missionaries.

Our lecture to our missionary students had a very good effect on them, for the time being, and they seemed fully and properly impressed with the seriousness and "highness" of their calling. In the course of the first week we found it necessary to chastise the whole school, excepting three of the theological students and the big girl. On the second Monday morning, we introduced a fresh invoice of beech gads, and unbuttoned the upper button of our red flannel shirt; we also tightened our belt one hole and thumped our wishbone savagely a few times in front of the assembled students. Our seat was off in one end of the apartment, and after giving them a severe lecture on their duty to their teacher, who was suffering so much for them, we retreated to our corner, to "lay low" for the young villain who should furnish us with the first job for that day.

We had been sitting for a few minutes, engaged in "mending" a goose-quill pen for one of the scholars with our barlow-knife, when a big black hornet, about the size of a young robin, slowly arose from the floor near our seat. We coolly reached for our home-made coonskin cap and mashed him down violently, and

jumped on him with both feet. The students tittered upon seeing how nicely and how bravely their teacher had disposed of him, as we inferred, and we felt a little pardonable pride, ourself. About the time we slammed that hornet down on the floor, two or three others came up from somewhere about there and made a pass at us; we told the school not to become uneasy, because we were equal to any reasonable number of hornets, even of that giant species; to just remain seated, and they would see an elegant fight—and with that, we became exceedingly busy with both hands and each of our moccasined feet. Pretty soon one of the terrible insects backed up against our lower-lip, and it felt as if a fish-hook had been shot into us. By this time, about a peck of hornets boiled out from under our seat; several of them meandered up our trowser-legs, and several more got in their work about our head, until within a minute from the beginning of the fight, our head looked like a harvest moon, and still the hornets kept increasing in numbers. The students, by this time, were climbing out at the windows and door, whooping and laughing fit to split. Pretty soon our eyes began to close, our under-lip protruded until we could see it, and our ears must have resembled saddle-flaps—beside, our lower extremities were in an agony of pain. We at last made a break for liberty, and made out to find our way home with the sight of one eye, before it also “went shut.”

At the end of two weeks we were able to be about again, and then learned how it was that we had become so effectually “horneted.” One of the missionary students had become incensed because we had walloped a chum of his, and he entered into a conspiracy with many of the others, to pay us off. He had procured an immense hornet’s nest, plugged the hole up, tied a string to the plug, placed the nest just back of the pedagogical seat, and had the string run along the floor close to the wall to his own seat; the rest of his program needs no elucidation; suffice it to say, his plan worked beautifully. We resigned our position in favor of the “big girl,” and our aspirations have never since run in the direction of school-teaching; nor do we like young men who only *say* they’d like to study for the missionary business.

## TOOK GREAT CHANCES.

UPON entering our ivy-clad and fern-embanked cottage a few evenings ago, our numerous flock of little folk proceeded to relate to us that a man had been there during the hours in which we had been absent, toiling in the regulation way for means with which to fill the mouths of our little home-birds. The toil consists chiefly in prying out of our think-tank a few very commonplace ideas that we dignify by calling editorials, which are largely written with a pair of shears. When not thus engaged, we are mostly leaning back in an easy chair, feet on the table—American fashion—thinking about nothing. The man who had called was the poll-tax collector. He left a notice which read :

“Sir—You are hereby notified to appear on Saturday, the —day of—, 190—, at the corner of—street and—avenue, at 7 a. m., sharp, provided with pick and shovel, to work on the highways of the village, etc., etc. (Signed)

———, Village Marshal.”

Now, such a notice was rather startling to a man who was under the impression that he had nothing to tax. But it seems as though a man was born to be taxed. This poll-tax is hard to understand ; it strikes one about so often, whether he owns a palace or a dog—or nothing. It seems they charge a man for just walking around on the ground—the earth, which was made for the free use of man, likewise women and children. Or, for the air he breathes, which is so plentiful around here that no reasonable tax-gatherer would think of charging for the little we use ; after a person breathes up all he can of it, there is a whole sky-full of it left, that has never been touched—enough to supply St. Louis for a week, without warming over—and *such* air !

The village marshal evidently didn't know that it would have been dangerous, if not positively disastrous to the town, had we responded to his call—which we did not do. There are men who can safely be let loose with a pick and shovel to work out their poll-tax ; they are moderate workers, who perform this annual duty as if determined to leave a whole lot of the “poll” over for the next year's consideration—they are not inclined to be pig-gish in this sort of an instance, and “turnpike” the whole country in exchange for an imaginary dollar and a half. They labor

moderately, so as not to deprive future generations of the enjoyment of working on the roads for imaginary shekels. We are not that kind of a man, however, when yoked in with a pick and a shovel. We never intend to be mean, but when once we grapple the business-end of a pick or shovel, it is simply awful to see the dirt change locations. Of course we did not respond to the marshal's call, because *we* knew that he was not aware of our character as a pick and shovel manipulator; and, having no grudge against the town, we forebore working out our tax. It could not but prove calamitous to turn us loose to work on the streets, because, when once started, we could not be shut off until the whole hill, for several blocks, would be shoveled into the lake; buildings would be wrecked, and many people killed, or maimed for life, the rocks rolled over into Wisconsin, and the sub-soil that underlies the town would be pulled up by the roots and heaved into the suburbs, where it wasn't needed. There would be an awful hub-bub all around this region, and although we should undoubtedly create beautiful streets and boulevards, much of the town would be at least partially destroyed. There is no use in the marshal's attempting to urge us, because we are much better acquainted with the notified party than he is. If he could see us pull up a cistern or a well, and toss the hole over into the adjoining county, he would at once perceive that it would be very unwise for him to mention such matters to us. If his honor is a fit man for village marshal, he will note this warning, and call at our office and get his dollar-and-a-half, with which to square that mysterious obligation called a "poll-tax," and save trouble, and also the town.

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"I WILL drink vinegar, rancid milk, boneset tea, or garlic-juice, and call them good. But I will never again take to my lips any intoxicating liquid, though it be nectar, offered me by the hand of a queen in her palace." This is what we heard him declare a few days ago. He was "swearing off," in true conventional style. The following day, however, he was absorbing the contents of a dirty bottle, in a still dirtier groggery, and swearing that he would "lead the honest working men" up against the ramparts of the greedy capitalists, and wouldn't charge a cent for his services, either. And then he gurgled the dirty bottle again.

## A TEST OF PATIENCE.

THE snow has been "too thin" for real good hauling, yet our wood-haulers have been trying to make the best of it. One of our green-oak "grangers" got stuck in the street the other day, and his patience was put to the severest test. He seemed to be a very nervous man, and the tongue of his sled was a very bad affair; the pair of bony mules, too, seemed to consider that they had pulled that cord of green oak around about as far as was at all necessary. They stopped on rather a bare spot in the street, and looked wistfully around at the driver; the driver said, "Git," but neither of them "got;" he tickled their after-deck vigorously with the brad, but they simply passed him up a couple, which came near landing on his shins. Then he climbed down off his load, and tickled them some more, at arm's-length, with the brad, between decks; one sprang forward, and the other stood on his head, in order to get his heels as high up as possible, and then the sled-tongue pulled out of the roller; thereupon he said, "Whoa!" and made one or two other remarks that the occasion probably warranted, though they seemed somewhat foreign to the subject in hand. He procured a rope and secured the tongue to the roller; then he put his brad where it was thought it might do the most good; the crowd, who had gathered about, generally expressed the belief that all would soon come right. The mules tightened up on the traces, when the front end of the tongue came out of the neckyoke, and the rear end of the tongue pulled out of the rope. Then, the captain of the craft walked clear around the load, carefully inspecting everything, including the mules, to see if anything else had pulled out. Members of the crowd standing about, offered a multitude of "suggestions," all of which conspired to make our granger friend more than ordinarily nervous, because of their character; he took the tongue and put it up on the load, thinking probably it might make wood; then he walked around the mules and said "Whoa!" again, which seemed to correspond with their idea of the matter exactly. Then he hitched the doubletree to the roller by means of the rope, and when everything was right he told them to whoa! which they continued to do. He geed them off sort of obliquely, so the whole craft might not be thrown upon its beam-ends, and he then

added a few with his brad, in the nigh-mule's stomach; the animals took a tack to the sou'west, the rope came untied, and the off-mule kicked up; the granger repeated a few stanzas, in such a manner that the more pious members of the crowd ducked. He finally induced the mules to stand up by the sidewalk and whoa, while he went and borrowed a chain, and a team of horses that didn't know as much about that load of green oak as the mules seemed to remember, and the sled disappeared around the corner.

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#### A "RATTLER."

A FEW evenings ago, while cooling off down near the river, and incidentally regaling our appetite with a few wild goose-berries, our wayward goose-berry steps were suddenly interrupted by a three-foot rattlesnake, which was loitering along the same rather blind pathway. He was probably out looking up the chances for a stray frog or two, or possibly for a strolling editor. After looking one another over for a few minutes we, on our part, retreated and began looking for a long club or pole with which to wipe him off the face of the earth. No pole is too long for our use when we wish to hold a palaver with a rattlesnake. Upon returning to the place, we found that he had shouldered his rattle-box and disappeared. Of course, not knowing just where he might be, among the weeds thereabout, and it being possible that he might be right around our feet somewhere, we felt it our duty to posterity and the rest of mankind, ourself included, to get out of that. If our friends had witnessed their beloved Uncle "getting out of that"—as soon as he made up his mind that it was a *duty* to do so—they would have noted that it wasn't necessary to have a keg of dynamite under him in order to get him up to the top of the hill again. A leaping kangaroo wouldn't have been in the race, at all, with the editor of *The Gun Wad*, as he came up into the brighter light of the sunlit plateau. When we got up the hill and on top of the fence, and found by a close inspection, that the serpent wasn't hanging to any part of our pantaloons, or to our coat-tail, we sat there and fanned ourself with a dock-leaf for some time. Our nerves, as we discovered, had been considerably touched by the episode. If any one thing can "rattle" us



more than any other thing, it is a rattle-snake—it seems to be a specialty of theirs—and we “rattle” rather easy, anyway. We never cared so very much for goose-berries, at best—especially those down under the hill by the river. If any one wants our share of them they can get them at any time, and also our interest in the rattlesnake. The next time we go goose-berrying our trousseau will consist of sheet-iron boots, tin trowsers and a two-hole shotgun.

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### IT WAS SOAP.

DURING a considerable number of moons as a country journalist, we had become quite an adept at handling agents, and could guess their “line” about the minute they entered our domain. For a long time they conquered us on sight; at last, however—when we had the back room filled with everything, from a patent pill to the latest flytrap, and from a garden hoe to burglar-proof sash-fasteners, the latest churn, and scores of other “easy” articles, and after having designated ourself as all sorts of a gullible chump—we began to brace up, until we actually refused to buy their wares even with “fifty off because we were an editor,” and one or two of them we came near throwing outdoor through the transom. They are a clannish tribe, putting one another *on* whenever they meet, and it seemed at last that there wasn’t an agent of any sort in the Northwest but knew he was sure of at least one sale in our town, whenever it might suit his or her convenience to come our way. When these facts had finally soaked through our density, and reached our understanding, and we fully realized what a guy these agents were making of us, we patted ourself on the back and made one or two resolutions. After that when they came in upon us they found us loaded for bear, and in a month’s time money couldn’t hire an agent to pass along the side of the street where *The Gun Wad* was located. To go into the really sad details of that month’s work among the agents might prove too much for the nerves, particularly of our lady readers, so we forbear; and beside, some of our good people might think we had been a “bad man” in our time, and such an impression we do not wish any one to entertain—barring the agents. Because, if there is any example we love to emulate, it is that of

the lamb, or the turtle-dove. A person, to handle agents successfully, must be in continual touch with them; it is an art in which one grows "rusty" more quickly than in any other we know of—unless it be his religious duties. Agents, like great generals, are born—not made. As strategists they far overshadow the average smooth-bore general. There are many persons, however, who think themselves born agents, but after a trial they find themselves occupying the same relative position to the real, sure enough agent that a spring poet does to Longfellow, or that a mock-orange bears to a California navel.

Upon assuming the role of a hermit editor, and retreating to our present rural nook, we felt full sure that such a thing as an agent would never cross our trail again—but alas! Even here have we met up with several of *him*, as well as with an occasional *her*. They seem positively ubiquitous. What makes it bad, too, is the fact of our being completely out of practice again. We used to know just where to grab for 'em, after several polite refusals had failed to rescue us from the folds of their deadly tongues, but somehow we have either lost our cunning, or our sand, or both. The result is, we meet them, and are theirs—as in the olden time. Whether we shall ever again be able to work ourself up into a wasp-waisted cyclone and do up these agents, remains to be seen; it is doubtful, as our former bent that way has been badly bent. More than likely we shall form our printer's devil and the office towel into a fighting squad and turn the more malignant cases over to them, giving them half the "samples" secured, as salvage.

There is, to be liberal, about one in a thousand of these door-pushers who are really "enjoyable," when one *feels*—regardless of the probable facts—that there are no sorrows to follow closely upon the heels of their urbanity. Such an one came in upon us a few days ago in the person of an elderly lady of distinguished appearance, agreeable presence, and a ready talker. Now, it may not be generally known, but the fact is that all agents are more or less gifted as talkers—generally "more." We have never met one who was dumb, or even tongue-tied, or one who stutted, unless in the case of a distillery agent who had drunk up all his samples just before we met him. On the contrary, most agents are afflicted with a very touching hemorrhage of the mouth.

The lady in question came in, appearing exactly as many other ladies do, who are given to calling upon "interesting" editors, and such like, and was very soon deeply engrossed in the work being performed by the rest of the force—namely, the printer's devil, who was distributing a galley of "pi" at the time. For some time she paid, apparently at least, but little or no attention to the "headlight" of the place, as he sat quietly at his corner-table trying to round up a word he couldn't think of—he had captured the *idea* the day before. We had barely noticed that she carried a small grip on the index finger of her left hand, but readily concluded that she was from abroad, and that the little satchel contained a few doughnuts and a "weinee" or two, for the occasional refreshment of the inner man—or woman. Pretty soon, however, the lady suddenly turned full upon us, slammed the little imitation-alligator grip down on top of the radiator just where we thaw out our paste-pot, opened it up and began saying something. It was a sort of song in the key of "g," and we instantly realized our desperate situation. That old creepy feeling suddenly telegraphed itself from heel to crown, and that paralyzing, hypnotic influence crept all over our body, including the chair and table, until the ink curdled and the paste began to sour. The first thing we remembered distinctly, after the shock had done its worst, was her saying that she was the state agent, and was simply placing samples where she thought it would do the most good, or was needed the worst, we don't exactly remember which, and it was SOAP! Two kinds of soap—one, a medicinal toilet soap, the other warranted to knock the tar, or grease (we forget which) out of anything from an over-ripe sock to a silk hat, without injuring the color. She kindly offered us a cake of each, and expressed a wish that we should use them; there was no charge, further than that if it succeeded in putting us into presentable form we should simply mention the fact to any friends we might have, who knew us before "the change." The lady was very kind, and there being such an apparent absence of any sinister motive in it all, that we promised to do as she requested—during the first suitable weather, when the danger of catching cold would be reduced to a minimum. Therefore we say there is about one in a thousand among agents, with whom it is a pleasure to meet; and, so far as we can see at this writing, this lady

must be one of these exceptions. P. S.—Regular traveling salesmen are not referred to herein. Like assessors, they are a necessary evil—and beside, they are good “story-tellers.”

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### “ECONOMY IS WEALTH.”

MOST editors are always on the lookout for economical openings in the line of cheap raiment. Economy has become a habit with them, bred of necessity for the most part, until they finally get to enjoy it more than almost anything else. In looking over their scores of exchange papers, in quest of editorials, they are sure to keep an eye out for “Bargains,” “Closing out” sacrifices, “Smoked goods” sales, or anything else that may tend to help out their domestic economy. They are generally men of correct taste, and have a longing to appear equal, in the matter of apparel, with other members of the business swim. In order to do this, their pocket-book (if they happen to have one) admonishes them to look sharp after the “main chance.” This is all preliminary to the announcement that the writer is liable to appear one of these days in a white collar of the latest pattern, just received from one of the fashion centers of the *effete* East—“effete” works in here all right, so far as we know. In line with our professional propensity, we clapped our eye on an advertisement a few days ago which informed everybody who wanted to know, that a Boston firm would forward to any address a pair of cuffs and a pair of collars for two stamps. Now, this was one of the chances that always fascinate an economical editor, and we “fascinated” to the proposition with a commendable readiness. Placing ourself in correspondence with this benevolent firm, we at once forwarded the two stamps, but with a request that they leave out the cuffs and add another collar, if it was all the same to them—as we could pull down our wristbands so that they would probably show enough to answer all ordinary purposes, unless it might be a “pink tea” function; but that not being the color of the “tea” we drank, it would not matter. What made this offer from the haberdashery firm located at the “hub,” or great American “bean-pot,” especially attractive, was the fact that they guaranteed the goods to be not only made of “fine cloth,” but

that they were absolutely "reversible"—that when one side became soiled, the wearer could whop 'em over, and the side exposed to the public gaze would still discount a Dakota snowdrift in its purity of shade. This was surely an extraordinary offer—practically, six collars for four cents, and only the price of washing three collars, at the laundry! At that rate, editors might dress up to the line with other people, and if like offers could be found for the other articles of dress, there seemed nothing in the way of their being able to join a *steel* trust—if the cheap goods held out, and they lived long enough. The three collars arrived in due time, and they seem to be absolutely "out of sight"—in whiteness, style, neatness, reversibility, and in every way, excepting the "fine cloth." Even that *may* be all right; though not at all visible to the naked eye (possibly because of its extreme fineness), it may be there in the spirit. In fact we suspect that to be the manner of its presence. Were it not there, in some form or other, this Boston firm must needs be story-tellers, with a big "S," and we cannot, for a moment, suspect a Boston man of working off a falsehood on an unsuspecting, honest editor, whose only crime was that of trying to get something for nothing. At all events, we are just about read now, to appear at any receptions or banquets that may come our way; all we lack, is to persuade our better-half to cut a piece off one of the tails of our neck-tie, that doesn't, show, and with the amputated piece, put a half-sole on the upper "frontspiece" where we wear our glass pin. With this improvement, and a few other trifling repairs, we very much expect to prove the neatest pattern at the ball.

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#### LOVE, AND WHERE LOCATED.

SOME one asks us why it is generally assumed that love is an affection of the heart—what proof can be presented that the tender passion is so located. Also, "What is love, anyway?" Well, really! Editors are supposed to be able to answer almost any sort of conundrum; but there are many, where the average, go-as-you-please editor can only, answer *at* them—love being one of the number. Webster has many definitions of "love,"—the ordinary variety, which prefers a darkened drawingroom, a humble

chimney-corner when the fire is low, the kitchen steps after "the girl" has her work done and James has his horses put to bed with their shoes on, as well as the more spiritual love known as "adoration." The latter, however, we are not expected, nor asked to deal with, by our correspondent. Even Webster does not attempt to *locate* the tender passion—he dare not risk his reputation for knowing things by attempting it. So far as our own experience teaches, we could never make out exactly where this passion resided. It never seemed to hurt any more in one spot than another. In fact, we never took notice, at the time when it was surging the most violently, but are of the opinion that it was a sort of universal flood. We think it just as likely to be located in the hand, lips, eyes or end of the nose, as in the heart. In fact, the latter organ has so much to attend to, in keeping the machinery going, that it can have very little time to look after outside matters such as transient business or "custom work," while many other organs have little else to do, and could just as well 'tend to it as not. It is probable that, in a good many cases, it is only in the mind; in which case evaporation is liable to set in at any time, in the event of a sudden shock, or an additional observation or two. As to what love is, Mr. Webster hunts up so many explanations of the mental phenomenon, that he rather kills them all. We imagine it to be a sort of latent madness, imbedded in nearly everybody's makeup, somewhere, until a "spark" comes in contact with it, when it becomes active, and goes "bang!" Sometimes both are hit, sometimes only one, and occasionally it transpires that neither one was wounded, to speak of—they only thought they were. It may be a liquid akin to tears, otherwise how could it "gush," or "surge?" When a young man sees his sweetheart talking and laughing with some other young man, it is then that his love surges with the greatest amount of surge, and seems at that time to become liquid fire; hydrophobia would only be a mild case of whooping-cough by comparison with this fiery liquidity. The heart could never contain this feeling, and at the same time attend to its regular business of keeping the human boiler pumped up—it would either collapse a flue or explode and blow the roof off. Hence we consider this fact a large point in favor of some other location as the seat of the affections; and, too, we have known men who dare not deny that all the love they

ever possessed for anybody or anything was located in their stomach—they loved their stomach, and their stomach loved them. Others we have known whose whole love was centered in their pocketbook; their whole life being given to adoration of the golden calf, trying to coax it off its pedestal and into their leathern wallet, or in buying "gold-bricks" for lawyers, after they were dead. The sourest old bachelor, who never had any love for even himself, is an angel, compared with either of the human freaks last mentioned—but we wander. Love is not infallible in its operations, even when it is a case of five years' standing. Still, long tests of the affections are safest. "Love at first sight" frequently leads in a pretty straight line to the divorce courts, and is a breeder of lawyers' fees and of judges' perplexities. The lawyers generally favor that style of love, in others, and is what they call malice-aforethought, with a fat retainer just appearing over the horizon. But, whether love is seated in the heart, gizzard, hand, lips, or elsewhere; and, whether it is a liquid, solid, mind, or air, it is, all the same, a good thing to have in the house, provided it is carefully and properly handled. It is like dynamite, however, and will not stand too much jolting or bumping around. Love, if misplaced, or allowed to stray about too much in nooks and corners where it does not legitimately belong, is liable to change its mysterious character into something resembling an earthquake. Therefore we advise all—and particularly new beginners—to study its subtleties very carefully as they progress in life, then they'll reduce the chances of getting hurt. Never mistake a slight fluttering in the side, for love; it may only be a little pleurisy-pain, which can be allayed by soaking the feet in hot water and mustard, and drinking a pint of strong ginger-tea just before going to bed. This will sweat it out, unless it be a really "solid" case.

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#### DOGS, ONLY RELIABLE AS DOGS.

A DOG isn't the most reliable creature in all the wide world, excepting as a dog. You may cut his tail off, pull off his "bark," harness him up and play horse with him, but the only way you can possibly make anything else out of a dog is to work him up into sausage; and even then, the dog *will* stick out. A

dog has a legitimate place in the world, however, and can find a good deal to do that no other animal can do. The average dog belongs to a class that have so many kinds of blood in them that any kind of bet can be made as to breed, and both parties to the wager may win, no matter if they bet in clubs of a dozen or more. He becomes at this stage of his evolution, a "quicker dog"—he would quicker lie around and snap flies than attend to any sort of business. These are, with a few honorable exceptions, the style of dog the boys of this town "work to sled." They can, after a good deal of patient training, do a tolerably fair stroke at "horse," because they have no particular ambition, and will consent to be pounded into almost anything; although it takes a boy with a rugged constitution to maul one of them into any remarkable aptitude as the puller of a sled. There is but one thing in the world that will stir up one of these dogs worse than a bushel of fleas, and that is the sight of a cat; a cat is about the only thing left that they fully realize, so to speak, or have any passionate *taste* for. Of course, after enough mauling, even the sight of a cat doesn't agitate them so very much, but the cat habit cannot be fully beaten out of them until about the last season of their usefulness as "boy horses;" so, the only way in which a boy can always have a safe and reliable dog-horse, is to keep a few dogs pounded ahead. One of them was leisurely trotting down the avenue the other day, and the driver, with lines in hand, was enjoying the fine scenery, breathing the health-giving morning air, and occasionally staining the snow with a liberal expectoration from his pa's most recent plug, left exposed in an "easy" drawer. When about half way down the hill, something took occasion to occur. The occurrence proved conclusively that this particular dog, so far from having the "cat" all mauled out of him, was just ripe for cats. One of them came jumping along out of a side alley, and although a cat usually uses great precaution, and seldom leaps before she looks, this one bounded into the avenue just a few feet ahead of the dog. About this time there was something doing, and the boy's regular sleigh-ride began. He didn't have time to tell the dog that he needn't be in a hurry, nor to say anything, in particular. The cat had occasion to go down across the railroad into "fisherman's alley," and it seemed to strike the dog that he also had a little business down that way



—so, they both commenced going immediately; the sled also started down in that general direction, likewise the boy. The whole establishment seemed to have been behind time, and was bound to "make the schedule" by the time the next station was reached, or tear the rails loose in the attempt. The boy took a death-grip on the sled, attending to nothing whatever, excepting his regular business of hanging on, and exhausting tobacco-juice. The cat, meantime, was attending strictly to business, and the dog pursued his way, reaching for the cat's tail every time they both happened to strike the ground at the same time. The light snow, so violently disturbed along the way by such velocity, assumed the appearance of a hollow, horizontal pillar of fog, for half a mile, and the only way we could see how they were making it, was to run out to the street and peek into the end. At last, they turned a corner down on the point, all well together, the boy's legs flying around like the arms of a Dutch wind-mill. We are sorry to say that although we went down to that part of the city as soon as possible, and spent some time in investigation and inquiry, we failed to ascertain definitely where or how it all ended. The people of the alley, until we explained, thought it was a "sky-stone" that had gone through in that quarter, and were very much agitated. All that could be found, was some cat-fur, a dog-collar, a demolished outhouse, a sled-runner and some pieces of a boy's coat. It is probable that the whole train went into one of the fish-holes out on the lake, and we should advise every family in town to take a special account of stock, and see who it is that is short a boy, about twelve years old, wearing a red peaked cap, a blue wammus, and a brindle dog.

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#### SATURDAY NIGHT.

THIS is Saturday night. It is somewhat similar in most respects to any other night. The sun sets in the west, as is usual with it, the robin is singing his customary even'-song, and the gentle kine are approaching the corral to the time of the tinkling bell, as is their wont. The honest toiler has left the factory, and is sauntering along, with weary pace, toward the meat-market to purchase a joint for the Sunday dinner. His empty dinner-pail

swings lightly on his arm. We know it is empty, because we can hear the knife-and-fork, inside, playing hop-scotch with the spoon. We know it is Saturday night; there are scores of maidens on the street, airing their newest gowns, and blowing the dust out of their barn-yard ostritch feathers. For a more satisfactory examination of these ornaments, be seated in a rear pew on the day that follows Saturday night—the newest things in spring hats and gowns will be there. Saturday night, the domestic circle will draw closer to the tea-table, and remain "circled" a little longer than it did on Monday morning for breakfast. The reason for this needs no lengthy explanation. Saturday night produces the laboring man's happy hour, if he has any. It is the only hour in the working-week that he hasn't sold for ten to fifteen cents apiece. It is the hour when he enjoys the privilege of sawing wood enough, by moonlight, to last over the next week. He don't carry the wash-water until Sunday evening, after it gets too dark for people to see him. Saturday night is a big thing, when considering that it happens so late in the week. It is a time toward which the laboring man looks with considerable interest, because it is the time when he gets his "little six dollars," provided his employer has had good luck in making collections, or hasn't made an assignment for the consternation of his creditors. The rich man doesn't care which night it is; he labors not, neither does he spin—any to speak of. He would a little rather, however, that it was Saturday night of the week previous, because as it is, he has one week less in which to enjoy his wealth; still, another week's interest has accrued on his stocks and bonds, and that "helps some." Both rich and poor, however, have their peculiar troubles. We believe, upon mature reflection, that we should rather bear the troubles of the rich than those of the poor; we have a penchant for trying something new—something sort of fresh. The other kind has become rather monotonous. If there is any rich man in this community who has grown weary of his kind of trouble, he will please address unlocked box No. 00, or call on us at the old stand, and we shall be pleased to "spell" him for ninety-nine years, or longer if he desires; not that we care a continental about our sort of trouble, but just because "being rich" is the only thing we haven't tried, and we do not wish to depart the earth without testing its miseries. But, we

digress. This is Saturday night. If you are in doubt about it, just notice to-morrow how many of our citizens will be stealing out of town, with their guns buttoned up inside their spring overcoats—the muzzle-end of the guns sticking down below said coat about a foot, unbeknown to the wearers thereof.

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## TOUGH STORIES.

THE Russians, says a certain writer, live in their cold country in great comfort. Among other items, he tells us that they can stand more heat, as well as more cold, "than any other man." That even in the humblest cots, a monster stove is afforded, and in all cases is the principal article of furniture, etc. His story, in the main, seemed reasonable enough, but when he winds up by saying that the more humble Russians very frequently sleep on top of their stoves, we begin to waver as a believer; and, when he further asserts that, "Indeed, they very frequently sleep *in* the stove," we desire him to understand that there is a limit to even a Yankee's credulity. It tries the elasticity of our glib nature almost as severely as the story related to us, once upon a time, by a fellow, concerning a wild Indian he met away out on the plains. He went on to relate what a magnificent specimen of the "noble red man" he was—tall, always beautifully dressed, gorgeously and tastefully painted, the gaudiest feathers adorning his head-dress, wonderfully intelligent, and so scrupulously clean and tidy in his person. We drank in all the details concerning this grandly beautiful wild man of the plains, with great relish, though he certainly discounted anything in the Indian line we had ever noticed in our frontier peregrinations. The narrator, however, went just one step too far, and as a believer in his narrative we were suddenly transformed into a mass of desolation. "Why!" he exclaimed, "this Indian was so neat that he would as soon thought of scalping himself as he would have thought of sitting down to eat his dog-stew without first having carefully cleaned his finger-nails." That statement ended the entertainment; and we have always believed since, that he never saw an Indian in all his born days—unless it might have been a wooden tobacco sign.

## A NEW LITERARY CLUB.

A SELECT little feminine "bunch," as we learn, have organized themselves into a literary club here, the general object in view being the improvement of their minds, with the special object of becoming "readers," or "oratoresses," or something of the like. It is only just a "little bit of a club," you know, and we are not advised as to whether it is open to farther membership or not—but think not. They probably fear that the market might become overstocked were they to open wide the doors of membership, and that female orators would become a drug on the market. We are not sure but they are right, and withal for-seeing, in thus early guarding the interests of the profession. Because, if too many Mrs. L's and Mrs. N's were to get loose in the West and Northwest, life might become "perfectly horrid" to the citizens thereof. Their meeting-place is kept a secret, as they do not fancy any one's seeing them pawing the atmosphere and cobwebs in their den, until they are ready to paw for fifty cents a ticket—children half-price, with special rates to Sunday-schools and temperance clubs. Well, all this is most commendable, and we sincerely hope they may "keep it up." It shows their ambitions to be running in the right direction, and stamps them as being considerably above the common frivolities of the time, and shows they realize that there are one or two things in this world worth striving for aside from the boss spring-hat or a Trilby skirt. It requires an able-bodied streak of nerve, and a firm purpose, for half-a-dozen females to go out into the dark, and sort of feel their way to an unoccupied building, then creep up stairways to the attic (think of the mice, cockroaches, and things), and there, in the spooky silence, light a match that cracks like a pistol in the noiseless apartment. Then, as it flares up and brings out menacing shadows from the ghost-land all about them, they light the little glass lamp they have brought with them, and prepare for the rehearsal. The lamp's little No. 1 burner only serves to convert the black darkness into a "pale and spooky perspective," with the face of each brought into uncertain and uncanny view. Then they call themselves to order—after looking under all the old benches and into the open side of the big box that serves as a

speaker's table—one is called to the floor and the rehearsal begins. She arises, bows to the supposed audience, gazes up into the darkened heights, where the silken webs are but dimly discernable, and begins—

"They s-t-a-n-d, like stately sentinels,  
A-b-o-v-e my l-i-t-t-l-e home!"

About this time, the critic for the evening calls her down, and gives her a lecture on her "bad breaks" in style, voice, gesture, pose, or whatever the "breaks" consisted of. After they all have expressed their ideas upon the defects, etc., she begins again, getting the "dwells," emphasis, and various other matters, a little different:

"They stand l-i-k-e stately s-e-n-t-i-n-e-l-s  
Above m-y little h-o-m-e;

[We infer it is trees she is talking about.]

And s-t-r-e-t-c-h their w-i-d-e projecting a-r-m-s  
Above its modest d-o-m-e!"

Or words to that effect. The little lamp glows on with its puny illumination, and when the eloquence is finally at its best, the little thing nearly goes out, and flares up and sputters whenever the air is made to throb by the parts where the sky-scraping (or cob-web sweeping) periods are brought in. As before intimated, however, we glory in their spunk and bravery, under difficulties, and assert that we should not be surprised if from this small attic club a rumbling eloquence shall be started rolling down the ages, that will cause more than a glass-lamp, with a No. 1 burner, to flare up and sputter. The principal difficulty they will have to overcome, we imagine, will be to strike the table (or box, in this case) hard enough with their fists, when they wish to clinch an argument. This is where the male orator has the advantage; a really earnest man can split an inch board, and, the savageness of his emphasis, can fairly raise the hair of his audience when he makes his point; this table-pounding is the very essence of grand oratory, don't you know. The difficulty might be partially overcome by the lady speakers, though, if they would carry a sand-bag with them, and whenever they wished to get in a regular argumentative clincher, they could just reach for the bag. A properly loaded sand-bag would lend a fearful emphasis to the argument, and command respect from the gallery. *The Weekly*

*Gun Wad* extends good wishes to this club, and if there is anything we can do to forward the interests of its members, all they have to do is to command us. We might hold the lamp, and do the sand-bag for them—or something of that sort.

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#### OUR NEW MOUSE-TRAP.

WE bought a new sort of mouse-trap up at neighbor N's big hardware store recently, with which we desired to round up a few mice that have lately come in from the fields, and are looking up suitable sites in the buildings wherein to establish their winter quarters. The trap is a complicated affair, and it took considerable elucidation on the part of friend N—to make its operation clear to our mind—though he said the commonest kind of a mouse would understand it on sight, and get caught in elegant style the very first time it approached its vicinity. This being the precise object we had in view—the catching of the mice—the transaction was closed. We returned home with revenge radiating from our eye as we explained the different parts of the beautiful trap to our people. The trap has a little portico, painted blue, which is really very pretty and seductive like. The floor of this little portico is hung on a little dingus underneath, and when the mouse runs or walks along this very pretty blue tin floor, and into the vestibule just beyond, his weight on the vestibule floor causes the portico floor to fly up and shut the front door through which he has just entered—and there he is, a prisoner, just about where the butler's bench, the hat-rack and the umbrella vase is situated in a vestibule or hallway. At the rear end of this hallway is a little cheese-closet, with an open wire front, where the cheese does its smelling out through the hall, portico, and out into the room, or front yard, as the case may be, and it is this fragrance that the mouse encounters in his peregrinations about the place, and follows up to its source in the little cheese-closet. Right here is the place where he gets the first intimation that he has made a mess of himself. He smells of the cheese—which he cannot get at to eat through the wire-gauze—and then looks about him to see what has pulled out or turned up. He isn't very long in making up his mind that he has been badly "whitewashed," somewhere,

and tries to draw out of the game—but the “game” isn’t built that way. It is a sort of “progressive” affair, as he soon learns upon finding a little side-pull leading out of the vestibule into the drawingroom to the left. He winks at himself and says, “Oh, this is just too easy! I will slide through this cozy little hole here in the wall, and get around into that cheese business just too sleek to be mentioned.” He slides himself up into, and through the little hole, and down the toboggan slide on the other side of the wall, landing in a cozy parlor, big enough for a dozen mice to have a real good time in. After going all around where the piano, sofas and the rose-jars are supposed to be located, looks at the two little barred windows, and peeps up the walls and reads the imaginary “Welcome Home,” he finally concludes there is no rear connection with the cheese-closet. He says to himself, “I’ll just go back up, through that little slide-’em-easy into the vestibule, where I can, at least, *smell* the cheese.” But, horrors! he finds that when he came down through that little spout, a wire contrivance fell down behind him, and has shut off all egress. Meanwhile, as soon as he had left the vestibule, the tin floor of the portico fell down into place, when lo, the whole establishment became re-set once more for the next mouse—the cheese going right on smelling clear out into the room again. In this manner, our friend assured us, there had often been six to a dozen mice found, of a morning, in the little parlor, all alive and sitting contentedly on their tails, some looking out the windows, and others touching noses and evidently asking what kind of a chump they all were, anyway. We haven’t the least doubt of the correctness of these statistics, because friend N— is not the man to talk that way unless it was true, even to close out a twenty-cent mouse-trap on us. But there’s a great difference as to who runs the trap, or rather, what kind of cheese one runs it with, as was discovered later. We’ve known trappers in our time, who could trap forty or fifty muskrats in a single night, and trap ’em just as well “where they was, as where they wasn’t.” As for ourself, we set that mouse-trap six nights straight—runnin’ and never caught a hair. At last we became almost discouraged, and had about made up our mind to take it back, and see if there wasn’t some part of the combination that we didn’t understand; or, if we hadn’t “wound it up too tight,” or hadn’t “set the alarm” to the cheese

wrong, or something of that sort. But, as luck would have it, we at last got onto the whole trouble. It came to us like a small-sized inspiration, and dawned upon our brain about dawn in the morning. We heard him running about the room for a long time, apparently trying to get out. Upon rising cautiously and peering about, we finally saw him sitting in the farthest corner from the trap; we tried to "ease him around" that way and run him in; but, try as we might, he would not approach even to that side of the room. At last, in his extremity, he took refuge in one of our boots, and then we had him. Fully determined to have that trap do its duty, we cautiously poured him into it through the little portico, and it worked beautifully. As soon as he struck the vestibule-floor, the portico-floor flew up, and there he was. In about two seconds he struggled through the little blind-pig at the side, and slid headlong into the drawingroom. We again retired, greatly satisfied that, by our assistance, the trap had caught a mouse. Upon rising, we repaired to the trap, intending to dispose of the mouse by pouring him into the slop-jar, and thus to drown him in the most merciful fashion possible, but were astonished to find him dead. He was lying in a corner, and his mouth was set in a horrid grimace, as if he had smothered. Just then it was, when the "dawning" took place—when we discovered how it was. His singular death, when taken in connection with his dread of going anywhere near the trap, made it plain where we had committed the fatal mistake. Mice are passionately fond of cheese, as all know; but, not having on hand any of the regulation cheese of our Puritan fathers, we had loaded the trap with Limburger. That did the business, and proves that even a mouse cannot live with that sort of cheese. We at once cleaned out the little cheesery, fumigated it, and filled it with the proper brand, and now, nearly every morning, the cunning little parlor contains about all the mice that can be "comfortably seated."

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AN egg is a very eccentric sort of thing. When it is good, it is very good; when bad, it is awful. An egg is never just middling good, nor just middling bad—it never occupies a middle-ground. It will not do to put eggs into the bureau-drawer to get mellow, or to give the drawer a nice scent—they aren't that kind of an apple. When an egg contains a chicken, both the egg and the chicken are worth less than the egg, without the chicken.



## SPECTACLES AND LUNCH-COUNTERS.

It isn't because we're so old that we wear spectacles—certainly not. Young dudes, and dudesses, and even children, wear glasses now-a-days. There are, beside, many countenances which are "helped out," mightily, by a pair of spec's, especially if they have a gold-plated frame—it makes them look sort of rich and dignified, entirely regardless of the facts in the case. We wear spec's only on occasions when we want to get things down fine. Of course, we can walk around, and converse without the aid of glasses, and can also eat without them. In fact, we prefer to eat without them, as a matter of business, when eating hash, mince-pie, and the like, at a public feedery. We think it better, somehow, as the hash, or pie isn't so apt to blush on account of their contents—or on account of the joke they may be working in on us at the time. We have often noticed fellows eating with their glasses on, and "seeing things," at lunch-counters, or garlic-joints, and it was more fun than a clock full of mice to see them glaring maliciously at—wasting precious time—and dissecting, through their spectacles, nearly everything set before them; and when the conductor would remark, "All aboard!" these fellows would have to grab for their hats right in the midst of their most interesting researches, and before they had really eaten enough "to keep a mouse alive." Some of them would grab sandwiches, others a pie, whilst another would snatch the rubber duck from the table—the duck that had served to "set off" the table ever since Christmas-before-last, and had become very "leathery,"—jam it into his ulster-pocket, thinking to "piece out his dinner" with it, on the train. Now, we always appear at meals without our spec's; the result is, that in the "twenty minutes" allowed (which shrinks up while you are eating to about nine-and-a-half minutes), we simply *eat*, and always go aboard the train in a condition of elegant rotundity; and, no matter what it was that was responsible for the rotundity of our form, we always feel good (for a little while afterward, at least), and enjoy seeing the spectacled chappie laboring with his duck, that he figured on finishing his dinner with. He spreads a paper down on the seat, rams his hand down into his pocket to get out his pocket-cutlery;

and, while he is doing this—with his right leg stretched out, to make the excavation of his jack-knife more simple—he glares good-humoredly about on his fellow-passengers, with a grin that says: “I’m ’way up in this business, ladies and gentlemen; if I ever *do* get left on a deal of this sort, it’s mostly because it happens to be a real cold day, don’t cher know; and beside, I know what sort of stuff to grab for; they can’t adulterate a duck very much, no how; I now propose to eat toothsome wild duck, using sympathy for you all, instead of cranberry sauce, with which to wash it down—see?” We complacently fold our arms across our dinner, and keep one eye on the duck man and his spectacles. It is always our kind of a show—something of the sort. It is an exhibition of the character of many people with whom one comes in contact, especially in travel, and is a study we always greatly enjoyed. We contend that, for example, a fellow with spec’s on, and a lunch-counter duck, on a railroad train, can show to the close observer, as much of the funny side of life as almost any combination that can be brought into juxtaposition. He turns his back to most of the audience, gets his duck down on the car-seat between himself and the wall, and proceeds to stab it with his knife. After a little time he notices that it doesn’t stab very successfully, and then he peers down at it critically through his glasses, and looks at his pocket-knife to see if the end of the blade has been broken off. After peering about over his shoulder, to see if he is being especially observed, he gazes down at his duck again, and pushes up his sleeves. He then feels around with his knife and finds a starting-place on the bird that seems a trifle less petrified than where he must have begun in the previous onslaught, and, humping himself up preparatory to a mighty effort, he gets his knife down through it. He finds he cannot cut it in either direction, however, and has a struggle of it in again recovering his knife. He hasn’t eaten any of the duck yet, and as he contemplates the creature, he is evidently figuring on the probable time when that course will be ready to serve. He now turns it over and is reaching for his knife on the window-sill when, as soon as he takes his eye off it to reach for his weapon, the bird slips off onto the floor. By this time he is sweating like a mossy mill-wheel, and is beginning to look tired as well as hungry. Of course he now peaks cautiously around to see if any one had no-

ticed the dull thud when the duck struck the floor, but no one had noticed it; he ascribed the smiling countenance of every one in his vicinity to be the effect of the pleasing landscape presented everywhere along all the railways of the charming Northwest. He retrieves his lost bird, wipes off the peanut shells and things, with his handkerchief, and then getting the fowl by the two drumsticks he tries, by a mighty effort, to spring them apart and dislocate them at the hip-joints. He now rests his elbows on his knees and, with the duck placed in the strong light of the window, he begins a systematic, close and exhaustive examination of the creature through his pebble-goat spectacles—or French pebble-lenses, as the case may be. He makes several discoveries, by means of the strong light and his strong glasses. He finds it to have been a real duck at some epoch or another of the past, but now, even the garlic and bread-crumbs inside have become ossified, and are just passing into the crystalized, or agate stage of petrification. The duck itself has a sort of elastic-granite cast, while the tiny "goose-pimples" (in this instance, duck-pimples) all over its hide have partially entered the chemical (paste) diamond process. This examination lasts until nearly time for arriving at another lunch-station, when he slyly raises his window and drops the duck down into the bosom of the passing landscape. He then takes out his handkerchief with a flourish, turns to the front in his seat, wipes off his chin and looks about with an assumed complacency at his fellow-travelers (who still seem in excellent humor about something), takes up a paper, and picks his teeth loudly while he reads—nothing. He imagines he has deceived somebody by wiping his mouth and picking his teeth and shutting and putting away his knife in a very conspicuous way. But he hasn't deceived nearly as many people as he thinks; nor did he "piece out" his dinner as much as he had "mentioned." We advise our friends never to use spectacles when traveling, or boarding at a public feedery. You'll always get enough to eat then, and never know the difference—until the doctor gives you a diagnosis, later. P. S. (also)—Never, when traveling, grab for ducks or doughnuts, unless you happen to be more interested in geological research, than in matters of vital interest to your stomach. We are glad to note, however, that railroad lunch-houses are improving. The ducks, etc., are of more recent date.

## PECULIARITIES OF THE CAT.

WE know but little concerning the ancient history of the cat. It is supposed, however, that the world has nearly always had its full quota of assorted cats. We once saw a mummy that had been taken from the universal tomb of the Egyptians—the catacombs. It was the body of a full-grown man, and though it had not decomposed like the dead bodies of to-day, it was terribly withered up, and was about the color of a plug of navy-tobacco. His body had, of course been embalmed after the fashion of the ancient time in which this gentleman had been laid on the shelf. He had been wound about in what at that time was called linen; in these days we call it “old gunny-sack.” After being completely encased in this two-cent fabric—much as we do up a sore thumb—he had, apparently, been soaked in tar, or something, rendering the parcel completely air-tight. This admixture, whatever it was, not only excluded the air, but preserved the body from decomposition, and allowed the old citizen to dry down, and sort of “set.” This ancient Egyptian had probably been dead two or three thousand years, and was as fine a specimen of “well-preserved” humanity as one could see in a day’s walk. For the purpose of permitting his posterity, of the present age, to gaze upon the features of this specimen of their forefathers with due and fitting affection, the coffee-sacking had been removed from about the head and shoulders, and, aside from his dark complexion, and eccentric cast of countenance, he had an appearance of considerable dignity, and of having been a prominent man of his time—possibly a government gauger, or the head of the postoffice department, including the rural free delivery branch, or some position of a similar importance. But, you ask, “What has this old citizen to do with the cat story?”

Well, the archæologists who had desecrated the tomb of our deceased friend, and brought him across the sea, had also brought away all the tomb contained. Among the other items in the invoice was a cat, that had evidently been placed in the grave at the same time as its master. The animal had been wrapped and soaked in the same manner as he, and was preserved in as perfect a condition. Even the hair, and the color of the hair, was the

same as when it galloped around the back alleys of Thebes or Babylon, or purred about the feet of one of the Pharaohs or of Poti-fer's wife. It was the remains of a yellow-and-white cat, with an occasional gray and black spot—a sort of what we call in this age, a "calico" cat. It was probably a favorite, and the master ordered, just previous to his death, that the cat be killed and buried with him; or, possibly, the cat died first, and the master finding nothing more worth living for, after the cat was gone, had finished his own life, that he and his beloved cat might be toted away to the cat-acombs together.

At any rate, this two-thousand-year-old cat is a proof that cats are no new thing; but, on the contrary, that the ancients knew, as well as we, the beauties of a duet or quartet on the garden wall, at the low hour of midnight. Probably this same very old cat had led a hundred concerts in that far-away past, and that his sweet, vibrant songs are even yet trundling down the ages in some part of the universe of space. If they embalmed all their cats in those days, it would seem to indicate that we, of this age, are not treating our cats as we should, in slaying them mercilessly and heaving them over the fence into the back alley. It must be that we've lost something concerning the almost sacred character of the cat, as appears to have been held in ye ancient times. But if there was any good reason for paying such extraordinary respect to the cat, the Egyptians neglected to "hand it down" to us; as a result, we now-a-days rather "have it in" for the cat family, both singly and collectively.

A cat is supposed to have nine lives. Just how or when this was discovered we are not aware—but it is not for us to doubt its truth. We once undertook to dispose of a tough old Thomas-cat, and since that time have had considerable respect for the "nine-lives" story. We drowned him once, but had not got half way home, when that cat came purring against our leg, as if to dry his glossy coat—he had evidently mistaken his death, for a simple bath. Next day we mauled him for half an hour across a fence-rail, supposing we had broken every bone in his body, and threw him over the bank. That night a cat was heard at the door, and upon opening it, in galloped Thomas, as lively as a cricket; the mauling had apparently only limbered up his joints, though he seemed a trifle gaunt. We killed that cat every day for a week,

in various horrid forms ; but, upon leaving home two years later, there wasn't a livelier cat of his age in the neighborhood, and the last we heard of him, he was still doing business at the old stand.

Cats are great thinkers. They will often sit, sleepily gazing into the fire for an hour ; then they will suddenly start off into another room, or out to the barn, and mayhap bring back a mouse in each side of their mouth. They evidently figure out, in their reverie before the fire, which mouse-hole it is that ought to furnish them with the next regular luncheon, and then govern their movements accordingly—and they seldom fail in their 'figgerin'.' A dog would rather eat four papers of pins, than to take one bite of cat, as a business proposition, though they often punish themselves by attempting to eat a whole cat. The cat is peculiar in a great many ways that we cannot recall just at the present time.

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#### THE "YALLER" HORSE.

WE saw a team and a dog on the street the other day. This of itself, however, is no very extraordinary spectacle—a similar phenomenon frequently occurring. The team in this instance had been unhitched and was feeding along side the wagon. They were backwoods horses (this event was in the early days of Duluth), and were dressed in harness that seemed a compromise between a lot of old ropes, straps and tow-strings, and nothing at all. The harnesses were about an average pair common to the unkempt frontier of a new region, and so were the horses and the wagon. The vehicle had evidently seen service, on mighty rough roads, since about the time that Fulton's steamboat first wrestled with the waters of the Hudson. Every wheel on it was bow-legged with the weight of years, while the tongue was worm-eaten and "humped down" in the middle through a weakness of the backbone—a sort of aged "spinal-maginnis." But, we are forgetting the team proper, and also neglecting the dog. As we remarked, the two horses were discussing their noon-luncheon ; it was a frugal repast, consisting of an armful of wild wire-grass, sprinkled with a weak brine, so they could make out to worry it down, and imagine it to be the timothy of their childhood. Their general appearance proved that wire-grass had constituted their

chief diet for the last score of years. One had been a black horse when he first began his career, but time and vicissitude had faded him out until he was of that rare shade known as "no-color-in-particular." Three of their ears had been frozen down to the first limb, and the remaining one hung limp. The other horse was a pale yellow in color, and had bright eyes that indicated great force of character and energy—a horse that made the most and best of every circumstance and condition, and was bound to be cheerful at all hazards. He was thin, almost to attenuation, and resembled a pipe-stem on a couple of clothes-pins, with a big stomach in suspension. The long hair looked as if it grew clear through; his lower lip hung down carelessly, while his tail looked like a paint-brush after it had painted a cathedral. As he leisurely chewed away at his repast, a town dog happened along that way, and observed the rather verdant-looking outfit. He evidently was larking about in quest of sport and adventure, and he rightly judged that he had struck a rich lead in the yellow horse, and began to caper about him, and bark in the most gleeful manner. The yellow horse didn't seem to scare to any noticeable extent, and only seemed to enjoy the racket, as he kept on munching his wire-grass banquet. The sleek, fat town dog warmed up in his enjoyment of the sport, and after a quarter of an hour's rollicking about the front of the horse, he went to the rear and began jumping up and toying with the remains of what had once been a horse's tail, and barking for very joy. The old nag kept one of his bright eyes on guard in that direction, as any close observer might have noted, though showing no sign. At last, however, the scene suddenly changed, and a fat town dog might have been observed passing through the air, nor gaining his feet again until about the middle of Lake Avenue bridge had been reached. There wasn't anything more *seen* of the dog, though he wasn't out of *hearing* for several minutes. The "yaller" horse kept right on with his dinner.

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No business, profession, or enterprise—nor even a political career—can permanently succeed unless based upon the granite rock of *honesty*, and *honor* in all things done or said. No boy's life will be worth the living, if he starts out on any other plan.

## CHRISTMAS GIFTS.

AS IT is often desirable to make Christmas gifts to our dear friends and relatives, which are helpful, and at the same time are comparatively inexpensive, we have bethought ourself to make a few suggestions, anent this beautiful and time-honored custom, which may be thankfully received by our numerous readers. It is the useful little article (as well as ornamental) that can be made at home in the long evenings preceding Christmas, that really carries with it a permanent appreciation on the part of the friend who is "remembered." And, being your own handiwork, it lends additional satisfaction at "both ends of the line,"—if the receiver isn't a thankless, unappreciative chump, which seldom "occurs," we believe. Here are a few of the articles that cross our mind :

**FOOT RUG**—A very neat foot rug can be made by taking an old gunny-sack, that isn't fit for anything else, cut it into squares of equal size, in such a manner as not to waste any of the goods ; quilt them together, and bind around the edge with a wide piece of corn-colored calico or pink flannel—the latter will give it that "soft" appearance so desirable in a foot rug. Wash the old sack before cutting it up, as they are most generally pretty dirty.

**MATCH SAFE**—A rather sleek match safe may be made by taking an old sardine can, cut a hole two inches square out of the flat side ; tie a tow string into each corner—making the holes to put the strings through with a nail and the hammer. To be suspended from a tin-tack near the stove. Send one with the gift, as the recipient might not have one handy—we mean the tack, not the stove.

**PEN WIPER**—A pen-wiper is always fashionable as a Christmas present, and is an appropriate gift to make to any of your friends who can write ; if they cannot, it might encourage them to learn. Take the top of an old stocking—one, the foot of which is hopelessly gone—scollop the edge all around, back it with a scrap of bright-colored calico, and put a handle on it made of a bit of shoe-lace. This will be found very neat, without being unduly gaudy.

**PIN CUSHION**—This indispensable article of the toilet can be made by taking a red corncob and inserting it in a long, narrow



"poke" of sawdust; or, if you wish to preserve its agricultural character, use bran or meal instead of sawdust. The covering of this should be made of speckled calico, as it will then always have the appearance of being well supplied with pins, regardless of the facts. The corncob is only for the purpose of making it firm and substantial. This is one of the neatest things we know of.

ARABIAN SLIPPER—There is nothing nicer for a holiday present to a gentleman friend than a pair of Arabian slippers. A very tasty pair may be made by taking a pair of cast-off boots, and cutting away all but the sole and the front part of the upper-leather—leaving them in a sandal form. They are always easy to put on or take off, and never chafe the heel. When walking in the garden, the Arabian slipper has a great advantage over the ordinary sort, as one can slip them off and pour the sand out of them much more conveniently. This is why they are called *sandals*, and is why the Arabs prefer them when traveling across the sandy deserts. A bow of red ribbon on the instep will prove a very attractive feature, and be a nice thing for the cat to play with of an evening.

SMOKING CAP—A very pretty smoking cap can be made, at a nominal cost, by cutting a chunk off the leg of an old pair of soft pants—high down, or low up, according to size desired—gather in one end of the section—which may be about sixteen and one-half inches in length—and ornament it with a turkey-red tassel, made of frayed flannel and fastened to the top of the cap in a sort of bas-relief. A band of blue flannel around the lower edge will hide the selvage, and give a picturesque appearance, especially when seen from a distance.

FOOT STOOL—Take an empty box of starch, or soap, and cushion it with a piece of hit-and-miss rag carpet, on the top of course—though in this instance the top is the bottom, the box being turned the open-top below. Put a deep frill of yellow calico around the upper edge, and paper the sides and ends of the box with oak-grain wall-paper. A green roseat tacked on each corner will prove a tasty addition. This kind of a foot-stool will be found very comfortable, and will add greatly to the appearance of either the sitting-room, parlor, conservatory or rear lawn.

There are very many other beautiful little articles which can

be made at home, suitable for holiday or birthday gifts, and that, too, without cramping the pocketbook with much of a cramp. The above are only given to suggest the long list of pretty things that may be fashioned by deft fingers and a fertile brain. We believe in the goodness of the custom of making Christmas presents, and would rather make a present to any one, than to do anything else—except to receive one. Of the two, the latter is our weakness.

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### A REAL QUIET LIFE.

"YES," said Uncle Gates, "me an' Ma used to talk over how, when we had our children all raised and settled in life, we'd have a real peaceful time, an' enjoy everything in sight. We'd jest be quiet, like, an' spend most of the time thinkin' about nothin' in particular, an' rent the farm to a good man, while we'd keep a cow an' a few chickens an' gather the fruit, an' live easy, after the big battle of raisin' seven daughters an' three sons—not countin' the two layin' over in the church-yard. But, good gracious, man, that figgerin' of me an' Ma wa'n't nowhere near correct. When we got the children all settled, the circus had only just begun—the sideshows had just commenced hollerin', an' the band-wagon had barely begun heavin' in sight.

"It is four years ago this May, when Mandy—our youngest—got 'settled,' an' I'm blest if the 'quiet time,' me an' Ma had been cipherin' on, hasn't broke out into a full-fledged sanitarium an' layin'-in hospital combined. The three oldest is so far out in the west that they can't report in person as often as the rest—who are all located convenient, like. Between the summer outin's they all enjoy at the 'dear old home,' an' the Christmas gatherin's—which make up a little party of thirty-two, an' increasin' every year—an' the times when the children of all on 'em are bro't to Gran'ma to have their measles, chicken-pox an' whoopin'-cough, it keeps business real active, like, around under the 'family tree,' to be sayin' the very least on't.

"Ma, she's patient all the time, an' gits off a lot of scriptural sayin's whenever I begin to froth; so, when the shower gits too heavy, I go around back of the barn an' maul the mulley bull, an' say a few things that I think is sort of becomin' to the condi-

tions, in spite of Ma's script'ral quotations. I kind of figger that we hadn't ought to expect too much of the Script'res; it isn't reasonable to expect them to cover all the cases that happen in these here modern days, an' I b'lieve in sort of helpin' 'em out a little, on occasion. I don't care so much about their all comin' home, in turns, or by famblies, in cases of real sickness, but when three or four of 'em at a time bring their babies here to wean, then I—well, I go around behind the barn and sort of stay with that old mulley bull most of the time. I make him beller loud enough to cover the squallin' at the house, near as may be; an' though ordinarily I don't hanker after a bull when he's a bellerin', there is cases when it is sweeter music th'n a jewsharp. Them three babies squeal an' whoop in different keys, an' I'm blest if a railroad collision, all mixed in with an earthquake, wouldn't sooth my nerves, real soothy, compared with the cataclysmic overflow of three healthy babies when they're bein' weaned. Why, sir, I had five calves that was a bellerin' an' a blattin' most of the time, before them babies arrived at the 'dear old home;' but, I'm a story-teller, if them calves didn't get so 'shamed of themselves that they went dumb the second day; an' you couldn't get a blat out of one of them if you was to drive a nail into 'em—fact, by gravy! I've done slept in the barn for the past week.

"So, you see, me an' Ma has had to repeal our former resolutions, an' instid, we've past an act that when we've raised up all our children's children, an' got them nicely settled, we'll begin enjoyin' ourselves. We figger that I'll only be about a hundred an' forty-seven, an' Ma a hundred an' forty-four, by that time, an' if there isn't more'n about two hundred of 'em, we can live it through, if I don't wear out the mulley bull, an' all the law an' gospel in the mean time. But, that old bull is awful tough—a good deal harder to wear out than the 'commandments' is, I reckon."

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At twenty, we imagine the active affairs of men are slowing down, awaiting our arrival; at thirty, we begin to suspect that we were mistaken; at forty, we know we were; at fifty, we are glad to hang onto the tail-end; at sixty, we've sat down in a quiet nook, realizing at last that we are but a mote in the desert of life.

## TORN DIGNITY.

THERE is scarcely anything more harrowing to a sympathetic nature than to see an elderly gentleman, who is chock-full of cold dignity as an oyster is of sea-weed, "taken down—or, sort of knocked out, as it were. We have one "fault" that we have noticed, even ourself; and that is, we are almost foolishly sympathetic. While riding in the cars not long ago, we noticed a well-dressed old gentleman, with a very respectable-sized "rink" on his head and a pair of gold bound spec's surmounting a most exacting nose, who sat nearly opposite the seat we occupied. His face alone would prove to the most ordinary judge of human nature that he could prove an *alibi*, if a smile ever occurred in his vicinity. He would freeze Charles Francis Adams to death in a harvest-field, and he probably never committed a charitable act in his life. The dignity of his pose and motions could have been cut up into chunks and sold for the purpose of doing the frost work on cathedral windows. After awhile the train arrived at the station where the elegant old gentleman desired to leave the train. The brakeman opened the door and bawled out, in six different keys, the name of the station, when our frigid old friend grabbed his "grip" and stood up, adjusting his vest and collar, and depositing his spec's in his watch-pocket, as he moved out into the aisle, and waited for the train to stop. For some reason the engineer seemed to yank the throttle of his air-brakes wide open at the station, and the stopping of the train was almost a shock to even those who were sitting. Our dignified friend found himself cutting a score of vulgar monkey-shines, which were very aggravating to a gentleman of his fabric, and we could not help, (despite the fact that we love fun,) but feel deeply for him. He lost his center entirely, and in trying to find it again he cut all sorts of pigeon-wings, and came near standing on his head before he got his senses again, or balance either. He first struck out with his left foot, but instantly found that he ought to have first shoved out his *right* leg. His grip-sack flew up and knocked the side-lamp into fragments, when he sat down astride the arm of a seat, with a "dull thud." He made a lunge for liberty and a becoming posture, and went full length over to a seat occupied by a fashionably dressed lady, and literally demolished a whole mil-

linery store, while his high hat went galloping down the aisle toward the last station passed. He fairly groaned with mortification, and we fairly moaned in sympathy for the old chap. As soon as the old lady yelled "git eout!" he caromed over into our seat, and we gobbled onto him until he could get his legs *under* himself, instead of over, and by that time the shock had subsided; we went and got his hat, gathered up his grip-sack for him, and balanced him along to the door. The old gent, as he struck the depot platform, tried to say "thank you," but it was a partial failure, and he instantly struck his wonted gait, and marched off as stiff and upright as though he had eaten a dinner of telegraph poles. Even under the most trying circumstances, this fine old gentleman did not lose his dig. though we actually felt sorry for him.

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### THE OLD SETTLER.

EVERY community is blessed with its "old settler" the old chap who can tell you how many deer and bear he has killed "not twenty rods from where your house now stands." He delights to tell how many hard days' work he did with only three small potatoes and a roasted chipmonk to eat; and who was the first baby born in the town, and how they sent for him to pre-side, because he happened to be the only man in the region who knew what was good for babies. He walks around among the modern settlers with all the airs possible for an original "developer" and carries the conviction to every heart that he, the old settler is "extra dry" in the line of wisdom. He can kick a neighbor's dog clear across the street, and it's all right; because he is the "old settler," and a privileged character. When he comes into a town meeting, everybody, for a moment, dries up, and grabs onto a more respectful run of sentences, and when they presume to advance an idea, they involuntarily turn and address the old settler in the hope that he may nod an approving smile, or smile an approving nod; if they get it they are encouraged; if his countenance clouds over, then the speaker very quickly sits down, leaving an impression that he "didn't say anything, nohow," and didn't try to. An "old settler" can tell one story over more times, successfully, than anybody else.

He has but a small stock, generally, because a story without himself as the hero, isn't any story at all; and in order to be plausible, he dare not hero himself too often for fear it might get what this age terms "thin." Even the naked truth gets thin enough, after you have listened to it four or five hundred times. There will be a terrible vacancy in our western communities when all the first settlers die; there will be a happy lonesomeness prevailing for a long time, but after awhile it would seem sort of good to have them come back again—just to get off that story once more; it would seem so old-fashioned like. The "old settler" is happy, because he knows if it hadn't been for him the country would never have been, nor even been discovered; hence he can afford to be arrogant, uncivil, and imagine himself a real actuality, and everybody else mere accidentals. He nearly always says "no" to every progressive movement, because it shows he has a mind of his own, that he is the only man who "*knows* to the contrary," and besides he wants things kept just as near the "good old way" as possible. All in all, the "old settler" is an eccentric old gimlet, and aside from keeping up a perfectly freezing dignity, and being perfectly harmless, is of about as much *public* use, as the fellow who is dead sure that every other place on the face of the earth is a better place than the one he lives in.

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#### BE HOPEFUL.

EACH day is a chapter in Life's story,  
 Each chapter begins with a morning glory;  
 Fill full thine heart with Morning's power,  
 And from, e'en a thorn-bush, pluck a flower.

—[*Uncle Dudley.*]

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A MAN down in Indiana dropped dead at the polls, during a recent election, while in the act of casting his ballot. Up to the hour of going to press, we have not been able to learn what ticket he voted, and shall say nothing about "a special visitation of Divine wrath," until we learn the man's politics—and it is just possible that we shall say nothing about it even then.

# TOT'S VISIT TO FAIRY-LAND.



LITTLE "Tot" was a bright-eyed child, and happy the live-long day,  
And in a hundred ways, from morn' till night, she passed the hours away.

She gave no pain to any one, by naughty act or word,  
But chirrup'd, through the summer days, a happy little bird.

She loved to hear her Mamma read about the fairy-lands,  
And all about the pranks and games of the little fairy bands.

She asked her Mamma, one starry night—as she laid her toys away—

If she might see these little folk, and with them spend a day.

Her Mamma told her, in the morning bright, that she could go and see

The fairy lands, and fairy bands, in the boughs of a forest tree.

So, next morn', when Tot arose, all dressed in gossamer-blue,  
She sprang upon a spider's web, and through the air she flew.

The little fairies laughed and sang, and play'd on their tiny harps,  
As on they rode, on the spider's web, escorted by meadow-larks.

They were wafted on, by zephyrs soft, until their home was seen,  
Among the boughs of a forest-tree, and ruled by a fairy queen.

The royal guard of her majesty, when Tot's approach was known,  
Brought honey-dew in a buttercup, and daisies freshly mown.

The silken web to a leaf was tied, and with music they entered in  
To the palace of the fairy queen, whose favor Tot would win.

The queen sat on her crystal throne, with a tiny crown of gold,  
And around her stood her courtiers, all fairies, young and old.

When Tot approached, the queen arose, and bade her welcome there,

And told her she had heard her fame, and of her name so fair.

She said the fairies always loved good little boys and girls,  
And always welcomed such as she, to their pretty home of pearls.

The pearls, she said, were of dewdrops made, and bound with sunbeams bright,

That fairies had but a single law, and that was this—"Do right."

Then a feast was given to little Tot, and to the fairy band,

And the fairies all invited there, throughout all fairy-land.  
And so the hours rapid sped—such joy Tot never knew,  
As, with the fairy queen she danced, all dress'd in her goss'mer  
blue.  
At sunset hour, by the queen's command, the fairies closed the  
day,  
And Tot, upon her spider's web, sailed for her home away.  
She told her Mamma of all she'd seen, and how they'd called her  
good,  
And of how she loved the fairy queen, and her palace in the  
wood.

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### WE'RE NOT SO SMART, AFTER ALL.

WE knew it would come out ! We were always told that the ancients believed the world to be flat, like a pancake. That one could walk to the edge and look down into nothing, and up into the same article. That, if a fellow wanted to commit suicide, all he had to do was to walk to the edge of the world, grapple himself by the slack of his ulster and pitch the contents over the cliff, and simply keep on falling until he starved to death. Also, that this pancake of a world was toted around "from town to town," on the back of a great big turtle. It was never stated in any book we ever saw, what the ancients thought the turtle stood on, but it is supposed they considered that to be the turtle's business—and none of their lookout. It has recently been proven, however, that the most ancient race of which we have any authentic account, knew the earth to be a sphere, and not a pancake. It was in later ages that this knowledge was lost. When our more recent philosophers found out the fact, they plumed themselves upon having made an original discovery. But, it turns out now, that we have been working an old "claim," that was abandoned, so to speak, by a generation of old rabbi, so many thousands of years ago that it makes one dizzy to think of it. We are mighty smart in this age, by comparison with the Digger Indians; but there is a great big book full of things now-a-days that we think are new, that aren't new, at all. So, we should not grow puffed up, too puffy, until we are certain we know what we are "puffing" about.



# EVENING THOUGHTS.

"At summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow  
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below."

"And earnest thoughts within me rise,  
When I behold afar,  
Suspended in the evening skies  
The glorious Evening Star."



WHEN the duties of the day are finished, and we sit upon the rustic bench, in the gathering twilight; when the hill-tops are blending their lofty crowns with the azure of the sky, and laying their heated brows in the dews of the darkening day; when the Evening Star comes modestly forth, to accompany the crescent moon in her journey around the world, with her train of lesser lights shedding a softened glory along her path; when the clash of a busy world has subsided into the drone of suspended activity, and the sighs of the evening zephyr are attuned to the impulses of the soul; when the babbling of the brook meets the ear with soothing sound, and the robin from the topmost limb pipes his "good-night" adieu to the god of day, and the flocks lie peacefully on the meadow slope; when the cricket's measured creak adds solemnity to the hour, when *our* sunset is a new-born day in another land; when the grass-blades are donning their pearls of dew, and the flowers are slaking their thirst with the nectar of the night. Then is the hour of peace, of love, of the soul's profoundest adoration. This is the heart's hour—the hour of its thanksgiving, and the mind's feast-time. It is the hour when the soul reaches from earth to heaven, and when man's manliness comes forth from its gross environment. It is the hour wherein we feel sure that there is, for the asking, a balm for every wound, a solace for every burden; a time when we may draw very, very near to Heaven, and almost commune, face to face, with the dear ones, who seem to beckon us onward and upward to their exalted plane of happiness and love. The "sweet hour of prayer," wherein the sore heart and bruised spirit may find refuge, and a consolation sweet and lasting. Good-night, and—

GOOD - BYE !

## A WORD.

THIS edition of ODD HOURS has been produced under extremely adverse conditions—which I will not weary my readers by recounting here. As a result, in a few parts of the book, some aggravating errors have occurred. I feel sure, however, that my kind friends will overlook them—I *know* they would, if they only *knew*. I believe, all the same, that both old and young will find much to interest and entertain them in the leisure hours of life. As the edition is very limited, in the number issued, all those desiring a copy, or copies, should apply for them as soon as possible. Single copies, free by mail, \$1.50. Five copies, \$6.00, or ten copies, \$10.00, the receiver paying express charges on the two latter "batches" when they receive them. Send P. O. or Express order to M. C. Russell, Lake City, Minn.

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WHATEVER IS TRUE, IT ALWAYS GIVES  
PLEASURE TO REPEAT.

I HAVE ever been a lover of all kinds of trees and shrubbery—more especially of the fruit-bearing kinds. In this connection, I wish to add my testimony to that of thousands of others in favor of THE JEWELL NURSERY, Lake City, Minn., as being the most reliable institution from which to order all classes of Nursery Stock, for our rigorous Northwestern climate. Aside from the exceptionally high character of those composing this Nursery Company, the stock, throughout, is chosen and propagated wholly with a view to its being hardy and in every way reliable. This, and honest-dealing, has been the governing principle and aim of every man connected with the great 1000-acre institution—from President Underwood down to the most humble of the 150 employes. That tree-planters will lose a smaller per cent of stock procured from this Nursery must be obvious to any intelligent person. It is a great and growing institution, and has already proven itself one of the chief blessings to our wonderful Northwestern empire. It has done more than all other similar institutions, combined, to make fruitgrowing successful in our high latitudes.—[*Uncle Dudley*.]









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